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PIUS VII AND NAPOLEON.

An Interesting Story of the Prolonged Struggle Between Pius VII and Napoleon—The Honesty of the Pontiff Taken Advantage of by the Emperor—Napoleon is Described as Selfish and Vacillating—The Imprisonment of the Holy Father and Faithful Cardinal Fieschi—The Magnificence of the Coronation Ceremonies—The Cruel Separation from Josephine—The Prophecy Words of Pius and the Waning of the Star That Shone So Resplendent at Austerlitz and Jena—The Proud Emperor, the Ravager and Terror of Europe, succumbs at Waterloo and the Church is Freed From the Tyrant's Grasp.



THE History of the struggle of fourteen years between the two most conspicuous figures in Church and State at the beginning of this century presents one of the most remarkable examples of Divine intervention in human affairs. To the unaided eye of the critic its events offer only a tangled mass of inexplicable mysteries. It requires the superadded light of Faith to enable the mind to penetrate, as far as possible for man, into the designs of Providence and to observe the workings of the Divine Hand as it unravels the meshes and disposes discordant elements into harmonious order. To a mind so prepared the spectacle of a saintly Pontiff confronting a powerful and unscrupulous tyrant bespeaks a double instrument in the hands of Divine Providence for the elevation of the Church on the one hand, as well as for the punishment of iniquitous nations on the other.

Pius VII was born at Cesena, Italy, in 1742, and his early life was passed under the name of Gregorio Barnaba Chiaramonti. He was a Benedictine monk during the years of his first manhood until the time when his shining abilities attracted the notice of the Supreme Pontiff, who as a mark of recognition, elevated him to the See of Tivoli, whence he was later transferred to the Bishopric of Imola. The honors of the cardinalate were then bestowed upon his unwilling shoulders, giving to him a singular prominence all through the stormy career of his predecessor, the exiled Pius VI. But it is with his adventures as the successor of St. Peter in his conflict with the new Nero, that we wish particularly to speak of him in the present article, and thus we can afford to pass over the brilliant years that preceded his elevation to the papal throne.

Cardinal Chiaramonti was elected to the Supreme Pontificate in the conclave which was held at Venice and which terminated on March 12, 1800. The accession to his high office, under the name of Pius VII, was attended with difficulties and forebodings of danger such as had met but few of his predecessors through the long course of history. With the memory still fresh in his mind of the saintly Pius VI subjected to indignities and outrages and forced to die in exile, the new Pope could not but foresee that the time was not far distant when the storm should burst upon his own head; indeed, the gathering clouds in the social, political and religious atmos-



THE CORONATION OF JOSEPHINE.—NAPOLEON BEARING THE CROWN.

phere made anything like hope seem a mockery. The surprise was, therefore, great when Napoleon from the field of Marengo sent his felicitations to the new Pontiff, assuring him of his sincere desire for friendship and for a cessation of hostile intentions. He offered the Holy Father propositions of permanent peace and begged as a pledge of recognition that a papal legate be sent to Paris to make overtures for better relations between the governments of Paris and Rome. The Holy Father, with a heart full of joyous hope, gladly acceded to the request of the First Consul, and as a result of the deliberations of the commission appointed the famous Concordat of 1801 was framed and was ratified at Rome, where it was published on August 15 of the same year. The Concordat was indeed a strange document. While it professed to be a treaty of peace between the Holy See and the French government, it, nevertheless, contained much that could not fail later to create a most unmanageable discord. Thus while it brought back to France the practice of the ancient Catholic religion, it, at the same time so restricted the government of that religion as to render the practice of it extremely difficult, if not at times impossible. It contained three especially offensive articles whose whole purport was to destroy the existing hierarchy of France and to create in its place one newer and more conformable to the views of the First Consul. The Holy Father naturally murmured at this usurpation of authority on the part of the Consul, but as it seemed to contain nothing contrary to the essential doctrines of the Church, and moreover offered prospects of future betterment, he yielded to the inevitable. Not so, however, the French bishops. Eighty-one prelates received notice that they should resign their sees to receive other sees in their place, according to the pleasure of Napoleon. Out of these only forty-five were willing to obey. The other thirty-six did not refuse absolutely, but offered excuses for delaying their formal assent, asserting that a matter of such importance should not be settled off-hand, but should require, for its proper execution, that a council be called of all the French clergy, to whose wisdom should be confided the advisability of accepting or rejecting the articles in question. The Holy Father, however, much as it pained him to do so, was obliged to override their objections, and through the offices of his legate, Cardinal Caprara, a new circumscription of the French dioceses was made and peace once more seemed to smile upon the fortunes of the Church in France.

THE ORGANIC ARTICLES.

Napoleon had gained a victory; it was a characteristic of his never to pause while newer fields should be open for conquests. The open dealing

of the Concordat offered him much; to gain more it was necessary to resort to fraud, and in the art of deception the great conqueror was acknowledged adept. It was only an evidence, therefore, of his accustomed duplicity that when the Concordat was published at Paris it contained certain articles which had never been submitted to the Holy Father for approval. To these he gave the name of *Organic Articles*, and, without going into details as to their wording, we will content ourselves by saying that their purport was direct opposition to ecclesiastical discipline. The Holy Father was much pained at this effort of the Consul to render his good intentions valueless, and complained most bitterly of the spirit of persecution manifest in the whole affair. He refused, therefore, to accede to the wishes of Napoleon. The latter, however, was not one to be discouraged by so slight a setback. Again he called strategy into play in order to accomplish his purposes. His intention was to so humiliate the Holy See that he might be able to need to make use of the Pope and the Church as so many stepping stones for rising to the summit of his ambition. Knowing the lofty hopes which the Holy Father built upon his apparently good will, he determined, for the time being, to appear to be indifferent as to the acceptance of the *Organic Articles*, in order that the good will of the Pope might remain long enough to aid him in the accomplishment of a new design.

The soldier who had risen to the command of armies had been honored with the title of First Consul; his head, yet uncrowned, was restless till it should feel upon it the emblem of royalty. He wished to be called and to be like Charlemagne, an emperor; he wished that the consecrating oils in the great ceremony for his coronation should be conferred by no less a personage than the Holy Father himself, and he wished that the Holy Father should perform this ceremony at Paris. The venerable Pope was again at a loss how to respond to these demands of the general. He looked for counsel to his most prudent friends and above all to the great Giver of all light, and then weighing in the balance the great harm that he knew must come from a formal refusal, and the immense benefits that he hoped should accrue to the Church from so slight a sacrifice, he determined, leaving the issue to Divine Providence, to gratify this wish of Napoleon. In compliance with these resolves the Pope set out from Rome on the 24 November, 1804, and after a journey of nearly a month's duration, through provinces once hostile, but now enthusiastic in their greetings, he reached Fontainebleau on Sunday, Nov. 25. Here he was met by Napoleon, who displayed at first an apparent desire to shower every honor upon his illustrious guest. Yet even this short stay at Fontainebleau was

marked by the same evidences of fickleness and selfishness on the part of the Consul, as were shown in his every relation with the Holy See. At one time it would seem as if nothing were too good for the aged Pontiff, and the Consul to demonstrate this conviction would display the most abject subservience to his spiritual superior; an hour afterward the Holy Father was made to feel most keenly the sense of humiliating dependence upon his tormentor. Yet the spirit of the martyr bore up bravely through storm and sunshine. He met the delegation sent to him from the French Senate with a calm, undisturbed serenity that drew expressions of admiration from men hostile to the very name of religion; he forbore any words of reproach against the unwarranted usurpations of Napoleon. There was only one thing upon which he insisted strongly and without which he would refuse, even on the eve of the great ceremony, to be present at the coronation. There were among the French bishops at the time in Paris, many of the old constitutional clergy, men who had signed the constitution of the Reign of Terror, in defiance of ecclesiastical warnings to the contrary. Still repentant, they hoped under the protection of Napoleon to continue in the exercise of ecclesiastical jurisdiction without yielding proper submission to the Holy See. To compel them to this latter action was the determined policy of Pius VII, though the constitutional bishops found a ready ally in the person of the First Consul himself. The latter at first endeavored to gloss over the objections of the Pope, hoping that in the excitement of the day, the coronation ceremony might be performed before any action should be taken in regard to the obnoxious bishops. But Pius VII was far too vigilant to fall a victim to a deception. The aged Pontiff demanded the act of submission as a necessary condition before the great ceremony should proceed, and Napoleon, tacitly acknowledging his defeat, yielded.

The day following, the 24 December, the conqueror of Europe, the great dictator of France, realized the dream of his lifetime. The solemn ceremony of his consecration and coronation as Emperor of the French took place in the great cathedral of Notre Dame in the midst of all that splendor which the united efforts of Church and State could command. The ceremony began shortly after ten o'clock, when Napoleon, proceeding with Josephine to the foot of the altar, in the presence of the Holy Father made the solemn promise that he would maintain peace in the Church of God. The two candidates for royalty then knelt upon cushions and received from His Holiness the oils of imperial consecration.

Napoleon then ascended to the altar and taking the crown placed it upon his own head, after which he took up the smaller crown of the empress and bearing it to Josephine crowned her. She received the diadem kneeling. The ceremony was concluded with the *Te Deum*, and Napoleon returned to the Tuilleries, a crowned sovereign, the Emperor of the French.

THE AFFAIR OF PRINCE JEROME.

Pius VII returned to Rome after what was to him at once a humiliating and exacting journey. Scarce was he permitted a reasonable rest from his arduous labors. Even at the entrance of the Eternal City new complications met to annoy and confuse him, which, however, he met and settled with his usual diplomatic firmness and conciliation. But a newer trial awaited him. Prince Jerome, a lad of nineteen, and brother of the Emperor, had undertaken a trip over the ocean in a French man-of-war. While resting at Baltimore, in America, the young man met and became infatuated with a young Protestant lady, a certain Miss Patterson, a descendant of one of Maryland's best families. The promptings of affection led him to forget or to disregard the proprieties demanded of one belonging to the family of Napoleon, and in a moment of determination he married the Baltimore lady. The ceremony was performed in the presence of Archbishop John Carroll on Dec. 24, 1803, and immediately after the young couple took their departure for France.

On the 24th of the next May Napoleon wrote to the Pope: "I have several times spoken to Your Holiness about a brother, nineteen years old, whom I sent on a frigate to America, and who after a month's stay, married in Baltimore, although a minor, a Protestant daughter of an American merchant. He has just returned; he feels the extent of his fault. I have sent back Miss Patterson, his alleged wife, to America. According to our laws the marriage is null. A Spanish priest so far forgot his duty as to give the nuptial benediction." Napoleon then proceeds to request the Pope to declare the marriage null, giving as his principal reasons, that the lady was a Protestant, that Jerome was as yet a minor according to French law, and that the marriage was clandestine according to the laws of the Council of Trent. To all these objections the Holy Father wrote in answer declaring the marriage entirely valid and that it was not in his power to annul the same unless stronger reasons were brought forward to warrant such action. To this determination the Pope adhered unflinchingly, despite the threats and revengeful acts of Napoleon. Even later, in 1807, when Jerome was married to a princess of Wurtemberg, the Holy Father, far from consenting, renewed his declaration as to the validity of the first marriage.

PIUS VII DEFIES NAPOLEON.

Napoleon at the summit of his political and military power looked forward to still other conquests. He had crowned himself Emperor of the French at Paris; he received another crown at Milan, making him King of Italy. Then came Austerlitz and Jena and Eylau to humiliate Austria and Prussia and Russia. The new king became a king maker by placing his brothers upon the thrones of Naples, Holland and Westphalia. The battle of Wagram, in 1809, might be said to be the most important, hitherto fought, on account of its immense influence upon the private fortunes of Napoleon, for the reason that Austria conquered and prostrated in that encounter, and forced to accept any terms for the preservation of its national existence, yielded to a very unexpected request of the conqueror. This was nothing less than the hand in marriage of the Austrian Emperor's daughter, the Princess Maria Louisa. Josephine, her claims long vanished, was divorced from Napoleon upon the plea of State necessity. An emperor to be emperor in deed must be able to look upon the children who shall carry his great name to posterity. The marriage of Josephine and Napoleon had been fruitless in this regard; reasons of State therefore demanded that a dissolution take place, and that a new empress be called to the throne. The reasoning of Napoleon was accepted by Europe. Josephine was divorced and the Emperor re-married to Maria Louisa.

The vainglorious assumptions of Napoleon now knew no bounds. Petted and flattered where he was not feared, he often smiled as he heard himself compared with Alexander, Scipio, Caesar, or Charlemagne. He designed, as a means of greater glory, the complete solidification of his empire under his own supreme control. Only one obstacle lay in the way of his colossal ambition. He chafed at the thought that there was yet in Italy one little state which would hold out against his pretensions, and then, hurried on by lust of power, and blinded by prosperity, this pretended successor of Charlemagne proceeded against the Pope. Again the aged Pontiff remonstrated. He reminded Napoleon of his former injustice in the matter of the *Organic Articles*, he complained of their injurious effect upon the new kingdom of Italy, he reproached him for the introduction into France of the celebrated *Civil Code*, the tendency of which was to render the discipline of the Church almost entirely null, and now, in the face of this new danger, the projected subjugation of the States of the Church, he reminded the Emperor of the judgments that the Almighty must send upon those who disregard His Divine ordinances. The words of the Pope, instead of moderating the intentions of Bonaparte, served only to fill him with violent anger. He determined thenceforth to cast aside all promptings of

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OVERLAND.

A treeless stretch of grassy plains,
Blue bordered by the summer sky,
Where past our way, a creaking stage
The buffaloes go thundering by,
And antelope in scattered bands
Feed in the breezy prairie lands.
Far down the west a speck appears
That falls and rises, on and on,
An instant to the vision clear,
A moment more, and it is gone.
And then it dashes into sight,
Swift as an eagle's downward flight.
A ring of hoofs—a flying herd—
A shout—a face—a waving hand—
A flake of foam upon the grass,
That melts—and then alone we stand.
As now, a foam against the gray,
The pony rider fades away.
—Ernest McJaffey's "Poems."

EPH'S STRATAGEM.

Esther was busy at the washtub, but she kept a vigilant eye upon the cabin door, in order that Ephraim, her better half, could not slip away without being seen and intercepted by her. Esther was not a tyrant in the strict sense of the word, but she ruled the trifling little old man with a rigor little to his liking, and he respected as well as feared her mightily.

Eph knew that Esther's eye was upon the door, so, slipping through the rear door of the cabin and keeping in the shadow of the building, he hoped to reach the neck of the woods before being discovered and commanded to return. But just as the goal was almost reached and Eph was about to plunge into the shadow of the wood a voice that always caused his eyes to bulge and his scanty wool to creep upon his tough old pate reached his ear:

"Yuh, Eph, sah, what dat yuh gwine? Foolin' bout in dem woods an meh a-washin mase? I tude def over de washtub! Come back an shove de brush up tude dissher washtub!"

And Eph's shrill treble piped back from his vantage ground in the edge of the wood: "Jes' a-gwine down by de branch a little piece. Seed a mighty big buck rabbit dar two mawin's runnin, an mebbe ef yer maw comes she'd like some stew."

The allusion to her mother mollified the good soul, as Eph counted upon its doing, and before she could command her asthmatic breath for further parley Eph limped hastily into the thicket.

Esther toiled away the sunny moments over the steaming tubs of clothes, while Eph roamed in well contented leisure through the pleasant greenery of the summer woods. Emerging near the spring that bubbled limpidly in a hollow near the road, he crept cautiously forward, and, sure enough, tripping daintily about among the lush grasses, a fine gray cottontail displayed itself.

In an instant the gun went up. The little oily eye twinkled viciously at the sight. There was a sharp report that echoed far and near amid the murmuring silence of the black stemmed pines, and when the film of blue smoke cleared away Eph was joyfully hugging his woolly prize.

Shouldering his ancient single barreled weapon, the old fellow strode on, humming contentedly a fragment of a camp meeting tune, until he arrived at a small log cabin set in the middle of a tiny clearing. The door of the hut was closed, as was the one shuttered window aperture; but, nothing daunted by the unresponsive appearance of the cabin, the old fellow promptly straddled the rail fence, and going boldly around to the rear door entered as though sure of his welcome, or as one whose visit would be accepted as a matter of course.

Sitting in the sunshine, busily wrapping her hair, which stood in great, wiry masses about her face, was the mistress of the cabin—a big, yellow woman, with many prominent white teeth and big, bold eyes.

"What dat yuh doin, honey?" Eph asked familiarly, approaching the only vacant hide-bottomed chair the room contained.

"Who dat yuh call honey?" the woman demanded, as though not very well pleased.

"Pooty yaller 'oman lak yuh is," Eph responded, with ready gallantry. The woman laughed unpleasantly, and, leaning forward, bestowed a smart slap on the old man's withered jaw. "Tek dat yuh ole 'ceitful possum," she observed spitefully.

"Ef I'd a done knowed yuh was a-goin tude pop meh jaw," Eph answered, much aggrieved, "I would not 'a brung yuh thissar," and he drew from his bag the limp, furry jack rabbit and laid it across her lap. The woman fondled the soft ears of the creature, looking wickedly at its donor from the tall of her half shut eye.

"Huk kum," she asked carelessly, "Huk kum, yuh ain't done giu hit tude dat brown skin gal down dar in de holler?"

The old man pricked up his ears, simulating much innocence and great surprise. "Who dat 'low 'bout no brown skin gal?" he asked. "Don't know nothin 'tall 'bout her myse'f."

"Um, huh! Dat'll do fer yuh tude 'low in meetin'," glibly.

Finding all his most oily diplomacy, with the fat jack rabbit thrown in, insufficient to smooth the ruffled feathers of the displeased amazon,

Eph drew his call to an abrupt close, starting homeward by a short cut through the woods. The woman's displeasure made a very transient impression upon him, for, as he slouched along through the delicious sunlit greenery of the spring wood, he essayed to sing, in a curious, cracked falsetto, that seemed at times to gurgle out in lumps and again to trickle forth in a threadlike stream, making altogether a rather queer sounding performance indeed. It was not a camp meeting hymn this time that echoed in his heart and stirred his soul to music, rather a love lit, more befitting the lips of a vigorous young buck than the withered little old mummified man who essayed to warble it forth with many trills and flourishes:

"I tok meh true lab by de han
An turn 'er roun an roun,
I tok 'er tude de sugar true
An shake de sugar down!
An shake de sugar down!"

The last strain was repeated with many shakes and trills and quavers of his queer old voice. Sauntering to the clearing, where the meeting house stood, the vocal performance was brought to an abrupt close, and the singer stood, a clawlike hand curled behind his ear, listening intently. Sounds issued from the log church—sounds as of a person or persons exhorting—an occasional word reaching Eph distinctly, borne on the breeze of the mild spring day. Here was something taking place which might or might not concern Eph—anyhow it would do no harm to find out what was afoot and without himself being discovered, if possible. Creeping cautiously up to the rear of the log building and dropping noiselessly upon his knees, he applied his eye to a chink between the logs, and from this coign of vantage could see quite plainly the whole interior of the church.

The door stood ajar, letting in a stream of yellow light, and in the cool, shady dimness of the interior Eph recognized the circuit preacher, standing in the middle of the floor in the act of rehearsing his sermon for the following day.

The preacher, a big, glossy black negro, but with much power and homely eloquence in speaking, was just rounding off an elaborate period as Eph applied his eyes to the crack, and to illustrate his point the preacher continued after a short, impressive pause: "Now, dar's Bre Jones; he sets in de 'amen' corner, same 'a coon in a holler stump, an nary nother nigger 'lows 'amen' so strong as he do. But jes' de same it's all night wid de chicken roos' a tater bank what come in he way 'twixt sundown an mawin. Den dar's Sis Pheby," he continued impressively.

"Tude be sho she's a big chuch member, but a'er meetin here she go, an yander she trapse, a-tolin tales an a-makin a trouble an a quarr'l betwixt man an wife, an a-stirrin up a mess de hull week."

"Um, huh!" ejaculated Eph, with much unctuous approval. "Giv hit tude dem sinners, Brer Meely! He, he!"

"Den," continued the preacher, turning in Eph's direction, a motion which caused the old man to duck hastily beneath the edge of the building, "den dar's Brer Gibbs, what's a deacon in dis chuch. If de angel Gabrel was tude drop down dissher minit an look in dat nigger's pocket, he'd find dem bones what de deacon love tude rattle better'n he loves de blessed light. Yes, brer'n an sistern, dice is Deacon Gibbs' biggest sin."

Eph writhed on the ground in silent contortions of approving mirth. "Dat's hit; dat's hit!" he ejaculated beneath his breath. But presently his toothless grin vanished suddenly. He hunched up closer to the chink in the wall; his small, beady eyes bulged; his jaw dropped, and his face took on an expression of strained intensity of interest. A certain member of the congregation, not so far off as the preacher imagined, was being scored most mercilessly by the new preacher. "He run here tude see dat 'oman an yander tude see dat gal an dar tude see t'other twel he ain't got no time 'tall tude work fer his own wife." But Eph had heard enough. His interest in the discourse had suddenly cooled, and shouldering his gun he crept swiftly and noiselessly away from the church in the silent wood.

Traversing a short cut, he soon reached his own cabin, and taking Esther aside told her, though not in full and with a slight shifting of names, what he had seen and heard.

"He 'low," said the wily Eph, "dat yuh done lead yuh po' ole husband a dawg's life; but," hastily noting an ominous change on his wife's face, "I specs dat's some er Sis Pheby's lies what he's done heard."

Esther was indignant and expressed a determination to tell the preacher "what was what" whenever she should "lay her eyes on him," but Eph offered eager counsel.

"When he git here," observed the old man, "we gwine draw dat 'simon beer an set 'im down tude dish er rabbit stew an roas' tater what yuh was savin fer yer maw!"

"Whar de rabbit stew comin fum?" I ain't seed no rabbit yit," interrupted Esther impatiently. That re-

mark set Eph to thinking, and for a short while his mind fairly "toted de mail," as he expressed it, so rapidly did he arrange a plan. The fat jack rabbit that he had given to the yellow woman—if he had only brought it home to the lawful sharer of his troubles! But surely Cindy had not had time to dispose of the game by this, and he would repair thither and regain the prize by hook or by crook in time for the preacher's supper if he should pass that way that night.

As it happened, which suited Eph best, the accident which repossessed him of the rabbit was by crook. Approaching the house from the rear, Eph discovered that the door was tightly closed and padlocked—a sign which meant that its occupant was absent, and, being fully conversant with the habits of his neighbors, he made haste to investigate the well. The well in Cindy's yard soon discovered its secret. A bright tin pail, in which a large fat rabbit, nicely skinned and salted, reposed, swung from the windlass by a stout cord into the cool depths below. In a trice the cord was severed, and, in happy possession of the game, Eph hastened homeward, keeping well in the shadow of the brush. Eph's advice had prevailed. The preacher came and was most graciously received. A capacious hide-bottomed chair was set in the shade of a flowering peach tree; Esther's biggest pitcher, with the cracked nose, was drawn full of foamy 'simmon beer, and when a whiff of the savory rabbit stew came to him, mingled with the delicate odor of a browning corn pone, he abandoned himself to comfort and an anticipation of the pleasures in store.

When the hour for retiring came, Esther was still assiduously attentive to her guest's comfort. Her favorite "rising sun" bed quilt, a present from her dead mistress, was brought out. The bed, piled high with pillows filled with the outer covering of many sacrificed fowls, invited him to soft repose, and, after listening to an earnest prayer and a short chapter, joining heartily in the "amen," Esther and her foxy little spouse retired to the lesser comforts of the lean-to to await developments.

But during the balmy, dusky hours of the short spring night Eph did not benidly sleeping. A short absence, during midnight and dawn, produced satisfactory results the next morning in the shape of a juicy, brown pullet and several new laid eggs, which, it is fair to say, produced the proper effect.

From far and near the people flocked to hear the eloquent new preacher, but had some of the brethren and sisters known what was in store for them they would scarcely have been present.

The services opened and progressed favorably. The singing was loud and most hearty. The contribution plate made the round of the church and returned decently filled; then the deacons retired to their seats and prepared for the opening sentences of the great sermon.

Through the open doors and windows the sweet spring air floated, mingled with the rank odor of pepper-mint and other strong smelling "meetin house draps" with which the people love to anoint themselves on state occasions, and as the sermon progressed there were many approving "amens," "bless Gawds" and "dat's de shinin trufes" from various corners of the humble edifice.

The discourse, a very eloquent one, dealt with besetting sin generally, but very soon narrowed down to the pet failings of the people present. Brother Jones, Sis Pheby, Deacon Gibbs, all received the scoring and rebuking of the new preacher. The preacher's wandering eye rested for a moment upon old Eph. It was a fiery eye, eloquent with denunciation of the wickedness and corruption it beheld among the flock. Eph quailed and wilted and shrank upon the bench at his wife's side in an agony of suspense. "Now," he thought, with a sickening sense of having schemed and planned in vain, "now, dar he go, a'er all dat beer an rabbit stew an dem chickens an aigs too! O Lordy, ain't I sorry I done come here tude day!"

But, no. A fat sister just behind answered as a scapegoat, and Eph for the time escaped.

Esther's name was indeed mentioned, but she was held up as a shining example of industry and self respect to the other women present, and the humbugged woman mentally blessed her weakened little spouse, acknowledging that, after all, he had some sense, even if he was a "onery, no 'count ole ha'nt," as she always called him.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Clear Case.
"Do you ride a wheel?" asked the eldest of the doctors on the insanity commission.

"Yep," answered the subject.

"What make?"

"I never noticed."

The verdict was unanimous—dementia.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

DUBUS' DRIVE.

The Famous Escape of Gambetta After His Voyage in a Balloon.

M. Dubus was maire of Epeneuse, Oise, in 1870, and his name is bound to be recorded in history and to remain there until the records of the "Terrible Year" are lost and forgotten. He was the man who saved Gambetta from falling into the hands of the Prussians during the Franco-German war.

The story is simple enough, but its very simplicity serves to teach sound citizens of every country the priceless value of patriotism. On the 8th of October, 1870, taking advantage of a favorable wind, Gambetta, accompanied by Spuller, left Paris in a balloon, intending to reach Tours. After sailing in the air at a comparatively slow rate the balloon drifted toward the north. The Prussians noticed it, gave chase and fired at it furiously. It was hit several times, but the holes made in it by the bullets caused only a slight escape of gas. After some little time, however, the leaks began to tell, and the balloon began to descend slowly. The famous travelers distinctly heard the hoarse cheers of the enemy, who imagined that their long chase was coming to an end and that they were about to congratulate themselves on their capture. But just then all the remaining sandbags, together with everything that could be dispensed with in the car, were thrown out, and once more the airship pointed toward the clouds.

The fusillade became more furious, but the bullets were harmless. A slight increase in the wind also favored the fugitives. The enemy was left behind, but he was still in hot pursuit. The balloon, becoming weaker and weaker in buoyancy, at last began to descend gradually.

It landed in the woods of Favieres, 11 kilometers from Clermont. The Prussians were coming on rapidly. The maire of Clermont, M. Dubus, who watched the balloon and saw the danger of the fugitives, hitched up his two strongest and fastest horses to a light wagon, and a few moments after their landing he was driving them at full speed on the road to Montdidier. In that drive he beat the record and brought Gambetta and Spuller into the little town in safety. Of course the Prussians found the balloon, but no trace of the men who were in the car.

Such is the simplicity of Dubus' drive, for which he received the cross of the Legion of Honor and an appointment to a judgeship in the canton of Mouy. Four years ago a monument was erected to Gambetta near the spot where his balloon descended, and the tree in which the airship got fastened was named Gambetta's oak. The owner of the land on which it stood has lately cut it down, because he did not like to have patriotic pilgrims and picnickers on his property.

This goes to prove that there are hogs even in France, but fortunately, they are among the sans patrie.—New York Sun.

White and Green Houses.

"I am inclined to think," said Mr. Bugleton, "that if a man is going to build a house in the suburbs or the country white, with green blinds, is about as well as he can do in the way of paint—that is, if there are trees around the house. If there are no trees, if the house stands right out by itself, then white would be pretty staring, though, according to my fancy, a house painted white and green looks all right anywhere if the paint is kept fresh and bright. I was out in the country the other day, and I saw some white and green houses, standing back in yards, surrounded by trees, sunlight touching 'em in patches where it shone through the leaves, houses looking cool and comfortable and with some character about them. I like it myself better than the dull rainbow tints in which many modern houses in the country are now painted, and if I were going to build a house tomorrow in the suburbs, if it was on land where it would be surrounded by trees, I think I should paint it white, with green blinds."—New York Sun.

The Struggling Young Author.
"I don't do much in jokes," said the struggling young author, "but occasionally I do invent one. Here, for instance, is one I made up the other day:

"This," said a writer as he folded up a manuscript and addressed it to the publisher, "may mark the turning point of my career."

"More likely," said his unsympathetic auditor, "another returning point."

"And the 'unsympathetic auditor' was right."—New York Sun.

A Rare Article Indeed.

A little girl not long ago displayed a bit of feather—black, as it happened—to a caller at the house. This man looked impressed and inquired gravely, "What is that, Nelly—an angel's wing?" The child slowly shook her head. "Oh, no," she answered at once. "Angels' feathers are white, and I think they are very scarce."—Exchange.

A Dire Tragedy of the Mating.

Before any aid could come to the young English officer the tower was surrounded by a crowd of sepoys, bent on the most ruthless cruelty and slaughter. The few soldiers he had with him were helpless against their overwhelming numbers. He saw that his doom was sealed, and that also of those dearer to him than life. He bade his men shift for themselves as best they could, and then he took his wife and children to the highest room at the top of the tower and stood waiting with his loaded revolver in his hand. He heard the countless sepoys swarming up the stairs, having quickly disposed of the few soldiers, one of whom only managed to hide in a dark corner, where he saw all that passed and related it afterward.

It was well known that these Indian rebels were like fiends in their cruelty, and as their exultant shouts were heard coming close to the door of that last refuge the young wife turned to her husband and said quietly: "Dear, you must not let me fall into the power of these savage men. You know it would be worse than death. Will you shoot me yourself? Let me die only by your hand." He looked at her, his best beloved, his gentle, tender wife, and who could fathom the agony of that moment to his loyal heart? But he knew she was right. "Yes," he said quickly, for there was not a moment to lose. "It will be best so. Good-by, my darling." And he fired the shot which laid her a corpse at his feet. Happily he did not live many minutes after.

The sepoys burst into the room and cut him down at once, furious that part of their prey had escaped them as they saw the young woman lying dead, and then they killed the two girls and left the whole family a ghastly heap on the floor.—Blackwood's Magazine.

A Decorative Distinction.

A woman with a new dress is less an object of interest to herself than a man who, after reaching maturity, succumbs to the bicycle wave which is sweeping the world. He was standing up in the middle of the room, while his wife criticised his attire. Season after season she had had new dresses made, and he bestowed on them no further attention than to comment that they were very pretty and perhaps to add a word or two about the expense. But, to return good for evil, she was criticising in detail and giving him suggestions.

"That's very pretty," she said. "You mean that golf stocking?" "No; I don't mean the whole stocking; just a part of it." "Which part?" he demanded. "Why, I suppose it must have a name. It's the part you turn over, you know. What do you call it?" "It isn't anything that I know of but just stocking." "It must have some name, I know," she exclaimed. "It all depends on which way you look at it. If you regard it as the top of your stocking, it's a frieze, and if you consider it the bottom of your knickerbocker it's a dado."—Detroit Free Press.

Conversation Alphabets.

"Did you ever hear of the girl who made up a conversational alphabet?" asked the girl in blue one morning after we had come to be really acquainted. "She was obliged to entertain a great many strangers, and, as she was not a ready talker, she made a little catalogue of subjects to talk about and under each topic arranged thoughts and fancies of her own. She kept adding to it, a little at a time, till she had a variety of topics and could be bright and entertaining about any of them."

"And did she begin at the beginning and indit the whole collection, in alphabetical order, upon each victim? And what did she do if she met him a second time?"

"No; she tried one topic and then another until she found something that would make her companion talk. This is the true secret of being entertaining. Don't you think so? Of course she exercised her discretion and chose topics that seemed suitable to the victim. And now, what are you smiling about?"

"It reminds me of a doctor trying new remedies on his patients."

"Never mind. I am going to try it myself."—Chicago Record.

"Sze Fisi Schenn."

If you are "werri ill," you send for "sze fisi schenn," and say "Szoftli! Do nont tosch mi! Ei habeh el pahn in mei back, dokter," whereupon "sze fisi schenn" replies "Schoh mi juhr tong." If you have only "o kahf" (cough) or "eh szohr szroht," you may go to "szi apposzi kerri" and ask him prettily, "Plizsz, will ju pripehr szis meddeszahn forr mi?" or "Plizsz, will ju giw mi forr feif zents kemmael tih, edohsz ef kaster eul annementun, eh weskikater, ir, sze constipaschen, e porgativ, deiaria, e szeddiltz powder?" Some of these requests may puzzle him, but that is his affair. If you "hahf" a mohst terrible tuhshahk, you "most gett sze tuhsh stuff."—Saturday Review.

THE DACOIT OF BURMA.

Curious Methods of Robbers Who Work in Blocks of Five.

Burma is one of the countries that are changing very fast, and one of the things that has changed Burma is the dacoit. Instead of living together in bands in the jungle, dacoits are scattered through separate villages in the guise of peaceful cultivators. During the day each man attends to his paddy fields just like his neighbors, and it is only at night that they meet together for the dispatch of their more important and lucrative business. Dacoity, as defined by law, is simply robbery committed by a band of five men or more, and it is important only because of the Burman's strong natural propensity toward it and the great difficulties which his national character places in the way of its detection.

Perhaps the strange workings of the native character are best exhibited in the following case, which occurred recently. The facts are vouched for by an English official.

There was a band of five men who were in the habit of practicing dacoity occasionally. Three of them came from the same village, not a common thing, as it makes detection easier; the fourth from another village, and as for the fifth no man now knows where he came from for reasons that will appear. One night these five men, armed with nothing beyond their knives and spears, which are used for fishing in lower Burma, entered a house, tied up the owner and began plundering. Now, this house was in a large village containing not only a population of some 1,400, but a police post, with 15 native policemen armed with sniders. The alarm was given and the house surrounded, and—then there was a pause. The robbers continued their work undisturbed within. The villagers—some 250 or 300 able-bodied men, all more or less armed—sat around on the dam which surrounds and protects every village in the delta, looked down on the house and discussed the question. The police stood rather nearer the house and fired shots into it through the bamboo walls, hurting no one. One solitary policeman after a time volunteered to advance. He crept up quite close to the house and fired in through an opening in the wall; then he went farther and actually put his head and part of his body through the hole, apparently to see what execution he had done. One of the robbers promptly pinned him to the ground with a fish spear and killed him.

By this time they had completed their preparations, so they sallied forth, each man with his pack of plunder on his back. Though the house was surrounded, they appear to have had no difficulty in making their way through. Only the police fired after them with buckshot and hit three of them in the back, not seriously wounding them. Pat one of the band had the misfortune to stumble and fall. Instantly the crowd rushed upon him and before he could rise literally hacked him to pieces, and so effectively that not the slightest clew to his identity remained. He was absolutely destroyed; no one knows even what was his nationality. The other four got away.

Now comes the sequel, which is, if possible, still more extraordinary. Some days after a man in a neighboring village informed the thugyi, or head man, that two of the villagers, whom he named, had been concerned in the late dacoity. The thugyi had them arrested promptly and they were carried to headquarters for identification. The man whose house had been plundered was confronted with a crowd of men from the informer's village and told to pick. The first he picked was the informer; then he pointed out the two men accused. All three were examined and found to have buckshot still sticking in their backs, and all three were hanged, for dacoity in which a man is killed is murder. The remaining robber was never traced.—St. James Gazette.

Rustic Critic at the Recital.

The pianist had finished dusting the piano keys with his abundant hair, and his fingers hung with languid grace like branches that had not yet recovered from the onslaught of a fierce storm. He was receiving the applause which his endeavors as a classical interpreter merited. A throng pressed around him and told him the pleasant things that make life worth living. The relation from the country was there.

"There's no use talkin," he said, "ye done fine."

"Thank you."

"An I must say that the man that made the pianny deserves praise too. Ye couldn't pick up an instrument anywhere 'tall that 'ad stand the pace you put it through."

"Perhaps not."

"I'll never forgit the way ye got yer fingers all twisted up an then untangled again. It's a sight ter tell the neighbors about, that is."

"I am glad you enjoyed it."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

MARRYING.

MR. AND MRS. WILSON
IT TO A

Their Children Have
Very Rich and
Brilliant Record
Matchmaking.

In Fifth Avenue home of the Wilsons of New York, the great bankers of the city, the makers in the city, the fact, their children, \$200,000,000, and this sum will be many months, by marriage, with families in America, good a record as the queen of Denmark out the world for making desirable matches and daughters.

Yet 40 years ago it was a poor clerk in the obscure town of was born in Tennessee.



MIL AND MRS. B.

Wilson was in moderate home as soon as he started to make his world. The grocery his first opening. He clerk long, but by a fortunate circumstance business activity he began. Right then and there he had experience what others "Wilson luck." Page and perhaps it was a southern, greatly successful. He had unlimited credit at interest and accepted of their crops each year was about this period Johnson. She was a beautiful young woman, Wilson, who was a some man, wooed at difficulty.

Most of the southern their fortunes when. Not so Grover Wilson, ness qualities had attracted attention that he the European agent of States and went abroad cotton for that govern this to the entire south and managed to not only a considerable with a large amount of When he came back to settled in New York and use of the connections w established with foreign. He was soon in control of English capital and s velop the southern rail extensively in cottoning firm of which he.

It was not long before Wilson found himself. Then he and his wife they had high social a remarkable tact Mrs. in being welcomed in sive Fifth Avenue circle kept her position. When daughters grew up, they friends the sons and daughters most plutocratic of the lionaires.

The eldest Wilson daughter was married 20 years ago. Golet, who is now worth, and who inherits a big estate. Twelve years ago Orme Wilson, married daughter of Mrs. William today the Orme Wilson among the wealthiest families in the metropolis. A few years ago Wilson became the wife of Michael Henry Herbert, time the secretary of tion and counted the Washington. She will in a few years, as her come into his title.

About four years ago, announced that Miss Grace marry the Hon. Cecil B.



MRS. ORME WILSON.

the great banking house of went down in the financial engagement was promptly and the next that was heard Grace was that she was to Cornelius Vanderbilt.

The only remaining child, sons is young Richard, Jr., more that he is engaged to ter of Commodore Gerry, a Yorker who has many million this marriage occurs, there more matchmaking for Mr Wilson to do unless they turn tention to their grandchildren.

MARRYING MILLIONS.

MR. AND MRS. WILSON HAVE REDUCED IT TO A FINE ART.

Their Children Have Married Into Four Very Rich and Powerful Families—A Brilliant Record of Most Successful Matchmaking.

In Fifth avenue and Newport circles the Wilsons of New York are credited with being the most successful match-makers in the country. As a matter of fact, their children have married almost \$200,000,000, and the prospects are that this sum will be largely increased before many months. They are now connected by marriage with four of the richest families in America. This is almost as good a record as that made by the king and queen of Denmark, famed throughout the world for their expertness in making desirable matches for their sons and daughters.

Yet 40 years ago Richard T. Wilson was a poor clerk in a grocery store in the obscure town of Madison, Ga. He was born in Tennessee, and as his parents



MR. AND MRS. RICHARD T. WILSON.

were in moderate circumstances he left home as soon as he was old enough and started to make his own way in the world. The grocery store offered him his first opening. He did not remain a clerk long, but by a combination of fortunate circumstances and shrewd business activity he became the proprietor. Right then and there he began to experience what others have since called "Wilson luck." Perhaps it was luck, and perhaps it wasn't.

As a southern grocer he was remarkably successful. He gave the planters unlimited credit at good round rates of interest and accepted the greater share of their crops each year as payment. It was about this period that he met Miss Johnson. She was one of the most beautiful young women of Macon, and Mr. Wilson, who was an exceptionally handsome man, wooed and won her without difficulty.

Most of the southern merchants lost their fortunes when the war broke out. Not so Grocer Wilson. His shrewd business qualities had attracted such widespread attention that he was appointed the European agent of the Confederate States and went abroad to handle the cotton for that government. He did this to the entire satisfaction of the south and managed to come out with not only a considerable fortune, but with a large amount of business prestige. When he came back to this country, he settled in New York and began to make use of the connections which he had established with foreign business houses. He was soon in control of large amounts of English capital and started in to develop the southern railroads. He dealt extensively in cotton and started a banking firm of which he is still at the head.

It was not long before Mr. Richard Wilson found himself a millionaire. Then he and his wife discovered that they had high social aspirations. With remarkable tact Mrs. Wilson succeeded in being welcomed into the most exclusive Fifth avenue circles, and she has kept her position. When her beautiful daughters grew up, they had as intimate friends the sons and daughters of the most plutocratic of the New York millionaires.

The eldest Wilson daughter, May, was married 20 years ago to Ogden Goelet, who is now worth \$40,000,000 and who inherits a big sum every little while. Twelve years ago the eldest son, Orme Wilson, married Carrie Astor, daughter of Mrs. William Astor, and today the Orme Wilsons are ranked among the wealthiest families in the metropolis. A few years later Belle Wilson became the wife of the Hon. Michael Henry Herbert, who was at the time the secretary of the British legation and counted the richest catch in Washington. She will be Lady Herbert in a few years, as her husband will soon come into his title.

About four years ago it was announced that Miss Grace Wilson was to marry the Hon. Cecil Baring, but when



MRS. ORME WILSON.

the great banking house of that name went down in the financial crash the engagement was promptly broken off, and the next that was heard of Miss Grace was that she was to marry young Cornelius Vanderbilt.

The only remaining child of the Wilsons is young Richard, Jr., and it is rumored that he is engaged to the daughter of Commodore Gerry, another New Yorker who has many millions. When this marriage occurs, there will be no more matchmaking for Mr. and Mrs. Wilson to do unless they turn their attention to their grandchildren.

HARRISON'S LOG CABIN.

He Takes His Bride to an Elaborate Sylvan Retreat in the Adirondacks.

Benjamin Harrison's summer home is a \$4,000 log cabin. It is located in one of the wildest and most picturesque spots in the Adirondack region, fully two miles from any other habitation and far out of the way of the ordinary tourist or excursionist. His camp con-



GENERAL HARRISON'S ADIRONDACK CAMP consists of a group of log cabins nestled among the stately pines which cover a narrow point of land that juts out between First and Second lakes of the Fulton chain. He is farther from the mainland than he was last summer, when he was located at Dodd camp, and consequently he is more secluded.

The buildings are log cabins, to be sure, but such log cabins as the Adirondack natives have never seen before. The largest of the structures is two stories in height, has a tower on either side and a veranda extending across the front. But it is built of logs—at least the first story is—the second story being frame shingled. The logs are hewn flat on two sides, and their ends are locked at the corners by regular log house joints. The house has a frontage of 48 feet and a depth of 34 feet. On the first floor is a large living room, with a ceiling 23 feet high. A feature of this room is a huge fireplace made of rough boulders. On the second floor are six bedrooms, two of which are located in the towers.

A second cottage contains a dining room, kitchen and pantry. A third cottage has been built for servants, of which there are several, including a maid for Mrs. Harrison. The last two buildings are in the rear of the big cabin, which is built a little way back from the shore of the lake. Down at the water's edge there is a bathhouse, also built of logs.

The ex-president and his bride have accommodations in their sylvan retreat for as many as a dozen guests if they choose to entertain so extensively. There are fine fishing and shooting in the immediate vicinity, and from the veranda of the cabin can be had one of the most charming views in all the mountain lake region.

CHILE'S NEW PRESIDENT.

He Is a Skilled Politician, a Liberal Leader and a Wealthy Man.

Frederico Errazuriz, the new president of Chile, is a man of large fortune and has figured conspicuously in the public affairs of that lively little South American republic. He must be a very clever politician, for he was in favor with Balmaceda when that erratic individual, who made himself dictator of



FREDERICO ERRAZURIZ.

the country and plunged it into a civil war, was in the height of his power. For a time he was a member of one of Balmaceda's various cabinets, but he shifted his ground quickly enough to retain his popularity when the government was restored. When Dr. MacIver formed a new ministry in 1894, he selected Errazuriz as minister of justice.

President Errazuriz is recognized now as one of the leaders of the Liberal party in Chile and is actively opposed to the Balmacedists. He was born in 1849 and was carefully educated at the college in Santiago. He inherited his position and most of his wealth from his father, who was an extensive landowner and merchant and was at one time president of Chile himself. One of the best warships in the Chilean navy is named President Errazuriz, after the father of the present incumbent.

A president is elected in Chile once in five years, and the elections are conducted much after the manner of ours. The people vote for electors in the various provinces in the proportion of three electors to each deputy sent to congress. A retiring president cannot be a candidate for re-election until after at least one term has intervened.

Jorge Montt, whom President Errazuriz succeeds, leaves the executive chair with a clean record. He was an admiral in the Chilean navy when Balmaceda seized the government and was one of those men who was instrumental in keeping the navy out of the clutches of the dictator. At the beginning of his administration the republic was in a disorganized state, and while not a brilliant statesman, he had the common sense and honesty to surround himself with able men; so that he has been able to restore the country to a state of prosperity and peace.

HINRICHSSEN'S RISE.

HOW GOVERNOR ALTGELD'S LIEUTENANT EMERGED FROM OBSCURITY.

The Evolution of "Buck" From a Local Politician and Country Editor to an Important Figure in a National Convention—His Practical Methods.

From the obscurity of country politics to the prominence gained by being a figure of importance at a national convention is a long step for a man to take in the course of a few years, but that is precisely the jump which William H. Hinrichsen has taken. In Illinois, where Mr. Hinrichsen holds the office of secretary of state, he is familiarly known as "Buck." For several years he has been the trusted lieutenant of Governor Altgeld, and nothing was more natural than that when the governor looked up at the head of the silver forces his right hand man should also be brought into national prominence.

The rise of "Buck" Hinrichsen is an interesting demonstration of the great possibilities in American politics. He was born about 45 years ago on a small farm in Morgan county, Ill. He managed to get a good education, being graduated from the State university. As soon as he was of age he began to take an active interest in town and county politics. He studied the methods of the rural party leaders and applied them with a good deal of success. He found that every one of them had the faculty of making friends. This was an easy lesson for "Buck" to learn, and he industriously cultivated the acquaintance of every voter in his district.

He lived in a section of the state where nearly all the farmers were Germans and Democrats. There did not seem to be any great political prizes in



WILLIAM H. HINRICHSSEN.

store for him, for at that time the state was solidly Republican. But "Buck" persevered and accepted such small local offices as fell to his lot with good grace. At the age of 21 he was elected justice of the peace and resigned the office three years later to become deputy sheriff of Morgan county.

When his term of office expired, he had recognized the power of the press in politics, so he became a country editor by purchasing an interest in the Democratic paper of the county seat. Then he started in to enlarge the circle of his friends. In all towns in the center of Illinois there is a public square where the farmers collect, especially on Saturdays, to swap views and discuss the condition of crops. For a year or more "Buck" was to be seen at all these gatherings, shaking hands with great enthusiasm and making anxious inquiries of the farmers about their families and crops. Everybody knew "Buck," and "Buck" knew everybody.

So when "Buck" Hinrichsen came to leave Jacksonville the town felt almost as proud of him as it did of the fact that Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas had once been struggling at townships there. Hinrichsen bought an almost lifeless Democratic paper in Quincy and removed there that he might have a larger field. With two papers at his command his political prestige was considerably increased. He managed the second paper with as much care as the first, and in a short time it was equally successful. From being elected delegate to county conventions he was sent to the state convention and improved the occasion by making himself known to all the party leaders. In time he became the acknowledged leader of a district which could be depended upon for a big Democratic majority. He was made a member of the state central committee and given a place on the executive board. In 1892 he was further rewarded by being appointed chief clerk of the lower branch of the state legislature, one of the few offices which his party had at its disposal.

In 1892 "Buck" announced that his friends wanted him to accept the nomination for secretary of state. This being the case, the party leaders thought that it should be offered to him, and it was "Buck" accepted. At the time the nomination was made it was considered but an empty honor, for the party had not hoped to elect a state ticket. But that year Illinois, with several other states, swung from the line, and the Democratic ticket, headed by Judge Altgeld, was swept into office, "Buck" Hinrichsen along with the rest of the candidates. There he has been ever since.

In Hinrichsen it seems that Governor Altgeld found a man who could be most useful to him and in whom he could repose confidence. Thus it happens that "Buck" became a power in the state if not in the land. He has a happy, cheerful disposition and is a notably good story teller, always having a fund of good yarns at his command. As president of the Society of Cheerful Liars of Quincy "Buck" had a reputation for telling bigger and better fish stories than any other man in the state, even when the late Eugene Field and Opie Read were members of the same society. C. T. BAXTER.

Coal! Coal! Coal!

At Boston Prices.

We have lately received a cargo of Shamokin and Red Ash coals. The probabilities point strongly toward an increase in the wholesale price of coal soon, and all should take advantage of the present low prices. Now the time to buy your winter's supply of coal. The prices are at the lowest point now. Buy of your local dealer, who offers you the greatest inducements,—fair dealing and bottom prices.

The above coals are free from slate or siftings.

BOSTON PRICES.

BOSTON TERMS.—CASH.

Franklin,	\$6.75	White Ash Egg,	\$5.25
Red Ash Nut,	6.25	White Ash Broken,	5.00
Red Ash Stove,	6.25	Lehigh Stove,	5.75
Red Ash Egg,	6.00	Lehigh Egg,	5.50
Shamokin Stove and Egg	5.75	Lehigh Broken,	5.25
White Ash Stove,	5.50	Webster Nut,	6.50

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SPORT FOR THE PRESIDENT.

Will Shoot and Fish With Senator Vilas in Wisconsin.

President Cleveland is planning on having some real sport this summer, and his friends who have often gone duck shooting together have been invited by Senator Vilas to spend three weeks in the wilds of northern Wisconsin. Way upon the Brule river, north of Superior, the senator has a log shanty located in the very heart of a region where there is game that would delight the heart and stir the blood of the most case-hardened sportsman.

About the middle of August the president and his party will repair to this forest fastness, laden with guns and rods. It will be no dilettante fun that they will enjoy. The luxuries of life will be left far behind. The president will bunk in the open air under a canvas tent when the weather is fair and occupy a "shakedown" in the log cabin when it is foul. He will wash his hands in a brook, use a stump for a toilet table and eat from a tin plate. In short, he will put in three weeks of "roughing it" such as he has not experienced since he was a boy.

The Brule is probably the most famous trout stream in this country, but



SENATOR VILAS' CABIN ON THE BRULE.

it does not swarm with fishermen, because it is so inaccessible. It is also noted for its rapid current and the many dangerous rapids with which it abounds. It is a great place for big catches, though, and the sportsmen who have been there tell tales of bringing in camp strings of 300 and 400 trout weighing all the way from two to four pounds. No one can navigate this stream but the Indian guides who are to be found there. The president will engage one of these guides, who will take him out in a birch canoe into the swirling waters. He will have a chance to show his nerve as well as distinguish himself by landing a four pounder.

The trout season closes at the end of August, but on Sept. 1 the deer season begins, and the chief executive will doubtless get a chance to prove himself superior to the affliction known as buck fever and bring down one of the monarchs of the wood. It is said that deer are more numerous in the Wisconsin pineries this season than they have been before for many years, so Mr. Cleveland and his friends may expect some rare sport.

From a Lake.



O'Hoolihan—Yez have quite a river here on yure flure.

Finnigan—Shure that comes from the lake in the roof.—New York World.

Which Did They Do?

The hostess hunted up the host and whispered to him anxiously:

"The reception's a dead failure. Everybody is sitting as mute as a statue. Nobody is talking to anybody else."

"What do you suggest?" he asked in reply. "Shall we get some one to play the piano or shall we start a few games of whist?"—Detroit Free Press.

The most commonplace people become highly imaginative when they are in a passion. Whole dramas of insult, injury and wrong pass before their minds—efforts of creative genius, for there is sometimes not a fact to go upon.—Helps.

An owl cannot move his eyes, as they are fixed in their sockets. The deficiency is atoned for by great freedom of motion in the muscles of the head and neck.

English Poor and Savings Banks.

A mass of evidence, which is interesting and valid testimony of a rise in the general economic prosperity of the people, and in particular of an improvement in the condition of the working classes, is commonly misapplied as a strong prima facie evidence of a diminution of poverty. The imposing figure of \$240,000,000, representing the funds invested in savings banks, registered friendly societies, incorporated building societies, registered trades unions and certified loan societies, is adduced to prove that the workers have in recent years a large margin over and above necessary expenditures which they are able to apply as "savings." Now, though a large proportion of this "capital" is doubtless the property of the wage earning classes, we have no means of ascertaining how large this proportion is.

A great quantity of the money invested in the postoffice savings bank, not improbably the bulk of it, belongs to the middle class, and not to the working class, families. The same is true, though to a less extent, of many of the other important savings banks, while the mass of the loan capital and no inconsiderable portion of the share capital of many friendly societies and building societies does not represent the savings of the wage earning classes. Even if all this capital were owned by the workers, it would only represent about £18 per head of the actual wage earners, or about 2 per cent of the total accumulated wealth of the nation. As the matter actually stands, the testimony of these "savings" is almost worthless and can at most be taken as one indication of the indisputable fact that a large proportion of the working classes are better off and more provident than they were formerly.—Contemporary Review.

Active Thought.

Nothing is comparable to the pleasure of an active and prevailing thought—a thought prevailing over the difficulty and obscurity of the object and refreshing the soul with new discoveries and images of things, and thereby extending the bounds of apprehension, and, as it were, enlarging the territories of reason.—South.

The Quincy Monitor.

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JULY, 1896.

SOCIETY EPITOME.

St. John's Ladies' Auxiliary—Miss Eliza C. Sheshan, president; Miss Alice G. Garvin, secretary. Meetings held on the first and third Mondays at 7:45 o'clock, P. M., in St. John's hall, School street.

St. John's C. L. and A. A.—George A. Cahill, president; Michael J. O'Hara, secretary. Meetings every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock, in St. John's hall, School street. Knights of Columbus—M. T. Sullivan, grand knight; Thomas J. McGrath, secretary. Meets the first and third Tuesdays of each month at 8 o'clock in Dobie's hall.

Irish National League—James Collins, president; George B. Cahill, secretary. Meets in Cahill's hall, Water street, on Sunday evening.

Division 5, A. O. H.—Edward J. Powers, president; Patrick Crummins, secretary. Meets the first and third Thursdays at 8 o'clock in French's hall, Hancock street.

Quincy Court, M. C. O. F.—John A. Avery, chief ranger; Patrick Ward, secretary. Meets in French's hall.

St. Mary's C. T. A. and M. R. Society, West Quincy—Patrick Kellihier, president; W. F. V. Cole, corresponding secretary; John Galvin, recording secretary. Meetings held first and third Tuesdays in the month.

It is said that the water commission-ership went a-begging. If it wasn't for an occasional resignation one would not know that we had a city government. But why complain? All things will be remedied!

Mr. Durgin was fined in the local court here for selling a proprietary article, a young man arrested and fined for setting a bonfire on the "night before the Fourth," and a rascal who makes improper advances to young girls is discharged in the same court for want of evidence. And still there are some nice people who will set us down as pessimists. Well, we are going to be, and the condition of affairs, municipal and others, will have to improve wonderfully before we can change.

At the corner of Franklin and School streets is a triangular piece of land which could be much beautified at a very small expense. This should be done, and it is singular that none of the councilmen from Ward Three have ever called the attention of the council or commissioner to it. The place is unsightly at the present time, and must necessarily be an eyesore to the hundreds that daily pass that way. There is another plot of land somewhat larger near the St. John's hall, which should also receive some attention from the authorities. Quincy is able to beautify every such spot in the city, and it should be done. This work would redound more to the credit of the city government, and be of unmeasurable benefit to many of our people.

WILLIAM E. RUSSELL.

The unexpected and sudden demise of one of the most worthy of those who have been chief magistrates of this Commonwealth, William Eustis Russell, came as a severe shock to the people of this and other states. The ex-governor had but recently returned from the convention at Chicago, and was intending to pass a few weeks in a suburb of Quebec to invigorate the mind and body prostrated by months of hard work. The first news that was received here staggered the public, many refusing to believe the sad news until confirmatory dispatches were received.

Gov. Russell was another of those most worthy characters that appealed to the populace, and in whom all men had a great confidence, that a difference in race, party or creed could not detract from. Like the esteemed Greenhalge, he died poor in this world's goods, but rich in the honors bestowed so willingly by Massachusetts.

Mr. S. O. Moxon has informed THE MONITOR that the festival in aid of the City Hospital will be held in the early part of September.

Hearn's Head-case is a reliable remedy.

—Vertical writing may be an important subject, but glory awaits the man who invents a system of teaching all of the Boston school pupils how to spell ordinary words of one and two syllables before they end the High school course.—Charlestown Enterprise.

PERSONAL—IMPERSONAL.

Mr. Timothy J. Carey spent the week following the Fourth of July in Plattsburg, N. Y., visiting relatives.

Mr. John Harkins of Main street graduated in June from the College of Holy Cross, at Worcester, receiving the degree of A. B.

William McDonnell, son of Mr. John A. McDonnell of Elm street, who has been spending the school year in Montreal, is enjoying himself at home.

Many patrons of the Quincy and Boston street railway miss Mr. Richard Forrest, who was severely injured through another's carelessness in the early part of the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Callahan of South Walnut street have the sympathy of all in their great loss. Miss Margaret was dearly beloved, not only in the household but elsewhere, and her presence will be missed from many a gathering.

We have received a neat pamphlet, by James B. Russell, B. A., M. D., J. L. D., senior medical officer of health, Glasgow, and published by permission of the Massachusetts State Board of Health, on the prevention of tuberculosis. The work is of interest to all owners of cattle, and we would advise them to procure a copy.

HIBERNIAN PICNIC.

The augmented picnic held at Lovell's grove on Saturday, July 11, by the Hibernians of Quincy, Braintree, Neponset, and Weymouth, was one of the best of the year. The procession in the morning through the principal streets of the city attracted a large crowd, and it was conceded on all sides that the marchers made a fine appearance. A large crowd was present in the grove, and with a perfect day, a good time was had by all. We append a list of the sports and winners:

Boys' 100-yard dash—William J. Driscoll, first; Charles Quinn, second.

Boys' 220-yard dash—William J. Driscoll, first; Charles Quinn, second.

Five-mile bicycle race—Frank Ourish, first; H. S. Wessell, second. Time 13m. 45s.

100-yard dash—W. H. Flynn, first; John McIntosh, second. Time 11½.

440-yard dash—John McIntosh, first; W. H. Flynn, second.

One-mile bicycle race for boys—George Russell, first; A. W. Rose, second.

One-mile cycle race—Frank Ourish, first; H. S. Wessell, second. Time 3m. 32½.

Three standing jumps—J. F. Ryan, first, 30 ft. 6 in.; William Walsh, second, 30 ft. 3 in.

Running broad jump—W. J. Curran, first, 18 ft. 11 in.; J. F. Ryan, second, 18 ft.

Running hop, step and jump—W. J. Curran, first, 39 ft. 11 in.; J. F. Ryan, second, 38 ft.

Running high jump—J. F. Ryan, first, 4 ft. 10 in.; William Walsh, second, 4 ft. 8 in.

Putting shot—J. Casey, first, 35 ft. 10 in.; J. McGrath, second, 35 ft. 6 in.

One-mile run—William Laue, first, H. Clark second.

Hurling match, O'Connell's of Quincy and Shamrocks of South Boston for purse of \$50.—Won by Quincy, 2 to 0.

THE O'REILLY MONUMENT.

The monument is the work of Daniel Chester French, one of the best known of contemporary sculptors, and author of many meritorious works. The monument stands in that part of Boston known as the Back Bay Fens, and is the gift of prominent citizens of Boston and elsewhere to the city. The movement to erect a monument to O'Reilly originated with that whole-souled philanthropist, Mr. A. Shuman, and under his direction, and with the help of a zealous committee, the means were soon acquired for the work. The monument was accepted by Mayor Quincy, on behalf of the city, and addresses were made by Vice-President Stevenson, President Capen of Tufts College, President Walker of Technology, Mr. Shuman, and many other honorable men. The panegyric of Boyle O'Reilly by President Capen was one of the most notable tributes paid to a departed genius in recent years, and by its breadth and loftiness evoked much praise throughout the State. Thus, in free America, in the city that first struck the blow against British aggrandizement and oppression, is a monument raised to the memory of an Irish exile, and later, when opportunity afforded, an American citizen, tried and true. Noble manhood and noble womanhood have in this work paid a just meed and recognized a brave spirit and a kindly one.

Frank S. Patch has a word to say about coal. You had better hear him—then patronize him. You may rest assured that there will be no disappointment on your part.

—Even the bicycle business is not all profit. There were twenty-five failures among New York dealers, and many more are expected this month. Probably the business is overdone, as there has been no falling off of interest in wheeling.

THE QUINCY MONITOR—JULY, 1896.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The month of July is dedicated to the Precious Blood.

The First Communion of the children took place on Sunday, the 12th inst., at St. John's and St. Mary's churches. At South Braintree and Atlantic it takes place on Sunday, the 19th.

The annual picnic of the parish will be substituted this year by a lawn party, which will be held both at West Quincy and at the Centre. The novelty of this arrangement will commend itself to those who find that picnics are not as popular to-day as formerly. Besides, a greater amount of enjoyment can be obtained when the affair is near at home than in the case when one is obliged to go to a distance. Every effort will be made to assure an enjoyably party.

Rev. Father Johnstone entered upon his duties in Quincy this month.

An enjoyable lawn party was held at Hingham for the benefit of Father Roche's church, of that place. A large number were in attendance, and the affair was pronounced a great success. Father Roche is making great efforts to give the Catholics of Hingham every advantage that Catholics can look for.

Most Rev. Archbishop Falconio, who is said to have been appointed as Papal delegate in succession to Cardinal Sattoli, is no stranger to Quincy. Mgr. Falconio was an old friend of Father Francis, and spent many enjoyable weeks in Quincy at the parochial residence. If he comes to America, therefore, we may expect that he will honor this parish with one of his first visits.

Much has been said in ridicule of the discussion which is now going on in regard to the union of the Catholic and Episcopal churches. While it is true that the two communions are too widely divergent to unite as one church, yet much good must inevitably result from the debate. Many Episcopalians who sincerely desire to know the truth, must by this means discover a series of facts in regard to which they were formerly uninformed, and thus many individual conversions must inevitably take place. At all events, it will serve to broaden the minds of many who have hitherto imagined it a duty to accept all the many misrepresentations that have been uttered against the Catholic Church. We hope, therefore, that the discussion will go on.

The young men of Quincy who have been studying at various places for the Holy Priesthood are at present enjoying vacation at home. Rev. Patrick Hayes of St. Laurent, Quebec, and Rev. William Deasy of Brighton Seminary, were elevated to the Subdiaconate before returning to their homes.

Mr. William L. Sullivan of Summer street received high honors at Brighton. His abilities in ecclesiastical learning have made him not only successful, but a credit to this parish. We look for other honors in the future.

Masters William Welsh of Water street, and William Duffy of Summer street, will enter the College of St. Bonaventure, at Allegany, N. Y., in September, where they will take the initial steps toward the priesthood.

The Church of St. Francis at Houghs Neck opened for the summer on Sunday, June 28. The fathers of the Redemptionist Mission Church at Roxbury have offered their services every Sunday to supply the people with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

\$100 Reward \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.



THE AUDACITY

Of this little dog reminds us of the same quality in many of our Quincy merchants in thinking that they can do a successful business without advertising, and that they can in choosing their mediums ignore

THE QUINCY MONITOR.

DRAFTS ON IRELAND.

Passage Tickets to and from the OLD COUNTRY for sale by JOHN O. HOLDEN, 154 Hancock St., Quincy Centre.

BLESSED MARY.

BY JULIAN E. JOHNSTONE.

THE pale silver light of a soft southern night
Is less bright than the light of her presence;
And the lay of the lark, as he scatters the dark,
Is less sweet than the laugh of her pleasure;
And her mien and the sheen
Of her eyes show the queen,
Though her garb is as rough as a peasant's,
And the gold of her hair, and the gold of her fair
And bewitchingly beautiful features,
Make of Mary the light, make of Mary the bright;
The most lissom and lovely of creatures;
And the rose of her mouth,
Like the rose of the south,
Makes her sweet lips the purest of preachers.

Oh! the forehead of pearl of this amber-haired girl,
And her eyes full as blue as a beryl,
And their long silken fringe, and her cheeks' rosy tinge,
And her figure as straight as a ferule,
All have entered my heart
And refined every part,
And have made a life bloom that was sterile.

A diamond of blue is less perfect or true,
Is less pure than my star of the ocean;
And the smile is as bright as an alexandrite,
Of the lady that owns my devotion.
Oh! the beautiful doe,
Nor the cygnet can show,
So much grace as my Mary in motion.

I can see the maid now with her low, pensive brow,
And her round, open throat, and the Jasper
Of rosy-red lips that are pressed to the tips
Of the fingers of Him who would clasp her:

The most beautiful Child,
Little Jesus the Mild,
Who is putting His arms up to grasp her.
I can hear her low voice, and my pulses rejoice

As they beat to the musical measure;
I can see the swift blush, as the Child with a trush
Flings His arms round His beautiful treasure;

As He laughs in His glee,
While the Maiden Marie
Sweetly smileth to the Boy's pleasure.

I can see the warm light of her eyes in the night,
As she looks at me out of the glooming;
And her young piquant face, all illumined with grace,
Sets the flowers of my heart all a-blooming;

And the scent of her hair,
Floating out on the air,
Is the violets, the night-winds perfuming.

And I press the pink tips of her fingers to lips
That have learned to belaud her and love her;
And I thrill to the touch of her hand over-much,

With a joy born of Heaven above her;
While the Seraphim sing,
Silver wing unto wing,
And the Cherubim round her head hover.

Oh! what is the worth of the beauties of earth
Compared unto that of my jewel?
Or what is the grace of a beautiful face
If the heart be corrupted and cruel?

I cry "Hail!" on the light
Of an eye like the night,
When the life is a dark one and dual.

Give, give me the maid of the amber-bright braid,
Sweet Mary, the virginal mother:
My dove and my love, pure as heaven above,
In the eyes of our Saviour and Brother.

Oh! the Maiden Marie
Is the true-love of me,
And I want not the love of another.

Summer bargains at Derby's, Adams building.



Quite Sociable

People say that our store is the coolest and the pleasantest place in town. We've tried to make it so, and have spared no pains or expense to serve the finest soda that can be produced. Drop in and see us.

THE PHENIX PHARMACY,
L. J. PASTOR, Ph. G., Prop.
CORNER SCHOOL AND FRANKLIN STS.

RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

BUY

TEA.

Of Boston Branch Grocery. WHY?

For several reasons, all good, practical ones.

1st. Our experience for twenty-five years in selecting and handling TEAS of all kinds, both wholesale and retail, enables us to select goods with merit and reject the spurious so common in the market, and which the inexperienced dealer cannot distinguish.

2d. Our TEAS are bought direct from the importer, and the profits that usually go to the Broker, the Wholesaler, and the Jobber, three or four in all, WE give to our trade direct.

3d. The large quantity of TEA which we sell enables us to be often in the market as a buyer, and any advantage to be had by any cash buyers we get.

4th. Because we can refer you to hundreds of families in Quincy and vicinity who have used TEA purchased from our establishment with satisfaction.

5th. Because we never sold more than at present time and never with better results.

6th. We never give prizes, preferring to give the value in the goods.

There are more reasons but above will show that we mean business. We will gladly give a generous sample for trial to any lady calling at our store or by sending a note by messenger with name and street number of lady sending same, otherwise no samples will be given to children.

BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY, Durgin & Merrill's Block.

Quincy, May 9.

SUMMER BARGAINS.

Men's Suits, Boys' Suits,
Children's Wash Suits.

Neglige Shirts,

WASH NECKWEAR.

STRAW HATS, GOLF CAPS,
Trunks, Bags and Furnishings.

Lowest Prices.

C. F. DERBY,

ADAMS BUILDING.

J. C. DORCAN, Manager.

Your Watch is No Good.

"That is fighting talk," you say, but wait until we finish the sentence—if it falls to tell you the correct time.

A watch will sometimes run several years without being cleaned, but it is wearing out, and when it finally stops, some genius who advertises "Clean your Watch for a Dollar," and whose kit of tools comprise a brush, tack hammer and a screw driver, brushes out the dirt, ignorant of the damage the watch has sustained, and your watch, once your faithful friend, can no longer be relied upon.

Think This Over

Friend, and take your watch to a place where they have every modern tool known to the trade, and work with a thinking cap on.

Such a Place is
104 Hancock Street,
QUINCY.

WILLIAMS, the Jeweler.

The Pilot of Fashion.

Every man cannot keep posted on the latest thing in YACHTING GOODS. He must depend on his MEN'S FURNISHER to "pilot" him in the right direction. Those who depend on us are always safe. This season we are carrying latest styles in CAPS, SHOES, Sweaters, Duck Pants, Belts and SHIRTS for Yachting. Come in and get supplied.

The Q. Y. C. Cap with Cap Ornament.

GEO. W. JONES,

ADAMS BUILDING, QUINCY.

RELIABLE

For SATU

SHIRT

AT JUS

Our 50c.

Our 75c.

Our \$1.00

Remember that the
No Waist can be ex

D. E. Wa

Largest Dry Go

BRA



In holding and extending

It's a fact that we

So

for example. We're

the city, but our

People know who



LOBSTER

Boiled every day at

Quincy Adams

Fish

ALSO A FULL LINE O

Fresh, Salt and Canned

Team will call for orders if y

65 WATER ST

Near Quincy Adams De

RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

For SATURDAY, July 18.

ALL OUR

SHIRT WAISTS

AT JUST HALF PRICE.

Our 50c. Waists, 25c.
 Our 75c. Waists, 38c.
 Our \$1.00 Waists, 50c.

Remember that these prices are for that day only.
 No Waist can be exchanged.

D. E. Wadsworth & Co.

Largest Dry Goods Store between Boston and Brooklyn.

BRANCH AT EAST MILTON.

To Be Expected.



Our friend in the picture may not be exactly happy, but he isn't shirking his duty, all the same.
 Business men don't find it all plain sailing; but if they're wise they learn by experience.
 It's the fellows who DON'T learn who make most of the failures.
 We strive to learn something about our business every day—something to help us in holding and extending our trade.
 It's a fact that we are doing both these things. Take
Soda Water
 for example. We're not only selling far more than anybody else in the city, but our output increases day by day.
 People know where to come for a good thing.

A.G. DURGIN,
 DRUGGIST.

LOBSTERS

Boiled every day at

Quincy Adams

Fish Market.

ALSO A FULL LINE OF

Fresh, Salt and Canned Fish.

Team will call for orders if you wish.

65 WATER STREET.

Near Quincy Adams Depot.

Is it Hot Enough for you?

Now, don't get angry; come around this evening and have a glass of SICILY LEMON PHOSPHATE. The clerk will ask...

Is it Cold Enough for you?

Is it the best flavored, the most delicious soda you ever tasted? And if it is, give him five cents and come again to-morrow night. And if it isn't, give him nothing; set down the glass with a disgusted air and never come near us again. We're not afraid to take this risk; you need not be.

Phenix Pharmacy.

LEONARD J. PASTOR, Ph. G.

PIUS VII AND NAPOLEON.

Continued from page 1.

conscience, and to take immediate steps for the complete subjugation of Rome. Benevento and Ponte Corvo at once fell into his hands; his troops took possession of Ancona and all cities on the coast of the Adriatic; Rome itself was invaded; the Papal militia was incorporated with the French; the Pope was deprived of every official necessary for the direction of ecclesiastical affairs and surrounded by a guard in his own palace of the Quirinal.

For these outrages the Holy Father addressed Napoleon: "By the bowels of the mercy of our God we exhort, we pray, we conjure you, Emperor and King, Napoleon, to change your designs, to clothe yourself again with those sentiments which you manifested at the beginning of your reign; remember that there is a God and King above you; remember that He is no respecter of persons; remember and always keep it before your mind, that you will see very soon and in a terrible manner how those who command others shall by Him be judged with the utmost rigor." Then the Holy Pontiff published, in the face of all Europe, a solemn protest against the unjust pretensions of Napoleon.

In a frenzy of rage the Emperor made answer to this bitter complaint, from the French camp at Shoenbrunn, by declaring Rome an imperial and free city. On the 10th of June, 1809, the pontifical standard was taken down from the Castle St. Angelo and the tricolor hoisted in its place. The same day, Pius VII and Cardinal Pacca hearing of the event, exclaimed sorrowfully, in the words of the dying Savior, "Consummatus est." The Pope had long felt the necessity of excommunicating his enemies, but had forbore up to this time in the hopes that the Emperor might display some spirit of repentance. As soon as he perceived that such hope was useless, he only needed this crowning act of sacrilege to close the doors of his heart and to proceed to make use of the spiritual arms of the church. That same night the venerable Pontiff signed the Bull of Excommunication against Napoleon and all concerned in this spoliation. A courageous man was found who, before the morning, affixed this Bull to the doors of the principal churches of Rome. It was, of course, torn down as soon as discovered, and carried to Napoleon, who was then in camp at Vienna.

"What does the Pope mean," said Napoleon, in July, 1807, "by the threat of excommunicating me? Does he suppose that the arms will fall from the hands of my soldiers?" Within two years after these words were written the Pope did excommunicate him, and in less than four years more the arms did actually fall from the hands of his soldiers in the great retreat from Moscow, when famine and cold tore them from their grasp.

The Emperor determined now to proceed against the person of the Pope. General Radet was commissioned to arrest the Pope and Cardinal Pacca and conduct them immediately out of Rome. The story of that arrest and the indignities heaped upon the aged Pontiff during his journey could not be well told in the space of a simple article. We will therefore make it suffice to narrate the facts.

At six o'clock on the morning of July 6, 1809, the French troops burst into the palace of the Quirinal. Radet then, after very few words of explanation, seized the Holy Father and hurried him, with his faithful Cardinal, into a dingy carriage which was waiting in readiness. The Pope was absolutely without proper provision of clothing or money. There was no leavetaking, no words of consolation from his faithful subjects, but as a criminal is carried away to punishment so was Pius VII dragged out of Rome, across the Campagna to the North, until he reached the place of his captivity at Savona. Here he remained for three years, always under restraint and guarded.

THE COUNCIL OF PARIS.

While the Pope remained in the prison-house of Savona the mental eccentricities of the Emperor took a new turn. He kept ever before his mind the determination of being a new Charlemagne; for the accomplishment of which design it was necessary that he should figure very decidedly in the affairs of the Church. Since the beginning of his personal hostilities toward the Pope a great number of the bishops of France and Italy had died, and as yet no one had been instituted in their place. Napoleon nominated certain bishops to fill the vacant sees, and sent to the Pope demanding that the latter give canonical institution to the same. The reply of Pius VII was decisive. He would grant no such institution until he should be restored to perfect freedom and enabled to learn from proper sources the relative qualifications of the proposed candidates. Napoleon chafed at the courageous at-

titude of the Pope and determined to take the matter into his own hands. He recalled the independence of the Russian Czar in matters of Greek Church discipline, he reflected that George III was undisturbed by any independence on the part of his English hierarchy. Why, therefore, should not Napoleon, the conqueror of Europe, make to himself a new schism, a new hierarchy, institute his own bishops, and be free from the troublesome superintendence of the Pope. The idea was inviting, and the Emperor immediately took steps to its accomplishment. A great council was called at Paris. Its presiding officer was Cardinal Fesch, the uncle of the Emperor, and it numbered among its deliberators one hundred and four French and Italian bishops. Like other councils, it discussed matters of universal importance, but its chief debates concerned the canonical institution of the French and Italian hierarchy. In this matter the council decided that no bishop might be considered legitimate who had not obtained his institution from the Great Father of all the Faithful. Yet, that the council might not displease the Emperor, it was decided that a deputation of bishops be sent to Savona to again beg the Holy Father to institute the candidates proposed. Again the pontiff renewed his absolute refusal. Moreover, he declared the Council of Paris null, as it was convoked and carried on without the conditions requisite.

Again Napoleon was forced to acknowledge the superior spiritual force of the Supreme Pontiff. He felt that if he was to gain anything over the will of the Pope he must contrive to have his illustrious prisoner nearer to his own person. It was not a matter of wonder, then, that shortly after the termination of the Council of Paris the Holy Father was secretly removed to Fontainebleau.

THE CONCORDAT OF 1813.

The conduct of the Emperor during the stay at Fontainebleau was in keeping with past behavior. Under a specious display of ceremonial reverence towards Pius VII, he concealed a course of cruel treatment unworthy of a man, much less of a sovereign. It is true the palace of Fontainebleau was not wanting in regal magnificence, that the table of the Pope was all that might be desired, and that the servants who surrounded him showed due respect for their spiritual ruler. At the same time, the Emperor himself acted the part of a bully and braggart towards a weak and feeble old man. An insulting tone of voice ever accompanied the more insulting demands, until the aged Pontiff, worn out and almost unconscious of what he was doing, was made to yield apparently to the most unwarlike demands. Thus it was that from his bed of sickness the Pope was finally led to apply his signature to a Concordat which, in a state of health, he would have repudiated in the most decided terms. The Emperor, in his joy at this apparent victory, began at once to show unwonted kindness toward the Pope, and as a sign of his good will, permitted the old cardinals, exiled formerly from the presence of the Holy Father, to return once more and comfort him in the captivity of Fontainebleau. The concession proved to be unfortunate for Napoleon, for scarcely had they gained access to the Sovereign Pontiff than they began to represent to him the awful importance of the Concordat which he had signed. It was represented as nothing less than a complete subjection of spiritual discipline to the will of a temporal ruler. It is true, there was no absolute bearing upon doctrines of faith or morals in the unfortunate document; yet the whole affair was a humiliating cession of inalienable rights. The Holy Father in deep sorrow protested that the document was not definitive, but merely a preliminary statement, which should be reconsidered before publication, so that the Concordat was really without

effect. Thereupon he made known to Napoleon his objections, retracted everything contained in the Concordat, rendering it thereby null. This firm decision of the Pontiff only rendered the Emperor all the more furious, and incited him to redouble the discomforts of his prisoner. He again deprived him of his cardinal advisers, and commanded that the Concordat should be executed everywhere without further delay.

THE END OF THE STORM.

But already the hour had sounded for the total ruin of the tyrant. He, who had trodden Europe under foot, now discovered Europe armed to meet him. With Germany consumed by a superhuman resolve to be free, with his old generals tired of fighting and struggling for the glory of a single man, with even his own relative, Murat, a partial traitor, with murmurings and threats resounding on all sides, Napoleon was not slow to perceive that the day of his downfall was at hand. The year went by and battles were fought, some gained and some lost. The great Conqueror, who once claimed a species of sovereignty over a great part of Europe, now found France alone sufficient for his imperial authority. He wished to restore the thrones, which he had robbed, to their rightful owners, and as a pledge of the sincerity of this intention, he declared the restoration of the Holy Father to the pontifical throne of Rome. But his repentance came too late. Already the foe stood before the gates of Paris, and Napoleon learned that the day of his imperial domination was at an end. In his despair he fled to Fontainebleau and there, in the very same chamber wherein he had once confined his spiritual superior, he signed articles of abdication. His fate was soon sealed by those triumphant powers against which he had so long contended, and he retired a humbler man to his place of exile upon the island of Elba.

Meanwhile, Pius VII, who was by this time far on his way toward Rome, was awaiting at Imola for the final ending of the great events which were taking place in France, and hearing of the downfall of the one-time Emperor of France, he hurried on with all dispatch to Rome. He arrived there on the 24th of May, 1814, when he made his solemn entrance into the Eternal City, whence, five years before, he had been dragged away with so much violence. The joy and enthusiasm of the people, augmented by the recent memories of usurpation and tyranny, was indescribable. It was not alone that Rome had regained her sovereign, but the Church also had again its beloved Head, and all the Catholic world took a part in the triumph of Religion over the unbridled ambition of her enemies.

It is true, the storm had not yet entirely subsided. Napoleon again broke forth from captivity, and the Holy See for a moment trembled lest new outrages might yet be perpetrated against the Church. But before the danger could have been brought to its accomplishment the newly-arisen Napoleon was again overthrown. Waterloo came, and in 1815 the greatest general of modern times was exiled, beyond all hope of return, to the lonely island of St. Helena.

Peace now settled upon the troubled Church. Religion once more dried the tears of sorrow, and the aged Pope, restored to the love of his faithful people, began to give his attention to arts nobler than war: the raising up of Catholic peoples in the knowledge of that God, who, after purging them in the land of bondage, had overwhelmed their enemies and brought them to newer and richer prospects in the land of promise.

When you are thinking about getting a wheel, consult with Frank S. Ourish. He carries the famous Fowler.

Thirty-seven million babies are born every year, a fact that ought to convince old bachelors that the nursery is still the world's greatest institution.

An angry man is again angry with himself when he has returned to reason.—Publius Syrus.

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SHE IS A SPELLBINDER.

Miss Lane Proposes to Stump the Country For the Populists.

Miss Frankie Lane of Oakland, Cal., is a very young lawyer. She is a recent graduate of a Minnesota law college, but although she has a nice new diploma with a big red seal on it, and a lovely blue ribbon tied in a cute knot down in one corner of the frame that incloses the sheepskin, she has, unfortunately, no clients. Now, the ordinary young lawyer would sit down in his office and wait for practice to come to him. Not so this progressive young Populist. While the elusive client is getting rid of his shyness Frankie is going to go out into the highways and make her name from one end of the country to the other.

The manner in which she proposes to do this is quite a novel one. She has determined to stump the country in the interests of the Populist party. In a very short time she is to start. The women's rights and temperance question



MISS FRANKIE LANE.

she will leave to other women of smaller mental caliber while she handles such weighty problems as financial issues and government ownership of railroads. Corporations in general and railroads in particular will have to take it when Miss Lane lets loose the volumes of her eloquent wrath on their multitudinous heads, and as for Mr. Collis P. Huntington, who to the western Populist is the embodiment of all things evil, why, she will get after him with a picked stick to which Tillman's pitchfork will be but a toothpick. She has announced that she will handle the money question without gloves, and goldbugs of Wall street may as well get ready to squirm.

Frankie says her plans for her campaign have all been mapped out with great elaboration of detail. She expects that in time her efforts will be properly appreciated, and she is confident that her tour will be one series of triumphs. Then, after her reputation is fully established, she will go back to her office, roll up her sleeves and be prepared to handle the rush of business that is sure to follow.

Used Him Up.

"What is the matter with Jorkins? He seems to be a financial wreck."
 "Yes, poor fellow. He has met the fate of ancient malefactors."
 "In what way?"
 "Been broken on the wheel."—Detroit Free Press.

The constitution of the United States provides that no man shall be eligible to the office of President until he has reached the age of 35 years. William Jennings Bryan of Nebraska, nominated by the Democrats at Chicago, is 36 years and 3 months old.

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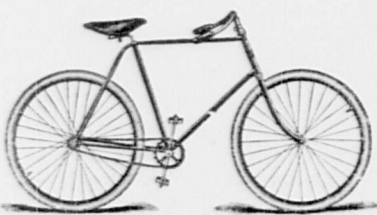
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COMFORTABLE CAMPING

Some Timely Hints on Roughing It In the Woods.

A FEW TRICKS OF WOODCRAFT.

How to Build a Woodman's Range That Will Cook as Well as a Kitchen Stove. The Campfire, Refrigerator and Other Accessories of a Good Camp.

"Oh, yes, we're going to start for the woods in a couple of weeks."

"You'll make the camp in the same old place, eh?"

"Certainly. It's the finest spot in the neighborhood."

How I envied that fellow! He was going to live for three or four weeks in a tent pitched near the shore of one of the prettiest little lakes in New Hampshire. He was going to enjoy fine fishing, good boating and all the wild delights of roughing it. He was going to smoke his evening pipe in congenial company, seated around a blazing camp-



A COMFORTABLE CAMP, SHOWING TENT, WITH COVER.

fire, and be lulled to sleep at night by the soft sighing of the wind through the branches of the big pines back of the tent. He was bound to have a royal good time of it, I was sure, because he knew exactly how to do it.

A few days ago I met another friend, and he enthusiastically told me that he, too, was going to camp out for a week or two, and actually I almost pitied him. Why? Because he had never had any experience in the woods before, and he was going with a party of men who were equally ignorant. I had been in the same boat once, and I confess that, much as I enjoyed my later camping trips, the memory of that first experience is not altogether a pleasant one.

The charm of novelty, which is generally sufficient to cover many discomforts, was not great enough to make me wholly forget the price we paid for our inexperience and the resulting mistakes.

No, the novice at camping does not generally have a good time on his first outing unless he has as a comrade a camper of experience. If he doesn't, he must find out a lot of things for himself. Woodcraft cannot be learned from books, and how to camp comfortably is an accomplishment that can only be acquired by those who have the instinct of the woods lover.

This need not discourage any amateur camper. If I thought it would, I shouldn't say a word about it. But the man or boy who really loves the woods is not one to be easily discouraged. Besides, these remarks apply to the genuine camper, for there are camps and camps. Some people think they are camping out when they sleep in a carefully built log cabin furnished with bearskin rugs, Mexican hammocks, rocking chairs, gas, hot water and the like. Many of the big mountain hotels have this sort of cabins located on adjacent lawns, and they are rented at fancy prices to people who get their meals in the hotel dining room and imagine they are camping out.

But the real camper is he who leaves railroads and civilization far behind and has his outfit carted or boated to some remote spot where there is not a house in sight and where the wilderness is undisturbed. Then he may rough it in the full sense of the term. Let him get "ten miles from a lemon," and he will be at a safe distance.

The selection of the outfit is show he will first be called upon to show what he has learned by experience. First comes the tent. A wall or military tent is undoubtedly the roomiest, but some campers prefer a wedge or A tent because it is of simpler construction and easier put up, but this is a matter of taste. In either case take a tent cover. This may be made of cheap cotton duck, but of course light canvas is better. The cover serves as an extra roof to your canvas home and not only makes it rainproof, but gives you a cool tent if the weather is warm. The cover



CAMPFIRE, OLD STYLE.

should be stretched tightly over the roof of the tent proper, so as to leave a space of about a foot between it and the canvas. A hood of similar material will make an excellent porch roof for your front door and add much to the comforts of tent life. All old campers appreciate these simple additions, which seldom come with a regular tent.

When you lay in your stock of provisions, do not have them packed in one big box that cannot be conveniently transported. Put them rather in potato

bags, so that they may be shouldered if necessary, for you may have to carry everything from the wagon for some distance to reach your camp site. Do not take sugar, coffee, tea, etc., in paper bags. Have instead a lot of tins with tight fitting covers. You will see the wisdom in this after your outfit has been once soaked by rain. Whatever else you leave out don't forget that salt pork and plenty of it is a prime necessity in the woods where fresh meat, unless you are going into a big game region, is not to be had. For a satisfactory and easily prepared meal let me recommend Boston baked beans in cans. Beans, hard tack or pilot bread and coffee can be relied upon to furnish many a meal on days when the fish will not bite well or game will be scarce.

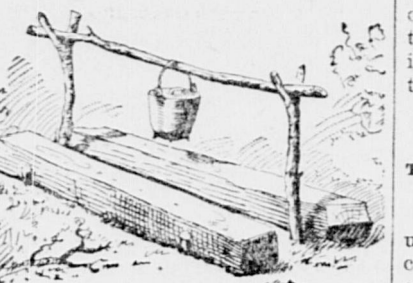
Take at least one box, not too large, though. You will need this for your refrigerator. Oh, yes, a refrigerator is not an impossibility in the woods. It is easily made. Dig a hole in a shady place where the earth is damp and sink your box in it. Then, if the cover fits tightly, you can cover it over lightly and milk, eggs, meat, etc., will keep fresh almost as long in it as in an icebox.

Now about the cooking fire. Only the best of campers can make a fire that can be successfully used to cook with. The novice invariably goes to work and builds up a little pyramid of sticks from which he gets more smoke than heat. In trying to cook he blisters his hands, sears his eyebrows, melts the handles and bottoms from his pots and pans and burns his meat to a crisp on the outside while the center is as raw as if it had not been near the fire.

The old camper goes about it differently. He first cuts down a tree—a young elm or maple is best—and then he makes two logs, hewed flat on two sides, like railroad ties. These he puts side by side on the ground, not exactly parallel, but with an opening of about a foot at the wide end. Between these green logs he builds a small but hot fire of dry wood cut into short lengths. After the wood has burned up well he puts on his pots and pans, resting them on the flat surface of the logs. By driving a forked stick at each end of his "range" and placing a stout green pole across the forks he has a crane, from which he can swing his kettle. Cooking after this fashion is almost as easy as using a stove.

There are plenty of good flat rocks you can, with a little ingenuity, build a small firebox that will be just as satisfactory.

The campfire, which adds cheerfulness to the evenings, should be a different affair altogether. About 15 or 20 feet in front of your tent drive two stout green posts at a slight incline away from the tent. In trimming them leave a few of the branches four or five inches on one side. Against these stakes pile up more green logs so that you have a back wall three or four feet high. Lay two more green logs on the ground in front to form the sides of your fireplace



A CAMP RANGE.

and still another across the front of these. There you have a fireplace that will be a joy to your heart. When you build up a blaze in that, you will have a fire before which you can sit without fear of smoke or flame, for the solid back wall prevents the wind from driving the smoke directly toward the tent. The heat is radiated in the right direction, too, and on chilly nights this is very comfortable.

The selection of a camp should be made with care, for much of your comfort depends upon it. Don't stick up your tent wherever you happen to drop your outfit. Look over the location thoroughly first. Of course the camp must be near water, but not too near. A shaded knoll near a creek or the shore of the lake is an ideal spot. Just remember that you will have some rainy days and pitch your tent on high ground. Dig a trench around it, too, with some gutters to lead off the water that is sure to fall. Take time enough in putting up your tent to plant the poles firmly if you don't want them to fall down with the first storm.

Just bear that probable rainstorm in mind, too, when you make your bed. If you have a high wall tent you can make, with a few forked stakes, a springy mattress of poles that will keep you a few inches off the ground. Cover the poles with fir boughs, and there you will have a couch on which you can defy storms and rheumatism. After you have camped for two or three seasons and learned these and other tricks of woodcraft you will look forward with longing to a pleasant and comfortable outing in the woods, and, what is more, you will be able to realize it too.

SEWELL FORD.

A Chameleon Flower.

A chameleon flower has been introduced into Europe from the isthmus of Tehuantepec. The blossoms of this newly discovered plant are white in the morning, changing to red at noon, and again to blue in the evening.

Signals at Sea.

The flags to be hoisted at one time in signaling at sea never exceed 4. It is an interesting arithmetical fact that with 18 various colored flags, and never more than 4 at a time, no fewer than 78,642 signals can be given.

Living Barometers.

Shepherds say that the wool of the sheep furnishes an excellent indication of weather changes. When it is crisp there will be no rain. When it is limp and feels very soft to the touch a storm is imminent.

M'KINLEY'S PASTOR.

The Canton Minister Who Preached a Most Timely Sermon.

Rev. Eugene P. Edmonds, who has come into some prominence as being Major William McKinley's pastor, is a youthful looking man and has quite a reputation in Ohio as a pulpit orator. He is in charge of the First Methodist Episcopal church of Canton, to which all the members of the McKinley family living there belong. Major McKinley had been nominated for president but two days when Pastor Edmonds preached a sermon in which he talked



REV. EUGENE P. EDMONDS.

about nominations, platforms and elections, drawing a parallel between the candidates for earthly honors and those who sought immortal glory. It was a very timely and up to date utterance and kept the big congregation very wide awake all the time.

Although the Rev. Mr. Edmonds is still occasionally referred to as "the boy orator," a title he gained years ago, he is 41 years of age and has been occupying a pulpit for more than a score of years. He was born at Summerton, O., in a parsonage occupied by his father, who was one of the leading Methodist ministers in the eastern Ohio conference. With his brother, who is also a minister, he experienced all the discomforts of the itinerant life while the family of a Methodist minister leads. This did not deter the two boys, however, from entering the same profession.

Eugene was educated at Union academy in Dayton and in 1873 was graduated from the college at Seio, O. He studied theology under his father and before he was 20 began to preach. His eloquence and earnestness soon won for him the title of "boy orator."

After filling the pulpits of several rural churches he was assigned to the New Euclid Avenue church in Cleveland, where he remained for four years. About five years ago he was sent to Canton, where he has charge of one of the finest churches in the state. He has been very successful in Canton, but according to the Methodist church regulations this is to be his last year there, and in a few months he will be "moved on" to some other pastorate.

A DOMINION BELLE.

The Beautiful Wife of the New Premier of Canada.

Honors are crowding thick and fast upon Mme. Laurier, wife of the recently successful Liberal leader of Canada. She is already experiencing something of what it means to be one of the first ladies in the Dominion, and now we hear that she is soon to become Lady Laurier. Few Canadian women are more fitted to be the wife of a premier and sir knight than she.

The consort of the new premier is a tall, graceful woman of about 45, a striking example of that rare type of French-Canadian beauty which does not fade with the advent of middle age. Although her hair is somewhat silvered, her cheeks show the delicate pink flush of the schoolgirl in perfect health. As



MME. LAURIER.

Mlle. Zoe Lafontaine she was belle of Montreal, and as such she was wooed and won by the handsome and vivacious though then somewhat obscure young statesman who had just electrified the Dominion by an eloquent speech in common on the Riel rebellion.

When as Mme. Wilfrid Laurier she accompanied her husband to Ottawa, she became at once one of the noted beauties of the capital, and invitations to the receptions at the Laurier home were as much sought after as those to the more elaborate functions given at the governor general's house.

Mme. Laurier, like her husband, is a devout Roman Catholic, but she is broad minded and liberal in religious matters and numbers her friends among all faiths. Both she and her husband have been very popular in the somewhat artificial and snobbish society of Ottawa on account of their gentleness, refinement and native courtesy. Their home is the quiet little village of Arthabaska, Que. The house is quaint and old and is set in the center of eight acres of land. Around it are extensive gardens, in which are cultivated a great many varieties of flowers, for this is one of Mme. Laurier's pet hobbies. She has no children, but is very fond of little ones, and they are among her most numerous visitors.

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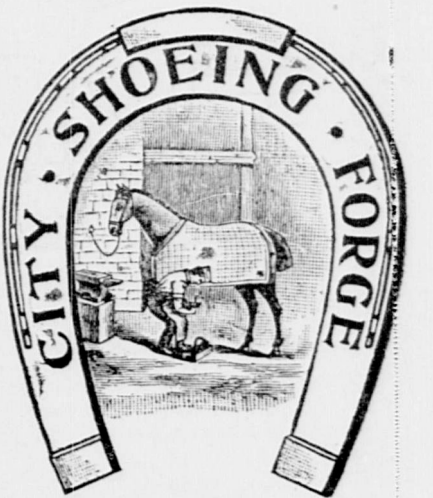
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RAN THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE

An Iowa Man Who Was Engineer of

Rocket of George Stephenson.

For 40 years Edward Entwistle has had his home on a lot which purchased for himself upon his going to Des Moines.

Edward Entwistle was born

1815 at Tilsey's Banks, Lancashire,

England. At the age of 11 he

apprenticed to the Duke of Br

water, who had large machines

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his birthplace and home.

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Edward Entwistle was born in 1815 at Tilsey's Banks, Lancashire, England. At the age of 11 he was apprenticed to the Duke of Bridgewater, who had large machine shops at Manchester, 11 miles from the lad's birthplace and home. The first railroad for general passenger and freight business was completed in 1825, between Manchester and Liverpool, a distance of 31 miles. The Rocket, the first locomotive, or passenger engine, was built under the direction and according to the plans of George Stephenson in the works where young Entwistle was serving an apprenticeship. He was to be an engineer, and he closely watched the work.

When the road was built and the engine completed, Stephenson looked about for a man to run the engine. The foreman of the shops was consulted, and after a day or two reported that he had no man to recommend, but that if Stephenson would take the young apprentice, Entwistle, the foreman would recommend the lad. The duke's steward was applied to and gave written permission for Entwistle to go with Stephenson. When he was notified, after all these arrangements had been made, it was the first intimation Entwistle had that he was to be placed in the service. He did not flinch from it, but rather enjoyed the opportunity.

The formal opening of the road was to take place on Monday, and on Sunday young Entwistle and Stephenson took the Rocket out for a private trial trip. They ran over about one-half of the track of the road alone. All worked well, and they had no fear as to the final result. On the day of the formal opening of the road immense crowds gathered, not only at Manchester and Liverpool, but all along the 31 miles of track. The Duke of Wellington, many other distinguished noblemen, members of the cabinet and stockholders in the new road were present.

The passenger coaches were built in compartments, somewhat similar to the stagecoaches of those days, and three of them were attached to the Rocket. They were filled with distinguished persons, stockholders and their personal friends.

Stephenson and young Entwistle took charge of the engine, and a successful start was made toward Liverpool amid the cheers of the thousands of observers of the new wonder. All was well until the train was approaching Grand Junction, from where a branch road was building to Bolton. Close to that point a terrible accident happened. Among the distinguished passengers was Mr. Huskisson, a member of the cabinet, a stockholder and promoter of the new road. While bowing in response to the cheers of the multitude he in some manner slipped and fell and was run over and killed by the coach following. The body was taken up and carried to Liverpool in the train.

The first trip had been successfully made. After an ovation the train returned to Manchester with Edward Entwistle's hand upon the throttle. The railway for the transportation of freight and passengers by steam power had become a fixed and demonstrated fact.

The line being opened for general traffic, young Entwistle was given charge of the Rocket and for two years made two round trips every day between Liverpool and Manchester—one in the forenoon, the other in the afternoon. The work so wore on the youth that he asked to be relieved, having grown nervous and unwell. Stephenson at first said that Entwistle was but an apprentice and would have to stay anyway, but Entwistle promptly replied that he had not been apprenticed to run a locomotive. "Through the efforts of Stephenson he was secured a place as second engineer on one of the coasting steamers of the Duke of Bridgewater. On that vessel he completed the last three of his seven years' apprenticeship and remained one year thereafter.

Then, being 22 years of age, he determined to come to the United States. He landed in New York in 1837.—Chicago Record.

Business Is Business.

A short time since a workman employed by a wealthy firm of manufacturers in Birmingham committed suicide. On behalf of the man's widow and child the firm was asked to state what money was due to the deceased, but no satisfactory statement could be obtained, and ultimately a solicitor's letter was sent. To this the firm replied that the man owed by them to the deceased was 1s. 10d., which they forwarded, less 1 penny for postage.—London Truth.

The charities that soothe and heal and bless are scattered at the feet of man, like flowers.—Wordsworth.

SLAUGHTER OF THE GALILEANS.

Pontius Pilate Armed His Soldiers With Clubs In Derision.

It was Pilate's custom to come to his official residence—a kind of palace for public business—during all feasts, and he was there that day, but he was in a very ugly frame of mind. Such men as Ben Nassur, aided by zealots from other places, were arousing their followers more and more from hour to hour until at last an angry multitude swarmed around the gates of Pilate's house, cursing him in the name of the law and of the temple. They clamored for the restitution of the treasures taken from the priests, the cessation of the aqueduct work, which the fall of the tower so plainly declared to be wicked, and they furiously demanded the removal of the temple guards.

The Roman governor had not the least idea of granting any of these demands, and he determined to teach the angry Galileans a lesson. He sent to his camps for a large number of soldiers. They were not to come in armor, but in ordinary clothing, and were to be armed only with clubs. Strong men can do a great deal of damage with heavy cudgels, but Pilate's idea was to express in this way his soldierly contempt for a Jewish mob. His men were ordered to surround it and to wait for such commands as he might give them.

Cyril's fear of the rabbis and priests grew stronger as he drew near the temple. There was no other place on earth, he believed, where a sacrifice to God could be offered as solemnly as upon the brazen gold ornamented altar of burnt offering, which he and his father were soon to see.

Louder and louder grew the sounds of the tumult in the open space before the governor's palace, but Cyril and his father could no longer hear it, for they were now in the outer court of the temple. They advanced toward the steps leading up to the gorgeously gilded portals of the inner court. Here they were met by a Levite, to whom Ezra at once handed the fleecy offering which he had brought and had so far carried in his arms. During several minutes, however, there had been strange sounds beyond the gate of the outer court, and they were fast growing louder. Ezra and his son would have paused to listen, but the Levite led the way into the inner court, and they followed. In a moment more Cyril could see the smoking altar, the splendidly arrayed priests, the chanting Levites, the swinging censers and all the grand appliances of the temple worship. Everything was splendid beyond his imaginings, but he could not look at it for more than a moment. Behind him, surging through the gate into the outer court, filling that space and then pouring on into the inner court, came a shouting, shrieking, maddened multitude.

Pilate's club men had been doing their brutal work only too well, and if his soldiers carried clubs only, other enemies of the Galileans—and they were many—had seized this opportunity, for steel blades were flashing among the pursuers. An angry mob was now pitilessly smiting down the Jews who had protested so zealously for the temple and the law.

They did not pause at the gate of the inner court, but in a moment more there were slain Galileans lying among the bodies of the animals prepared for sacrifice, and the revenge of Pilate upon those who had upbraided him was becoming terrible.—W. O. Stoddard in St. Nicholas.

A Gentle Hint to Her Guests.

The Empress Frederick unwittingly brought on herself the hostility of the Prussian army by a course she took, or that was taken in her name, when she was crown princess. The crown prince gave a great military dinner soon after his father came to the throne. Officers of all grades were invited. Some of those who were then subalterns are now hoary headed generals and cannot speak of the circumstance without getting red in the face with anger. When they had all sat down to dinner, a gentleman of the court went round to say that her royal highness particularly desired officers not to eat with their knives. It is not usual in good English society to eat with the knife, but Germans and Poles do not see that it is enough to stamp a man as vulgar.—London Truth.

A Man of Resource.

"I come to see if I could get 50 cents to go and see my poor old father," said the ragged old doubtfully.

"Say," said the client, "you must have forgotten that you had told me you were an orphan."

"Orphan? Oh, yes. This here half dollar is to go into a spiritualist meeting."—Indianapolis Journal.

Soothing.

Alice—Oh, Edith, the honeymoon is beginning to wane. Percy called me plain Alice today.

Edith—And yet you are not so very plain, dear.—Detroit Free Press.

THE PETRIFIED CITY.

Explorers Have Failed to Find the Fabled Town.

Among cities of fable the petrified variety was interesting. We have it in most parts of the world. Our prosaic islands knew it, but as a submarine curiosity. In the days when London enjoyed the presence of an ambassador from Tripoli that personage astonished the Royal society once at least. The famous traveler, Dr. Shaw, had mentioned the story of a petrified village near Cyrene. Scientific people derided it; scientific people upheld it. In short, a discussion arose. Some members of the Royal society, recollecting that there were grave and responsible inhabitants of Tripoli within reach, put the question before the ambassador. He explained with a vengeance. One of his friends, a person, of course, whose honor could not be impugned, was well acquainted with the spot. Shaw made a great mistake in describing it as a village. City was the proper word. The walls inclosed an exact circle, numerous streets crossed at right angles, with shops and avenues of trees, and a noble castle stood in the midst. In the shops and streets were people variously employed—the gentlemen noted in especial a baker and his customers, loaves in hand, a woman suckling her baby, etc. He entered the castle and found a king, or somebody of rank, lying on a gorgeous bed, with guards about him. Animals abounded, such as donkeys, camels, oxen, sheep, birds. But everything was stone of a peculiar bluish tint, even the money lying on shop counters and in people's hands. Witness brought a quantity away, and the ambassador regretted that he could not find some pieces presented to himself at the moment. A description was forthcoming, however. The coins were as large as English shillings, with a horse's head on one side and writing in unknown characters on the other. A happy little touch represented that many of the figures had lost head or limbs—petrifications will not endure forever, of course. The Royal society expressed warm gratitude for this communication.

It is scarcely worth while to seek the origin of a fable which is sufficiently explained by the vagaries of imagination. That it was localized at Cyrene, among countless other spots, may be due to the existence of a large and well preserved necropolis there, with many statues erect in Shaw's time, if not now. He himself made a long and perilous journey to Harnam, in Numidia, where, as the Arabs avouched, a Bedouin encampment was on view, surrounded by oxen and sheep, all turned to stone. In this instance no shadow of foundation for the legend could be found. But it was so widely diffused in those days that rumors of the marvel reached the court of France, and M. le Maire, consul at Tripoli, received instructions to inquire. He employed some janizaries, who undertook to bring away a petrified Bedouin, but they pointed out, very reasonably, that a full grown specimen would be too heavy. The consul declared that a baby would satisfy him, to begin with at any rate. After many months, during which his interest was kept up by frequent drafts for expenses, the janizaries returned, and, sure enough, they had a stone baby—a very pretty one, too, for it proved afterward to be a little statue of Cupid, found among the ruins of Leptis. They had broken off the wings and quiver. Bruce also was tempted to visit this spot, called Rai-Sem, and Captain Smyth of her majesty's ship Adventure went in search of it, but in another direction. The sultan of Fezzan told him a story so much like the ambassador's that he traveled, full of hope, nine days through a desert country. In this case, however, there were really buildings and bas-reliefs of men and animals, if not statues.—London Standard.

The National Capital.

Appropos of nothing in particular the St. Louis Star demands that some city nearer the center of the country be made the capital. It does not mention St. Louis, but it probably has that city in mind. It says that Washington is practically no more than a suburb of New York. "What is now needed is a seat of national government which has more of a spirit of independence and self support about it without being dependent in any degree upon neighboring cities for its glamour. Many traveled people smile when Washington is mentioned as the Paris of America. There is no comparison between the two places, allowing even for difference in population and age."

He Forgot to Mention It.

Greene—Say! That shotgun I bought of you blew into 10,000 pieces the first time I fired it off. I don't see how I ever got off alive.

Gunsel—Oh, yes. I forgot to tell you. You have heard of those new disappearing guns the government is getting? Well, that was one of them.—Indianapolis Journal.

SPECIALISTS OF LARGE INCOMES.

Physicians Who Sometimes Earn Their Fees Easily.

A visit in the morning to the office of any of the specialists who have succeeded in establishing themselves in business in this city will make it clear why so many young medical students are possessed of the philanthropic intention of devoting their careers to alleviating a single human ill.

The usual office hours are from 9 a. m. to 1 p. m. During that time from 2 to 20 patients will generally be found waiting their turn in the reception room. The fee commonly charged by specialists of the first class is \$10 for the first consultation and \$5 for each subsequent interview. The physicians who are at the very top in their special branches of the medical profession have a higher scale of fees. From these figures one may calculate incomes of specialists ranging upward from \$10,000, \$20,000 and \$30,000 a year. That is from their office practice in the morning. In addition they have the afternoon in which to visit patients and to perform operations. The fees charged for performing operations are exceedingly high in special cases, so that altogether the specialist is very well rewarded for whatever peculiar skill and knowledge he may have acquired.

The proceedings at one of the interviews between specialist and patient are sometimes of a simplicity surprising to a layman, and the physician seems to earn his fee easily. Not long ago, when it came a man's turn to be admitted into the consultation room of an oculist of high standing in this city, the physician requested him to wait a moment while he attended to another patient. The other patient was then admitted into the room. It was a young girl, who was accompanied by her mother. The oculist more carefully raised the girl's eyelid, looked at the eye and told the mother to bring her daughter back in three days. For this performance he accepted the usual fee of \$5. The proceeding lasted about one minute.

Often people who are being fitted with glasses are told to return again and again to the oculist, while he goes over the measurements until the patients are profoundly impressed with the conviction that while it is well to be careful it must also be exceedingly profitable.

Oculists are not alone among specialists as regards earning their fees with apparent ease—for instance, some physicians who make a specialty of skin complaints seem to be equally fortunate. The man who saw the oculist charge \$5 for a minute's work told some friends about it. When he got through, his experience was capped by a man who went for treatment to a skin specialist of the same standing as the oculist.

"I had a light attack of eczema," he said. "I went to him, was assured that my case was curable, got a prescription and paid \$10. I never had any trouble since. But the doctor had told me to come back in a week, and I went. Then he told me to come back in another week, and I did so. Each visit cost me \$5. Finally I asked him how much longer he thought I'd have to go there. He said about a year. Then I stopped off short and saved about \$260 in fees and haven't regretted it since. The trouble with him was that he cured me too quick."

This physician, like the others referred to, is of the highest standing in his profession, does not advertise and hates quacks. Many of his patients are women, who show less strength of mind than the man who told the story.—New York Sun.

The Face.

A single vertical wrinkle between the eyebrows shows strict honesty in money matters. Economy broadens the nose, making it rather short and thick above the nostrils; it gives in age a broad double chin. Lines extending downward from the angle of the mouth toward the chin, when marked, show a tendency to sadness and melancholy. The lines ranging outward from the eyes show capacity for enjoyment, as well as the two deep furrows framing the mouth by the upper lip. The former are the penalty we pay for mirth and form the future channel of the tear. When one has short vertical lines in the red parts of the lips, strongly marked, they indicate a capacity for friendship. If the lips be full, the chin well developed and square, one has much vital power over others, a strong capacity for loving and self reliant spirit.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Bloodhounds.

The sense of smell in a bloodhound is of very remarkable delicacy. Bloodhounds trace a fugitive by the small portion of animal odor left by his boots or clothing, and so keen is their scent that they will frequently follow with ease a trail 24 hours old. When tracking a man on horseback, they will jump up from the ground and smell at the bushes which he brushed aside in his course.

THE MASTERY OF PAIN.

Chloroform and Its Introduction Into the Practice of Medicine.

No event of the century has effected humanity so widely and so intimately as that crowning triumph of medical science which Sir Benjamin Richardson calls the "mastery of pain." The boon of anesthesia extends far beyond the domain of steam engine or telegraph and touches the individual more closely than anything in the world when his hour of suffering comes, as it may come to any of us at any moment. And in the popular view anesthesia means chloroform, whatever experts may think of the superior merits of other substances. People know that dentists use "gas," and some may have heard of ether or even of bichloride of methylene, but the household word is chloroform. Fifty years of usage have given it an unassailable position, and if a new anesthetic were to displace it tomorrow the old name would probably remain. Yet chloroform was not the first anesthetic discovered, nor is it so much used in the present day as its less famous predecessors. The early history of this great discovery, as of many others, is debatable ground, but certain facts have been clearly established.

The first chemical agent found to possess the property of producing insensibility by inhalation and used for that purpose was nitrous oxide, more familiarly known as "laughing gas" or simply "gas." It is still considered the safest and is administered every day to thousands of patients, not only for dental purposes, but in conjunction with ether for general surgery. To Priestley belongs the honor of identifying it chemically, to Sir Humphry Davy that of expounding its anesthetic properties. He found them out by experimenting on himself, and suggested their practical application in these words:

"As nitrous oxide, in its extensive operation, appears capable of destroying physical pain, it may probably be used with advantage during surgical operations in which no great effusion of blood takes place."

If any one deserves to be called the father of anesthesia, it is Sir Humphry Davy. But the surgeons of this day, whether from blindness, timidity or prejudice, appear to have missed the significance of his announcement altogether, for, though the words just quoted were published in the year 1800, no practical use of the gas was attempted until 1844, and then the initiative came from America.

In that year a Connecticut dentist named Horace Wells submitted himself to the ordeal and had a tooth extracted under the influence of nitrous oxide. The next step was the introduction of ether, and the credit of this also belongs to America. It lies between two Boston gentlemen named Morton and Jackson, but some attempt was made to keep the discovery a secret for commercial reasons, the only result of which was to bury the facts in obscurity and to deprive the real discoverer of the honor that more straightforward conduct would have secured to him. The secret was immediately detected by Dr. Bigelow and sent over to England, where the leading surgeons of the day—Liston, Lawrence and Ferguson—took it up at once in their hospital practice. Sir Benjamin Richardson has described in the most graphic manner how the good news came to Glasgow, where he was studying at the time, and how great was the excitement in the profession. Ether, the second anesthetic in priority, is still the second also in point of safety and in the favor of the anesthetists at the present time.—Boston Herald.

Anvils.

"It is not generally known," observed a prominent blacksmith, "that nearly all of the anvils used by blacksmiths in this country are made by one firm in Brooklyn. All kinds of substitutes have been invented and put on the market, but after using them the blacksmith generally goes back to the wrought iron anvil, which is handmade. There are plenty of cast iron and steel anvils for sale, but they find but little favor from blacksmiths, who prefer an anvil that sings. The cast iron anvil has no music about it and does not give any more response to the hammer than if one was hammering on a stump. It is music, or singing, as the smithy calls it, that is wanted. A blacksmith does nearly all his talking to his helper by the sounds made on the anvil by his hammer. As far as the village blacksmith is concerned, singing by the anvil is his constant advertisement. Ordinarily an anvil will last from 10 to 20 years—that is, if it is handled carefully, though there are many anvils that are now used by boys which were used by the fathers during their entire lifetime."—Washington Star.

Suspicious.

"Don't you think Jorkins is very attentive to his wife?"

"Yes; people are beginning to remark it."—Detroit Free Press.

KATY'S QUESTION.

"Way down in the buttercup meadow I saw a white lamb sheen today. And close by her side, in the clover, A dear little lamb was at play. Does the sheep mamma love her white lammy, Just as you love me?" Say, mamma, say!"

"Yes, Katy, yes. So I guess."

"In the orchard, up in the old pear tree, There are four little birds in a nest; Willie says they belong to the robin That has a red tail on her breast. In all the great, wide world of birds, Does she love her own birdies the best?"

"Yes, birdie, yes. So I guess."

"The last time I played in the garden There was just one red rose to be seen, But today there's a tiny pink rosebud, Wrapped up in a blanket of green. Does the rose want to kiss baby Rosebud When she tries so far over to lean?"

"Yes, baby, yes. So I guess."

"Last night I peeped out at the window Just before I repeated my prayer, And the moon, with a star close behind her, Was walking high up in the air. Did God make the little star baby 'Cause the moon was so lonely up there?"

"Yes, darling, yes. So I guess."

The Well to Do Choctaw.

"There are few sections in the world that can say no pauper is a member of it," said G. R. Jackson, national secretary of the Choctaw Nation, "but I have the honor to represent just such a people. There are no poor Choctaws. Every man has land, and, if he has not money, he at least has the United States government as a creditor, and those debts will be paid. Even a better scheme of paternal government than that of Bellamy, if it was adorned with modern art and refinement, can be found in that of the Choctaws. While there are no destitute, there are some criminals, most of whom are renegade whites, but it is a remarkable fact that when a Choctaw violates the law and is sentenced to death such are his honor and reverence for authority that he can be released upon his own recognizance with safety. He will return at the time appointed for execution. There are many things about the tribal government that would be valuable if properly studied and understood."

Mr. Jackson, who is a full blooded Choctaw, is a graduate of Roanoke college and represents his nation as to its important interests at Washington. He is a dignified, courteous gentleman, who stands high in Indian councils.—Washington Star.

Borrow as a Missionary.

Strangest of all missionaries was George Borrow. He had a genius for language, a gift of style and an ineradicable love for horse dealing. Like Carlyle, he had a singular power of reading the inner man from his outward garb and bearing. Like Carlyle, too, with all his literary gifts and attainments, Borrow was at heart the peasant adventurer—of the eastern counties—and was never really at ease in higher society. His theology never sits easily upon him. In his missionary work he has the oddest way of persuading himself that it is his duty to follow his wildest caprices, as when he makes a journey to Cape Finisterre, which he longed to see, to leave there a single copy of the New Testament, and he gives thanks most piously for his neighbors' misfortunes.

"After traveling four days and nights we arrived at Madrid without having experienced the slightest accident, though it is but just to observe, and always with gratitude to the Almighty, that the next mail was stopped" (volume 2, page 217).—Academy.

Famous Baths.

Marie Antoinette's bath, which was prescribed by her doctor, was a compound of aromatic herbs mixed with a handful of salt. She took it cold in summer and tepid in winter.

Later on Mme. Tallien had brought every morning to her house 20 pounds of strawberries and two pounds of raspberries, which were mashed in her bath of warm milk and water. Another preparation, used by the eastern women, is composed of barley, rice, horrage, thyme and marjoram boiled together and then thrown into the water.

Ninon de l'Enclos took a bath every night in which there was salt, soda and three pounds of honey mixed with milk, all well beaten in tepid rainwater.—Philadelphia Press.

Baron Rothschild includes in his "Personal Characteristics" the reply of the Marquis de Bievre to Louis XV: "I hear that you make jokes on every subject. Well, make one on me." "Your majesty is not a subject."

An alien may file a caveat for an invention or discovery provided he has resided within the United States for one year and has given notice of his intention to become a citizen.

The manner of a vulgar man has freedom without ease and the manner of a gentleman has ease without freedom.—Chesterfield.

The papillae on the tips of a lady's fingers are three-millionths of an inch smaller than those on the fingers of a man.

The archbishop of Canterbury ranks immediately after the members of the royal family.

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94

There was a young man from Cape Horn,
Who was troubled for years with a corn,
He called at our store,
—You know—ninety-four,
And now he is glad he was born.

There is more truth than poetry in the above stanza. We fit the feet properly, comfortably and stylishly. Give us a chance to show you what we mean when you are buying your next pair of Boots or anything in the line of Footwear at Lowest Prices ever quoted at
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USE FLORAL CREAM FOR CHAPPED HANDS,
ROUGH SKIN, PIMPLES.

SELECTIONS

LADY BURTON'S WILL.

It Is About as Strange a Document as Could Be Imagined.

Lady Isabel Burton's will, just probated, shows that she left a personal estate amounting to £11,766. Her will is a characteristically peculiar document, and the following summary of it, taken from the London Standard, will be read with interest by the many fervent admirers won for her by the remarkable biography which she wrote of her husband, Sir Richard Burton.

Lady Burton died on March 22, and her will is dated the 25th of the preceding December. Attached to it is a paper of the same date, in which she stated that, having been advised that a codicil would upset the will, she left some directions with respect to the possible success of her investments in mines or lotteries, and her desire that her sister, Mrs. Fitzgerald, should have the whole during her life, and that, subject to her sister's life interest, the residue should be applied to make equal the fortunes of her nephews, Arthur and Gerald Arundell, exclusive of Wadsworth or any other windfalls. It was also her particular desire that her belongings in Baker street, although insignificant in appearance, being priceless treasures to her, should not be scattered out to second hand shops.

Lady Burton ordered that, after her death, her body should be placed in a coffin, the doctors attending, or some clever surgeon to be called in for the purpose, should make a post mortem examination, and she should be embalmed by disemboweling and stuffing—not by the new process of injecting in the veins—in order that her body may be kept above ground by the side of her husband in the marble mausoleum tent at Mortlake, but the testatrix stated that she had bought, adjoining the tent, a vault for four bodies, and that two places were to be reserved in order that if a revolution should occur in England that arrived at the desecration of the dead the coffins of herself and her husband might be lowered into the vault.

She desired that immediately after her death a telegram which she had prepared should be sent to the Curé Achille Serre in Paris, who is to receive £120, or 8,000 francs, for 3,000 masses to be said at once, or 100 sets of Gregorian masses. The testatrix also provides an annuity to pay for a daily mass, to be said in Paris perpetually at 1 franc for each mass. She provided that a sum of £60 should be paid to the bishop of Southwark for five anniversary masses perpetually on the day of her wedding, on her own and her husband's birthdays and on the day of her husband's death and of her death.

She desired that her Carmelite dress and the scapular, which alone she stated she was worthy to wear, should be placed in her coffin, and she left very elaborate directions for her funeral, which she desired should be of as simple a character as was consistent with her religion, and that the attendance of priests should be as large as possible, and that the cardinal should be invited.

Lady Burton appointed as her literary trustees W. A. Coote of the National Vigilance society, Minnie Grace Plowman and another person, who are to continue the publication of her husband's works, but she forbids any one to print a single immodest word, and she especially charges her literary trustee not to issue or allow to be issued one coarse or indecent word in connection with her late husband's works. They are to publish her autobiography, upon which she had been engaged.

Lady Burton bequeathed £500 to her sister, Emmeline Mary Zella, but as her sister was not willing to accept Our Cottage at Mortlake upon terms which the testatrix required she left that property to her nephew, Gerald Arundell, upon conditions specified in a separate memorandum.

Lady Burton's executors are desired, at the cost of her estate, to carry on any proceedings which may be taken at the instance of the crown or the police authorities or the National Vigilance society or, failing of the executors themselves against any person printing or publishing anything objectionable in connection with the works of her late husband.

Gray Gables.

One of the charms of Gray Gables, the Cleveland summer home, is its great, old fashioned chimney, with its matchless draft. The open fireplace is never screened by umbrellas, fans or any monstrous device for a disguise, but by a most attractive arrangement of cheerful, fragrant fire is ready to light at a moment's notice, and at the same time an artistic effect is produced. The groundwork is a bunch of cedar shavings and a moss covered log, which is covered with pine twigs and cones, the latter banked up until the effect is of one immense cone. A little potpourri from the rose jar is sprinkled over the whole, and on chilly mornings and evenings or in the dampness of the storms common to the Massachusetts coast the crackle of the pine, the pungent odor of the cones and the fragrance of the perfume of cedar suggest comfort and good cheer.—New York Journal.

British Army Changes.

Lord Wolseley is rapidly reforming the British army. In the cavalry and artillery hereafter the stable jacket will be called the mess jacket and will be worn in mess dress only. In the infantry the mess jacket will be trimmed with white pipe cord. Whenever gold laced trousers or overalls are directed to be worn with full dress, they will only be worn on state occasions, at levees and in mess dress. Obsolete garments may be worn for two years longer.

Blind, Deaf and Dumb.

A 22-year-old student in an eastern school recently wrote this remarkable composition:

"Last Wednesday afternoon the men began to build a new chimney upon the top of the roof of the old schoolhouse. Many things were brought to the place by the team. They were taken out upon the roof for them to stand on while they work. There are three ladders, one against the wall; the others are upon the roof. The men tore off the old and wrought chimney from the roof and threw the bricks down on the ground. Then they began to build a new chimney. They finished it yesterday; it was large and high. This noon I went with Mr. Webster to the place. I climbed up the ladder first and went over the roof and climbed up the ladder at the scaffold. I went upon the scaffold and could feel the top of it. Mr. Webster did too. We stood upon the scaffold a short time. We stood by the chimney. I felt of the gas coal blowing up out of the chimney. I smelled it. Then we went down to the ground safely. I had a good time."

From some students of 22 years that written narrative would seem rather juvenile; from Albert Nolen, a pupil of the American School for the Deaf in Hartford, it is almost a miracle, for this youth, born deaf and mute, has been blind since his fifth year. When he entered the Hartford school ten years ago, he was completely shut in intellectually, and his mind seemed beyond awakening. It was wholly out of touch with the outside world, so far as comprehension and communication were concerned.—Pittsburg Commercial-Gazette.

M. Zola Explains and Denies.

M. Zola is again in a very bad temper with his critics. Some one has accused him of plagiarism and of too freely "conveying" opinions and facts given to the world by other writers.

In an interesting article in The Figaro M. Zola frankly confesses that he lays the whole world of letters and science under contribution and avails himself of whatever information falls in his way. Thus Couperin's death in "L'Assommoir" is a literal reproduction of a doctor's notes of a death in delirium tremens at St. Anne. To prepare himself for writing the "Debauche" M. Zola read over 100 books relating to the war, and all the reports sent in to the ministers of war, both French and Prussian. His financial studies previous to writing "L'Argent" seem to have been the severest of all, and he still doubts if he understood anything of what he read. A strange confession, this, for a realist. In writing his latest book, "Rome," he dipped into a large number of books relating to the history of the papacy, studied the "Index Librorum Prohibitorum," otherwise called the "Index Expurgatorius," and burrowed in newspapers and magazine articles. But though he borrowed his facts and figures his characters are all the offspring of his imagination, he says.—Exchange.

A Curious Little Plant That Eats Flies.

A young man who works at a desk in a Broadway office came from his home in Rahway, N. J., with a curious looking plant imbedded in some moist moss and earth. When his associates asked him what it was, he said, "Just watch it."

They did. It was placed on his desk near a window. In less than two hours every petal was filled with a dead fly. The man explained to the clerk that this plant was a fly eater. It killed and absorbed the flies. "My sister belonged to a botany class," he said, "and she dug this from a swamp near Perth Amboy. She loaned it to me to astonish my fellows. It is very rare."

A fellow clerk from Savannah took a look at it and said: "When I come back from luncheon, I will show you something. He brought in a small bottle of spirits of camphor and put one drop on each of the petals. Instantly the flies were released, and the petals closed tight as a clam. "Now," he said, "that plant will have a fit of indigestion for about three days and then it will survive for about as many weeks. They are common in the south."—New York World.

The Geological Survey.

The operations of the geological survey for the present season will be as follows: Five geological parties will work throughout the summer in the New England states and eastern New York, five in the Appalachian region, two in the coastal plain from the mouth of the Hudson to the gulf of Mexico, five in the interior or Mississippi region, four in the Rocky mountain region and eight in the Pacific region. The usual paleontological work will be continued. Special attention will be given to certain faunas and floras in the coal regions of the Appalachian and Rocky mountains. Half the \$50,000 appropriation for the hydrographic work will be devoted to the gauging of streams and determination of the water supply of all parts of the United States, under the direction of Expert Newell. The topographic work is materially changed. Lines of accurate levels will be run throughout the surveying areas, so that monuments may be established at points averaging not more than six miles apart. This is a new feature and makes necessary a change in the methods of party work.—New York Tribune.

Stevenson and Strategy.

"I recall an occasion on which Lord Wolseley was with us (March, 1886) because of the startling interest in the art of strategy which he had developed—an interest which delayed the meal with arrangements of serried bottles counter scaped and lines of cruetts drawn up on horseback ready to charge. So infectious was his enthusiasm that we forgot our hunger and hung over the embattled tablecloth, easily persuaded to agree with him that neither poetry nor the plastic arts could compete for a moment with the finished conduct, sir, of a large body of men in face of the enemy."—"Critical Kit-Kats," by Gosse.

A WOLF STORY.

In the county of Welland, Ont., is a place called Wildcat swamp. Although many attempts have been made to reclaim this wild land, it has baffled the skill of the engineer and still remains a primeval spot in the Niagara peninsula. Among the good story tellers was old Tom Brett, the hero of many an exciting adventure, the possessor of a fair education and an iron nerve.

"Yes," said old Tom, "I had a close call from the last wolf of that jungle. Old Jim Long killed the last bear in 1864 and a few years before that the last wolf nearly killed me. In the month of January, 1857, I lived a few miles north of the point and used to spend a good part of my time winters 'tip up' fishing on Point Abino bay. I had a very small hut near the shore where I kept my fishing sleigh, 'tip ups' and tackle. Saturday morning early found me on the ice and opening up the holes frozen over during the night. I had the best day's luck of the week, and Saturday afternoon about 4 o'clock lacked but three of 100 fish. I had been attending four holes in front of my mind break, and you will readily believe I was very tired. Yet so eager was I to get the even 100 that the shadows were long ere I realized the presence of returning to shore. Just then the end of a tip up flew with a jerk that told me I had something heavy, and in less time than it takes to tell it 40 feet of line came up hand over hand and an eight pound salmon trout lay on the ice.

"Just then I thought I heard a faint cry over the point. My first thought was that it was some one trying to imitate the cry of the wolf, an accomplishment at which I was an adept, and an answer from me was not long in coming. A little more distinctly came the cry from beyond the shore. It struck me as being a much better attempt. Not to be beaten and using all the skill at my command I sent the answer back. A few moments passed and again the cry rang out, nearer, clearer, sharp and terribly in earnest, no mistake about that. It was the cry of a wolf of a famishing wolf. Not it could not be possible. There certainly were no wolves left in any part of the Niagara district. But what was that stealing around the point, so sharply defined in the clear moonlight? Could it possibly be my dog Rouse come all the way to see why his master did not return? No, it was the way of the wolf. Stealing from rock to rock, and now crouching in the shadow, three other forms, smaller, but bolder, joined the other one. 'A wolf and three cubs,' I exclaimed under my breath, 'and nothing with which to defend myself but my fishing knife!' What would I not give for my old rifle? A wolf under ordinary circumstances is a coward, but a wolf desperate with hunger and with a family crying for food—ah, that's another matter! I realized at once that I had a fight before me or a race for life. Boldly now out on the ice, and with a cry that will stay with me as long as life lasts, like the wind came the mother wolf with her famishing brood.

"The old hunter thinks quickly when it is life or death. Off came my leather apron and swinging it once over my head I brought it down on the ice with all my force, the report in the clear, frosty air sounding like the crack of a rifle. A wolf is always cautious, and an attempt at a sudden stop was followed by a slide on the ice to within a few yards of my feet. Down came my apron again and away went the wolves in the opposite direction. As fast as possible I made for the shore. I realized that this performance, while it afforded temporary safety, could not save me. Wolves have tireless legs, my own would ere long fail and then—no, I must reach my hut—but how? Once on the shore it was but 300 yards run, but even with a good start the odds were in favor of my enemies.

"I at once decided to get as near as possible to the shore, bring my apron down with a good, loud whack and make a run for it. The apron had hardly struck before I was on the race of my life. I dare not look behind me, but in a few moments I knew that I was being followed. I could almost feel the distance between me and my pursuer lessening, and realizing that I could not reach my hut in time to save my life I had about decided to turn on my enemy and fight her with my knife when directly in front of me, over the bank and taking great leaps, came something that I at once decided was the mate of my pursuer.

"Scarcely knowing what I was doing, I still ran on until near the bank, and jumping to one side was drawing my only weapon when something happened that seemed to send my heart with a bound into my throat. The two brutes met in a mad charge and were engaged in a fight to the death. Could it be possible? Yes, it was my grand old Rouse, half mastiff and half wolfhound, a terror to all the dogs in the neighborhood. He had heard the cry of the wolf and came to save my life. Oh, I wish I could describe that fight! It was awful. The savage brute was making great gashes in the dog's side with her razor-like claws, but old Rouse had her by the throat, and soon with a hole in her windpipe she lay helpless on the yellow sand. That night, nearly covered with bandages and lying on feather pillows my preserver slept in front of my fireplace. The next Monday I went back to the fishing—in fact, I try my hand at it occasionally now; but," quaintly added old Tom, "I don't call any more wolves."—J. F. Dunn in Buffalo Express.

An Excellent Cologne.

According to the New York Sun, an excellent cologne may be made with half an ounce of oil of bergamot, quarter of an ounce of oil of lemon, half an ounce of oil of orange, half an ounce of oil of English lavender, half a dram of neroli and a quart of alcohol. Shake the bottle several times a day for four or five days.

RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

You cannot catch fish

at the
Cape Cod Fish Market,
: : BUT : :
you can get all kinds of fish there just as soon as they are caught. Price of FRESH FISH the same as in Boston and the same terms.

SPECIALTIES:
SALT FISH. SMOKED FISH.

J. L. CIBBS, Prop.,
TEMPLE ST., QUINCY.

A. J. RICHARDS & SONS,
Quincy Grain Store.

ALL KINDS

GRAIN, HAY and STRAW,
BRICK, LIME and CEMENT,
DRAIN PIPE, Etc.

Prices are the Lowest in the City.

Our Specialty is Flour:

Washburn and Crosby,
Imperial Duluth,
Gold Heart.

In Quality and Price we invite Competition. Try them.

**LOWNEY'S****Chocolate Bonbons.**

FOR SALE BY

L. J. PASTOR, Ph. C.
THE PHENIX PHARMACY,
Corner School and Franklin Sts.



This Poor Fellow's
Contentment

is not to be envied. It is evident that he has never come in contact with our civilization, nor been able to fathom the beauties of our tastes and inclinations. He smokes his pipe in stolid silence, robed in an old horse blanket. Now the life he is leading is only an indication of the way he was reared. If he had been brought up in a large city or prosperous town and had the advantage of the company of clever people he would want to be garbed more completely and more pretentiously than at present. Now if he could be transformed from his present state and could be taught that in order to make a presentable appearance he must have a good suit of clothes, where do you suppose he would go for if unacquainted in this city where would he be directed to? Why, only one place and that is : :

WM. PARSONS & CO'S,

Custom Tailors,

411 Hancock Street, - Quincy

Patronize Your Home Dealer!

VOLUME X. N

RELIABLE



PATE

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We call attention
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It's only by pure
making heavy sales
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We can supply a
prices that are really



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"The Most Highly

Our Model 50
Wheels of every de

FRAN
REPAIRING.

BUY
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Of Boston

For seven

1st. Our experience for
kinds, both wholesale
the spurious so common
distinguish.

2d. Our TEAS are brought
to the Broker, the Whole
trade direct.

3d. The large quantity of
buyer, and any advantage.

4th. Because we can refer
have used TEA purchase.

5th. Because we never sold
6th. We never give prizes.

There are more reasons
We will gladly give a gen
by sending a note by mes
otherwise no samples will

BOSTON BRA

Quincy, May

George**GROCERIE**

A C
Teas, Coffees
an
WILSON B

RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

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Quincy Monitor.

VOLUME X. NUMBER 8.

QUINCY, MASS., AUGUST, 1896.

FIVE CENTS A NUMBER.

RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

All Tired Out.



Well, it's small wonder that
these sultry August days ex-
ercise so debilitating an effect
—the close, humid weather
we've been having makes a
great drain upon the vital
forces.

Thousands, when out of
condition physically, rely upon

PATENT MEDICINES,

which are now supplied to meet almost every form of ail-
ment, from mere lassitude to the more serious diseases.

We call attention to the

CUT PRICES

which we are naming on all this class of goods.

It's only by purchasing in immense quantities, and by
making heavy sales, that the balance is kept on the right
side.

We can supply all the leading "patent" remedies at
prices that are really absurdly low.

A. G. DURGIN,
DRUGGIST.

The Fowler.



"The Most Highly Finished Cycle in the World."

Our Model 50 Fowler for \$75.00 is a sure seller.

Wheels of every description built to order.

FRANK S. OURISH,
REPAIRING. 6 Washington St., RENTING.
QUINCY.

BUY
TEA
Of Boston Branch Grocery.
WHY?

For several reasons, all good, practical ones.

- 1st. Our experience for twenty-five years in selecting and handling TEAS of all kinds, both wholesale and retail, enables us to select goods with merit and reject the spurious so common in the market, and which the inexperienced dealer cannot distinguish.
- 2d. Our TEAS are bought direct from the importer, and the profits that usually go to the Broker, the Wholesaler, and the Jobber, three or four in all, WE give to our trade direct.
- 3d. The large quantity of TEA which we sell enables us to be often in the market as buyer, and any advantage to be had by any cash buyers we get.
- 4th. Because we can refer you to hundreds of families in Quincy and vicinity who have used TEA purchased from our establishment with satisfaction.
- 5th. Because we never sold more than at present time and never with better results.
- 6th. We never give prizes, preferring to give the value in the goods.

There are more reasons but above will show that we mean business.
We will gladly give a generous sample for trial to any lady calling at our store or by sending a note by messenger with name and street number of lady sending same, otherwise no samples will be given to children.

BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY, Durgin & Merrill's Block.
Quincy, May

George F. Wilson & Co.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.
A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF
Teas, Coffees, Tobaccos, Cigars, Imported
and Fancy Groceries.
WILSON BLOCK, HANCOCK STREET.

LEARNED IN THE LAW

THE VISIT OF ENGLAND'S FAMOUS
LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

Romantic Career of Lord Charles Russell.
His Gift of Oratory and His Success at
the Bar—Some Famous Cases With
Which He Has Been Connected.

Charles Russell, lord chief justice of
England, who comes to this country to
attend the meeting of the American Bar
association at Saratoga, is one of the
great men of modern times. His bril-
liancy as an orator would alone entitle
him to a high place in public esteem,
but added to this he possesses such rare
ability as a jurist and so illustrious a
character as a man that England could
find no fitter way to show her apprecia-
tion of him than to elevate him to be,
next to the lord chancellor, the highest
judicial dignitary of the land.

The career of this great legal lumi-
nary is full of interest. His history
forms a record of great successes, every
one well worked for and well deserved.
He was born in 1833 at Ballypore, in the
outskirts of Newry, Ireland. He is of
honorable ancestry, being a scion of
the old Arthur Russell stock which
has flourished at Killough, near Down-
patrick, for the past 600 years. All of
the Russells were Catholics, and the
persecutions they suffered makes a long
chapter of woe. However, they could
not be severed from their fealty to the
old faith. In this quality of adherence
they are faithfully imitated by this dis-
tinguished son.

The first public school Lord Russell
attended was conducted by a Mr. Nolan,
in Newry. Later young Russell spent
some time at St. Malachi's, Belfast,
and at St. Vincent's, Castleknock, near
Dublin.

Some years later he attended Trinity
college, Dublin, having for his tutor
Professor J. K. Ingram, who has a fame
other than academical connected with
the popularity of his revolutionary bal-
lads. During this time Lord Rus-
sell was already practicing as a solicitor in
Belfast, and he never took out his de-
gree. His apprenticeship began when,
as a mere boy, he was placed with a
firm of solicitors at Newry.

In 1851, before leaving his native
town, he made his first public ap-
pearance and scored a success. The occasion
was a contest for a prize offered by the
Newry institute for the best essay on
the subject, "The Age We Live In; Its
Tendencies and Its Exigencies." Young
Russell, then in his eighteenth year,
made a masterly effort and won the
prize. He was highly praised, his ambi-



THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.
tion was aroused, and from that time
his course proceeded ever upward and
onward.

In Belfast, where he practiced some
years as a solicitor, Lord Russell met
and married Ellen Mulholland, daugh-
ter of an eminent medical practitioner,
Dr. Joseph Mulholland. Lady Russell is
possessed of literary gifts and attain-
ments of a high order, which she mod-
estly keeps in the background while de-
voting herself to the wide duties of a
life which has claimed her.

Soon after his marriage Lord Russell
left Ireland and began in London his
study of the higher branches of the
legal profession. It was at this period
of his life that he brought into play his
wonderful energy, patience and power
of endurance. In order to begin at the
bottom round of the ladder he began his
career in London as a reporter for the
press in the gallery of the house of com-
mons, devoting his spare time to the
bar, to which he was admitted at the
close of the fifties.

Among the most notable landmarks
of Lord Russell's career at the bar may
be mentioned the Parnell commission of
1888 and 1889; the Colin Campbell di-
vorce case; the great Belt versus Lawes
trial, in which the leading artists of the
Royal academy were called to the
witness stand; the Wyndham lunacy
petition; the exposure of the card sharp-
er known as Lambri Pasha; the Bering
sea arbitration, and last, but by no
means least, the Maybrick case, Lord
Russell, who in those days was nothing
but Sir Charles, coming forward as the
champion for the innocence of the pris-
oner, in which to this day he professes
to believe.

The personality of Lord Russell is
particularly pleasing. He is a genial
acquaintance, a sincere friend and a
tower of true manhood.

C. T. BAXTER.

JAKIE, COURT MUSICIAN.

A Promise Made by Mr. Bryan Long Years
Ago.

When William J. Bryan was nomi-
nated by the Chicago convention for
president, he stated that he had made
no pledges or promises. From a letter
received by C. M. Kissell of Springfield,
O., from Ella Landis of Salem, Ills.,
Mr. Bryan did make a promise which
he will be called upon to keep, though
it was made when he was a mere lad.
According to her letter Mr. Bryan and
Jacob Chance were chums when boys in
the little town of Salem, and she refers
to them as "Billie" and "Jakie."

One day they were talking about
what they would do when they were
men, and "Jakie" said he would be a
fine musician, and "Billie" said he
would be a congressman and then pres-
ident and that he would make "Jakie"
court musician. As soon as "Jakie"
heard of Mr. Bryan's nomination he
telegraphed his congratulations and
signed the message, "Jakie, court mu-
sician."

Mr. Chance is a resident of Pennsylv-
ania, and is an organist in a church at
a salary of \$1,500 a year. He has the
reputation of being a very fine musi-
cian, so that he has accomplished his
aim in life, and the indications at pres-
ent are good that Mr. Bryan will do
likewise.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

CONVENTION OF CARRIERS.

Celebration and Parade of Postmen at
Grand Rapids Labor Day.

Elaborate preparations are being
made for the national convention of let-
ter carriers, which is to open at Grand
Rapids Sept. 1. The convention will
be under the auspices of the National
Letter Carriers' association, and
distributors of missives from all points
within a radius of 300 miles of Grand
Rapids will be in attendance. Monday,
the opening day of the convention, be-
ing Labor day and a national holiday,
the entire force of Chicago carriers, un-
der General Superintendent Frederick
F. Stoll, will go to Grand Rapids. They
will travel in three special trains over
the Michigan Central road.

There will be a grand parade upon
that day, in which 5,000 carriers will
take part. It will be reviewed among
others by Postmaster General Wilson,
Postmaster Hesing and the postmasters
of Milwaukee and Grand Rapids. In
the evening there will be a banquet, at
which Postmaster General Wilson, Post-
master Hesing, First Assistant Post-
master General F. H. Jones and Super-
intendent of Free Delivery Machem will
respond to toasts. The convention will
last several days, and among others there
will be in attendance the Pullman band
and the Postoffice Clerks' Cycle club of
Chicago.—Chicago Post.

National Irrigation Congress.

The executive committee of the na-
tional irrigation congress met recently
at Denver and fixed the time for the
fifth annual meeting, which is to be
held at Phoenix, A. T., for Dec. 15, 16
and 17. The session will be almost
wholly devoted to consideration of the
political phases of the irrigation prob-
lem.

Stanbury Covers Gaudaur's Money.

A cable dispatch has been received at
Toronto from the editor of the London
Sportsman announcing that Oursman
Stanbury had covered Gaudaur's depos-
it, thereby binding his acceptance of the
latter's challenge to row on the
Thames in September for the world's
championship.

Married by Telegraph.

Rev. Mr. Baldwin of Scotland, S. D.,
recently performed a unique marriage
ceremony, about 700 miles separating
the contracting parties. The bride was
at Scotland and the groom was at a
point in Indiana, the ceremony being
performed by telegraph.

National Prison Officials to Meet.

The next annual congress of the Na-
tional Prison association of the United
States will be held in Milwaukee from
Sept. 26 to 30, at which time an inter-
esting programme will be presented.

The Phenix Pharmacy,
CORNER SCHOOL AND FRANKLIN STS.

STORIES OF THE DAY.

How the Rival Presidential Candidates
Shake Hands.

An incidental feature of the presiden-
tial campaign will be the handshake of
the four leading candidates. The other
day Mr. Bryan shook the good right
hands of 4,000 men, women and chil-
dren at Lincoln, and it is a common
occurrence for Major McKinley to shake
hands with 5,000 persons in an after-
noon. Mr. Hobart has extended a hearty
grip to pretty nearly every one in
Jersey, while Arthur Sewall has made
the good people of Maine swell with
pride by his cordial generosity in the
handshaking line.

Grasping the hands of such vast mul-
titudes was a new thing for Bryan, Ho-
bart and Sewall, but they have all now
settled into their respective strides, and
each has a handshake of his own. Major
McKinley has been shaking hands with
the nation for some years past, and it
was an easy matter for him to meet the
great tidal wave of outstretched palms.

The political handshake, particularly
the national political handshake, is a
very different thing from the ordinary
business or social greeting. Most people
don't know this. If McKinley, Bryan,
Sewall or Hobart shook hands like ordi-
nary people, their fists would be a
shapeless mass inside of a week. Im-
agine what it is to shake hands with 50
people a minute for two hours at a time,
grasping the dainty fingers of a society
belle one second; falling into the iron-
clad clutch of a horny handed son of
toil the next second; shaking the mushy
paw of a bargain counter dude the third
second; catching the diplomatic hand of a
millionaire the fourth second; fond-
ling the pudgy palm of an influential
dowager the fifth second; pressing the
oily hand of a fat politician the sixth
second, and so on through every grade of
the human family, neckling the pet
emotions and flattering the respective
vanities of each. Handshaking is judged
to be a simple thing by the unthinking,
but when it is elevated to a high place
among the arts it becomes an intricate
science.

Mr. Bryan's shake is a device ting-
ling with emotion, bubbling with en-
thusiasm, sizzling with vigor, bursting
with confidence and volcanic in its
heartiness, cordiality and good will.
But it is artful, like the hand grasp of
every schooled statesman. Mr. Bryan
never allows the visitor to do the shak-
ing or the squeezing. He does that, and
so do McKinley, Hobart and Sewall.
It's a matter of self preservation, and
after a little practice the habit becomes
instinctive. The art lies in grasping the
extended fingers of the visitor and hold-
ing them in such a position that the
visitor cannot get a good grip on the
candidate's palm. The caller may try to
slide his palm farther along, but the
fingers of the candidate hold him firmly.
This gives the candidate a distinct
advantage, and the practical joker, who
has a grip like a steel vise, is balked in
his endeavor to crush the bones of the
smiling candidate. This brand of the
practical joker seems to make it a busi-
ness to shake the hands of great men,
just for the pleasure of seeing them
wince under mighty pressure. But the
up to date statesmen have foiled them
by adopting the candidates' grip.

Mr. Bryan is the only one of the four
who uses his two hands when he wishes
to impart a double amount of emotion
in his greeting. This double shake is
used only on particular people, and its
effectiveness cannot be magnified. When
a visitor approaches, Mr. Bryan throws
back his broad shoulders, takes a step
forward, and before the caller knows it
his hand is being vigorously shaken by
the candidate. If the visitor happens to
be of unusual note or an old friend,
Mr. Bryan places his left hand on top
of the visitor's right, or if the caller be
a person of exceptional prominence the
candidate reaches out his left hand and
catches the left hand of the other, and
then works both arms like the piston
rods of a twin screw steamship.

Major McKinley is less enthusiastic,
but his handshake is a surprise to most
people. It begins in a passive, lifeless
sort of a way, but it ends like a climax
in an old fashioned melodrama. The
major is sternly opposed to the new
style of handshake which requires the
lifting of the hand as high as the head.
He always extends his hand on a
straight line from the fourth button of
his waistcoat and is quick to grasp the
visitor's fingers. He raises his arm
slowly about half a foot, and then, when
the caller thinks it is time to break
loose, the major pumps up and down
with surprising energy, accompanying
the final pump with a squeeze of the
fingers which makes the arm tingle up
to the elbow. Then the major bows gen-
tly and is ready for the next comer. If
the visitor happens to be a lady, the
process is the same, except that the
squeeze is modified to a gentle pressure.
Ladies who have just passed under the
benign influence of a handshake with
the major have been heard to remark,
"Isn't he just awfully deferential?"

Arthur Sewall of Maine has much to
learn in the political handshaking line.
He is naturally abrupt and terse, avoid-
ing the delivery and reception of cheap
platitudes as much as possible. He has
not yet rid himself of the business idea
that when some one comes to see him it
is for some purpose other than the mere
formality of shaking hands with him.
But he is able to identify members of
this class at a glance, and he pushes them
along quickly with a powerful grasp of
the hand and a "How do? How are
you?"

Mr. Hobart is less abrupt. He shakes
hands in a way so much like Major
McKinley that some people say he ei-
ther took lessons from the Ohio states-
man or that he spent many hours in
studying the latter's system. The slow
beginning and the exciting finish are
the same, and even the gender graded
pressure is met with.—Boston Journal.

X RAYS KILL GERMS.

Positive Statements as to Cure at Missouri
State University.

Interesting and conclusive experi-
ments have recently been made in the
Missouri State university under the di-
rection of Dr. William Shadler, head
of the electrical engineering depart-
ment testing the effect of the Roentgen
rays upon various disease germs. In
nearly every instance these have met
with success and prove conclusively that
the rays are invaluable in the treatment
of these diseases.

Among the first experiments were
those made with the diphtheria bacilli.
Tubes were inoculated with the germs,
one exposed to the rays, and the other
not exposed. In the former the germs
were destroyed, while in the latter they
lived.

Following these tests, twoginea pigs
were inoculated with a solid culture of
diphtheria prepared in the bacteriologi-
cal laboratory of the university. These
pigs weighed 210 and 185 grams respec-
tively. One was exposed to the rays for
four hours in a wooden box having a
rubber cover and is alive today after
eight weeks, and no trace of the disease
can be found. The other pig, not ex-
posed to the rays, died within 38 hours af-
ter the injection of the poison. The post
mortem examination showed that his
death was due to the diphtheria germs.

Following the diphtheria experiments
the rays were tried upon anthrax, the
disease fatal alike to stock and man.
These have met with a measure of suc-
cess, but the result has not yet been
officially announced. The last experi-
ment, now being conducted, is with the
consumption germs. A prominent resi-
dent of Columbia, Mo., has been under-
going this treatment since the early part
of July. Up to July 17 he was treated
seven times, being exposed to the rays
from one to three hours each time. Be-
fore the first exposure he was taking
each day 40 drops of digitalis and 20
drops of strychnine. His pulse was
very feeble, he suffered greatly from a
soreness in the chest and could not ex-
pand his chest nor draw any but a short
breath. Inside of 25 minutes after the
rays were directed upon him the volume
of his pulse had increased, the soreness
left his chest, and he could draw a long
breath and expand his lungs without
difficulty.—Philadelphia Press.

GOLD IN HIS BREAST.

Wonderful Surgical Operation on a Man
Afflicted With Tumor.

A wonderful surgical operation, which
prolonged a young man's life a year in
the face of death, has become known at
San Diego, Cal.

William H. Young, a barber 36 years
old, died the other night of aneurism of
the aorta, which, in plain English,
means a rupture of the greater artery
leading from the heart. The artery was
ruptured so as to allow the blood to di-
late the outer coat, forming a tumor
filled with blood, which obstructed cir-
culation.

Young, who was a resident of Den-
ver, consented to undergo an operation
a year ago, which was novel and inter-
esting. He was placed upon the table
and his breast bared for the knife. An
electric battery of great strength was at
hand, provided with gold wire of
threadlike fineness.

A surgeon opened Young's breast,
found the tumor and inserted 30 inches
of gold wire in it and turned on the
electric current. The result was such an
intense heat that the blood in the tumor
was forced back into its proper channel.

Young rallied and went to San Diego
for change of climate. He suffered a
fatal relapse last week. A post mortem
examination was made, and it was
found that the coagulated blood had en-
tirely departed from the tumor.

Surgeons regard the operation as
wonderfully successful.

Connect Will Run Bacon.

The Pall Mall Gazette says that Tom-
my Connell, the mile champion runner
of America, who recently returned from
the United States in order to study med-
icine, has lost no time in expressing his
willingness to forfeit his amateur status
and run Bacon, the English champion
who was recently permanently suspend-
ed by the Amateur Athletic association
for money prizes.

FROM "THE HYMN TO THE SEA."

After whose coffers recesses the spoils of
eternity lumber.
Spentthrift foaming thy soul wildly in fury
away.
We, self-amorous mortals, our own multitudi-
nous image
Seeking to all we behold, seek it and find it in
thee!
Seek it and find it when o'er us the exquisite
fabric of silence
Perilous turreted hangings, trembles and drolly
falls:
When the aerial armies engage amid orgies of
music,
Braying of arrogant brass, whimper of quer-
ulous reeds;
When at his languet summer is purple and
drowsed with reptilian;
When to his anchorite board taciturn winter
repairs:
When by the tempest are scattered magnificent
ashes of autumn;
When upon orchard and lane breaks the white
foam of the spring;
When in extravaganza revel the dawn, a bac-
chant upleaping,
Spills on the tresses of night vintages golden
and red;
When as a token at parting untrifling day for
remembrance
Gives unto men that forget Ophirs of fabulous
ore,
When inevitably rushing in luminous palpitant
dolour,
Hot from the summits of life, poured is the
lava of now;
When as yonder, thy mistress, at height of her
mutable glories,
Wise from the magical east comes like a sor-
ceress pale;
Ah, she comes, she rises—impulsive, emotion-
less, bloodless,
Wasted and alien of cheek, zoning her ruins
with pearl;
Once she was warm, she was joyous, desire in
her pulses abounding.
Surely thou lovest her well, then, in her con-
quering youth!
Surely not all unimpassioned at the sound of
thy rough serenading.
She, from the balconied night unto her melo-
dist leaped—
Leaned unto thee, her bondsman, who keepest
today her commandments,
All for the sake of old love, dead at thy heart
though it lie.

—William Watson.

THE BLACK VIRGIN.

Upon one of the rugged coasts of
Finland, facing the little fishing
village of Liedsmarken, there rises a
barren peak, a solitary rock in the
middle of the sea. When the weather
is fine, you can distinguish, from the
coast, the jagged outlines and steep
slopes of this peak, its forbidding
aspect unrelieved by any trace
of vegetation. It is an unfavorable
place for sailors and fishermen, for
the sea is deep just there and land-
ing becomes a very difficult matter
as soon as the wind begins to blow
a little. The only inhabitants of the
rock are the sea birds, which gather
there in great numbers at evening
time.

As you draw near to it you can
see a recess in the cliff about half
way up—a recess which, with a
slight stretch of the imagination,
may be compared to a chapel—in
which a human figure, probably the
figure of a woman, has been rough-
ly cut in the rock. The worship of
this singular divinity dates back
without doubt to the time of pagan-
ism. In later years it has been look-
ed upon as the statue of a virgin. It
is called the Black Virgin and is
supposed to watch over the destiny
of the village of Liedsmarken.

The Black Virgin, however, is not
looked upon as a benevolent divini-
ty. For a long time it exercised a fa-
tal power, and if at the present time
this power is not used it is because
it was conjured many years ago by
devotion and love.

Here is the story as it was told to
me by a fisherman of the village:
The village of Liedsmarken has
always been inhabited by fishermen
and peasants, honest, poor and
hardworking, and all thoroughly
convinced of the power of the vir-
gin on the rock.

Every year the virgin demanded
a victim, and as a matter of fact,
each year one of the inhabitants of
Liedsmarken had been struck by
death—one year it would be an old
man, another year a child in the cradle,
a third year a brave sailor, whose
frail bark would be lost in a storm.

In the year 1656 the Black Virgin
was once more awaiting a victim.
The year was drawing to a close—it
was already in the latter half of De-
cember—but not one of the good
people of Liedsmarken was missing.
One of the inhabitants, however,
was ill, and it was upon him, no
doubt, that the Black Virgin's choice
had fallen. He had only a few days
more to live, for it was the 23d day
of December, and it was certain that
little Axel would not see the 1st of
January.

Poor little Axel! He was lying in
bed, his head buried in the pillow,
his white hands—you could almost
see through them—wandering over
the rough bedclothes. The fire was
crackling in the room. Outside the
snow was falling, spreading its
white mantle over the dark ground,
and little Axel, who knew the leg-
end, was saying to himself that the
virgin of the rock had marked him
and that he would soon go to sleep
under the white snow.

Axel was an orphan under the
care of his sister Frida, a handsome,
stout hearted young woman. Night
and day she sat at his bedside, hold-
ing his hand and telling him all sorts
of wonderful stories, despair in her
heart and tears in her eyes; yet she
tried to smile and to sing, in the
hope of bringing a gleam of pleasure
into the boy's eyes.

Frida's resources being insuffi-
cient to meet expenses, her affianced
husband, Robert, assisted her, and
Frida, looking upon this help as
quite natural, had accepted it, for

she loved Robert, and her love was
returned. Their marriage had been
a settled matter for months. Every
evening, after a hard day's fishing,
Robert came to see Frida, but when
he pressed her to fix the wedding
day she shook her head and without
replying looked at Axel.

That evening—the 23d of Decem-
ber—when Robert entered the cot-
tage, Frida and Axel were not alone.
Their neighbor, an old fisherman
named Christian, was talking to
Frida in a low voice while Axel
slept. Robert sat down silently by
the side of Frida and listened to the
old man.

"Yes," said Christian, "I am
quite sure that it is possible to cure
Axel. People in a worse state than
this poor child have been restored
to health. As to the Black Virgin—
well, she is not so bad as people say,
and it is possible to turn her from
her purpose if you choose a favor-
able moment."

"Alas!" said Frida. "How can I
believe in so much happiness? Ev-
erything tells us that dear little Axel
is doomed. My mother left him to
my care, and this is all I have
been able to do for him. Is it not
cruel, Christian? Look how pale he
is. Hark how hard it is for him to
breathe. No, no, the Black Virgin
has never spared a victim. My poor
Axel."

"Do not say that the Black Virgin
is unrelenting," said Christian
gravely. "Why should I not tell you
something which probably no one
in the village knows? I was spared
by the Black Virgin. I was as ill as
your brother, but my father, a bold
and vigorous seaman, went on the
night of Christmas eve to the vir-
gin herself in her chapel, and she
heard his prayer, for she can refuse
nothing to those who manage to
reach her on that night. From that
moment my strength returned, and
I got well, to the great astonishment
of the whole village."

Frida's eyes sparkled; her look,
usually gentle and tender, became
energetic and determined.

"Thank you, Christian," she said.
"Your advice is good, and I will go
tomorrow to the black rock."

"Alas!" sighed Christian. "It is
useless to think about it. This year
the Baltic is not completely frozen,
and you would be obliged to cross
an arm of the sea in which no boat
could be taken with safety on ac-
count of the enormous blocks of ice
which are floating about. A large
boat would be crushed by the ice-
bergs within a few minutes. How
could you hope to succeed in a small
one?"

"I will dare anything to save
Axel."

Christian and Robert then en-
deavored to convince her of the mad-
ness of the undertaking. At first she
would not listen to their arguments,
but after a time, without entirely
yielding, she seemed to regard them
as irrefutable.

"Let us say goodbye till tomor-
row," she said, rising from her seat.

Robert was the last to leave. As
he went out he kissed her forehead
tenderly. "My Frida, I love you, I
love you!" he cried. "Swear to me,
Frida, dear," he added, "that what-
ever happens you will never forget
me—never."

"Never, never, Robert, dear," she
replied, resting her head on his
shoulder. "Am I not wholly yours?
How could I forget you?"

"Come, hurry up!" exclaimed old
Christian from outside. "You evi-
dently forget that I am waiting and
that it is very cold."

And the lovers separated.
During the evening, when Frida
was alone, she thought over what
Robert had said before he left her
and wondered why he had spoken
such sad words. What did he intend
to do?

Little by little she understood.
Yes, there was no doubt about it.
Robert had resolved to go to the
rock to beg the Black Virgin to
spare Axel. Why, it was certain
death to try it. Axel was dear to
her, but Robert must not be allowed
to sacrifice himself for Axel, and
sacrifice himself uselessly, for all
that had been said about the virgin
was only an idle, childish supersti-
tion. Christian had related a circum-
stance which proved nothing. No,
Robert must not risk his life.

All night long Frida sat at the
bedside of Axel, who slumbered
with half closed eyes. She did not
sleep. She pondered over Robert's
words, "Swear to me that, what-
ever happens, you will never forget
me," and she could still see fixed
upon her the bold, proud and ten-
der look of the man she loved.

The next morning—it was Christ-
mas eve—Frida went out to find
Robert.

"Robert," she said, "answer me
frankly. I know you, and I know
you are incapable of telling a lie.
Tell me, Robert, do you think of go-
ing to the rock tonight?"

Robert lowered his head and said
nothing.

"I will not have it," continued
Frida. "Do you hear? I will not al-
low it. You have no right to risk
your life in that way. Are you not
the sole support of your old father?
And do you think that I could live

without your love, without your
dear presence, especially if my silly
superstition were the direct cause
of your death? Hark, how the sea
howls! We seldom have such a gale
as this, and the sea yonder is rag-
ing. If you attempt it, Robert, I
will never forgive you. See, dear,
how criminal such an attempt would
be. You cannot save Axel—for
Christian's story is absurd—and you
will perish before reaching the rock,
and I should be miserable for the
rest of my life."

Robert promised her everything,
but he did it without really compre-
hending what he was doing. He only
knew one thing—he must not
make Frida unhappy.

"Let us go and see Axel," he said.
Axel was rather feverish that day.
There was a ring in his voice, and
his lips trembled. He motioned to
Robert and Frida to sit down by his
side, and he took Robert's hand and
Frida's hand.

"You will be together," he said,
"when the Black Virgin has taken
me away."

Frida could not restrain her tears,
and she sobbed bitterly. As for Rob-
ert, he knelt by the bedside, kissed
the boy's thin hands and rushed out
of the cottage.

During the winter, night falls
about 2 o'clock in Finland. Without
thinking, without a glance back-
ward, Robert hurried to the beach.
A wide stretch of snow covered ice
lay before him. In a very short
time he had crossed it. He knew
that a boat was moored to an islet
some distance from the beach and
believed that from this point the
sea was free or nearly so. He could
not bear to think of Frida's grief.
He must get away from it. He
would go to the islet, but would not
get into the boat—it would be cer-
tain death, for the wind was blow-
ing fiercely, driving the snowflakes
before it in a blinding shower and
precipitating the blocks of ice
against each other with great force.

However, near the islet the sea
appeared pretty calm. The black
rock did not seem to be so far off.

"In an hour," thought Robert,
"with the help of this favorable
wind, I should reach the rock. Why
should I not do the same as Chris-
tian's father did? I promised Frida
that I would not go, but if, thanks
to me, Axel should be restored to
health she will pardon me. After
all, it is better to struggle heroical-
ly against the waves and the blocks
of ice, like a brave seaman, than to
stand powerless and fearful and
watch the agony of a child and the
despair of a woman."

All these thoughts passed rapidly
through Robert's mind. Like all
men of action, he acted quickly,
and, before he really knew what he
was doing, he found himself in the
boat, with the sail spread to the
wind, holding the rudder with a
firm hand as he set the boat's head
to the rock.

The force of the wind never over-
turned the boat, but she righted her-
self gallantly and rode on the crest
of the waves. Enormous blocks of
ice drifted silently past like gigantic
phantoms, Robert skillfully avoiding
them. Many times the little craft
was on the point of being sunk, but
Robert was one of the most vigor-
ous sailors of Liedsmarken, and he
was nerved to the task by the
thought of reaching the rock. Were
not the life of Axel and the happi-
ness of Frida at stake? What joy
there would be when he returned!

In the midst of the gale, blinded
by the snowflakes, his boat reeling
half over, his existence threatened
every minute by the gigantic blocks
of ice which drifted around him,
Robert went bravely on, upheld by
the thought of the welcome he
would receive from Frida when he
brought her the news that Axel
would live.

The hours passed—9, 10, 11
o'clock—and still the little craft pur-
sued its way, but how slowly it went!
It was impossible to steer straight
for the rock. Robert was obliged to
steer first to this side, then to that,
in order to avoid the floating ice.

At last the rock was reached. The
heavy surf rendered it difficult to
land; but, having selected a suitable
spot, Robert lowered the sail with
considerable trouble, and, taking
hold of the rope, he sprang from the
boat upon the ledge. His foot slipped.
By a tremendous effort he man-
aged to clutch a point of rock, and,
in spite of the foaming waves, he
succeeded in reaching a small plat-
form of rock, upon which he scram-
bled, safe and sound. He still retain-
ed his hold of the rope, and, although
the boat had been driven violently
against the reef, he knew that her
planks were solid, and he was not
at all uneasy about getting back.
Robert made his way to the figure
of the Black Virgin, and, kneeling
down, implored her to work a mira-
cle—yes, a miracle, for Axel was
nigh unto death. But this was the
favorable night, and the virgin
ought to reward the heroism of one
who had gone through so many
perils to implore her help.

When he had finished, he looked
toward the sea.

"Am I dreaming?" he exclaimed.

For out at sea was another boat,

similar to his own, and this boat
was apparently making for the rock.
Here and there, between the blocks
of ice, the second boat made its way,
boldly pursuing its course in the
midst of those moving mountains.
There was no doubt that its desti-
nation was the rock of the Black
Virgin.

A sudden thought flashed through
Robert's mind and made him shiver
with anxiety. Suppose it were
Frida in that boat! Suppose she had
been so imprudent as to undertake
the journey after all! He hurried
down to the sea and called to the
occupant of the boat:

"Frida! Frida!"

"Robert! Robert!"
Merciful heavens! It was Frida!
But there was no time for senti-
ment. Never had Robert felt braver
or stronger than at that moment.

"Throw me the rope!" he cried.

With all her strength Frida threw
a rope, which whistled past Robert.
He seized it, drew in the boat and
took Frida, who was now quite ex-
hausted, in his arms.

"Saved! We are saved!" he ex-
claimed thankfully.

He did not think of reproaching
her for her rashness in undertaking
the journey. He was too happy at
finding himself by the side of the
woman he loved. Both felt that Axel
would not die, that the virgin
would be touched by their courage.

"How did you come?" asked Rob-
ert. "That is Christian's boat, is it
not? Then Christian allowed you to
come? What a terrible night! Frida,
my love, my love!"

The next morning, as soon as the
pale December sun appeared on the
horizon, they set off on their return
journey, but before they had gone
far their boat was crushed between
two great blocks of ice. Some fish-
ermen, who were anxiously watch-
ing, saw the wreck floating about
among the icebergs for some time,
then it slowly disappeared toward
the north. No trace could be seen of
Robert and Frida.

As to the Black Virgin, she grant-
ed their prayer. Axel got well, and
from that day the evil destiny of the
Liedsmarken was conjured, for the
virgin of the rock never afterward
demanded an annual victim, and
now we have nothing to fear.—From
the French in Strand.

Pharaoh the Oppressor.

The worst blot on Pharaoh's char-
acter was his ruthless destruction of
the works of his predecessors. No
doubt, in such a time of distress, it
would be difficult to supply work-
men for public monuments, but his
utter disregard for everything that
went before him outdoes even his
organs father and is painfully in
contrast to the careful restoration
made by his artistic grandfather,
Soti I. He planted his funeral tem-
ple just behind the magnificent
building of Amenhotep III and pro-
ceeded to smash up every portable
stone, whether statue or tablet, to
throw in for his own foundations,
and then reared his walls with the
noble blocks of the great temple,
and even stole the very bricks. Not
content with taking what he want-
ed, he further defaced what he could
not use, and all over Egypt the stat-
ues of the kings may be seen with
his name rudely cut over their in-
scriptions or battered with a ham-
mer on the exquisitely polished sur-
faces of the other monarchs. With
little of scruples, of taste or of feel-
ing, he was yet not devoid of ability
and energy for a difficult position,
and though we may not rank him
with a Trajan, a Belshazzar or an Al-
fred, yet it would be hard to deny
him the company of a Vespasian or
a Claudius Gothicus, a George II or
a Victor Emmanuel.—Professor W.
M. Flinders Petrie in Century.

Opening Her Letters.

Jinks—Has a husband the right to
open a wife's letters?
Blinks (a lawyer)—Certainly, sir,
certainly. Open all you please.

"Well, here is a letter my wife
has written your wife and handed
me to deliver. I feel pretty sure
there's something unpleasant in it
about me. I wish you'd open it, and
if there is just burn it up."

"Humph! Does my wife know
your wife is going to write to her?"

"Yes."

"And if my wife doesn't get this
letter she'll find it out, won't she?"

"Of course."

"On second thoughts, I believe
there is a new law which makes it
a criminal offense to open a wife's
letters. I couldn't take the risk,
sir; indeed I couldn't."—Pearson's
Weekly.

A Wesley Letter.

The wife of Bishop Wightman of
the Methodist Episcopal Church
South has given to Bishop Hurst for
the American university an auto-
graph letter of John Wesley, writ-
ten March 31, 1790, the closing para-
graph of which is as follows:

As soon as possible you should put the Bel-
ievers in Bands and introduce ye whole Meth-
odist Discipline. But, I pray, do not introduce
clerical hats; let us not imitate Cloves or
Quakers. Next to the Bible, I love Common
Sense. Therefore I wd never be singular for
singularity sake. I am, dear Billy, your affec-
tionate Friend and Brother, J. Wesley.
Beware of women.

—New York Tribune.

KITE FLYING LOANS.

Dangerous Methods of Issuing Valueless
Checks by Men in Straits.

"Are Pittsburgh business men of-
ten detected in the practice of kiting
checks?" was the question asked of
a number of leading bankers the
other day, in response to which
some interesting information was
obtained. The allegations made in a
recent sensational trial about how
the practice of obtaining money
without paying interest could be
carried to a sort of scientific perfec-
tion made the subject appear one of
considerable importance, as indeed
those of the bankers who would talk
about it admit that it is. Bank cas-
hiers and directors are of necessity
the most discreet people in the
world, and consequently those who
would consent to give any informa-
tion on the subject stipulated that
their names should not be used.

It would appear, however, from
facts obtained, that there is nothing
to prevent a business man or firm
with good credit from always hav-
ing an amount outstanding in checks
much greater than their bank ac-
count if they are sufficiently skill-
ful and unscrupulous. Honest men
will not draw against nothing, it is
generally maintained, though there
are said to be frequently cases where
the bankers send for their customers
and reprimand them for some irreg-
ularity or request them to move
their accounts to some other bank.

The greatest care is necessary to
protect banks against the acceptance
of worthless checks, and such losses
are frequently occurring. A banker,
who has also a variety of other in-
terests, in discussing the matter,
said:

"Kiting is drawing checks on
banks where you have no money
and then sending the bank drawn on
a check on a third bank to meet the
first when it arrives. Skillful and
well posted men can form a chain
by which they can get the use of
money for months in this manner,
and though it is not often resorted
to by any but the dishonest, there
are cases where big firms have float-
ed large sums a long while and
eventually took all their paper with-
out having been suspected."

"The simplest form of kiting is
where a man gives a check on a
bank where he has not the money
to meet it and goes to the bank next
day and deposits the amount. In the
ordinary course of business the
check will not reach the bank for 25
hours, and if the cash is there to
cover it when it arrives it is to
be presumed his intentions were
honest, so that the transaction is
not properly to be called kiting at
all. If, however, by some mischance,
he is unable to make the deposit, he
is liable to prosecution for false pre-
tense, even if he had supposed that
he would make the deposit, the
thing which a man does being al-
ways the best presumptive evidence
of his intentions."

"Where it is the intention of a
man to obtain large sums of money
by flying kites, whether to defraud
the last holders of his paper or with
the idea of getting money to tide
him over difficulties, he will operate
between different cities, and some-
times also with the aid of a confed-
erate."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Origin of the Fairy Cinderella.

It has been said, "Not one girl in
a thousand knows the origin of the
friend of her childhood, Cinderella."
Her real name was Rhodope, and
she was a beautiful Egyptian maid-
en, who lived 670 years before the
common era and during the reign
of one of the 12 kings of Egypt. One
day Rhodope ventured to bathe in a
clear stream near her home, leaving
her shoes, which were very small,
lying on a bank. An eagle, passing
above, caught sight of the little sand-
als, and, mistaking them for a
toothsome tidbit, pounced down and
carried one off in his beak. The bird
unwittingly played the part of fairy
godmother, for, flying over Mem-
phis, where the king was dispensing
justice, it let the shoe fall directly
at the king's feet. Its size, beauty
and daintiness immediately attract-
ed the royal eye, and the king deter-
mined to know the wearer of so cun-
ning a shoe. Messengers were sent
through all the kingdom in search
of the foot that it would fit. Rhod-
ope was finally discovered, the shoe
placed on her foot, and she was car-
ried in triumph to Memphis, where
she became the queen of the King
Psammetichus.—New York Journal.

Antiquity of Soap.

Soap is not a modern invention. It
is twice mentioned in the Bible, first
in Jeremiah and again in Malachi.
History tells us that more than 2,000
years ago the Gauls manufactured it
by combining beech tree ashes
with goats' fat.

A few years ago a soap boiler's
shop was discovered in Pompeii, hav-
ing been buried beneath the terrible
rain of ashes that fell upon that
city 79 A. D. The soap found in the
shop had not lost all its efficacy, al-
though it had been buried 1,800
years. At the time that Pompeii was
destroyed the soapmaking business
was carried on in several of the Ital-
ian cities.—Grocer's Review.

THE TURNIP CARVER.

How He Fashions Roses and Lilies and
Carnations Out of Vegetables.

In many of the downtown restau-
rants, chopouses and grillrooms
one will notice that the uncooked
meats that are displayed are fre-
quently lavishly adorned. A dish of
roddy steaks or a roast of beef will
be decked out with parsley, lettuce
and other herbs, and here and there
will be seen objects that resemble
roses, daisies and lilies. These latter
are made of turnips, carrots and
beets, and the manufacture of them
has grown to something akin to art
in the restaurant supply world. It
is by no means an easy thing to
carve a turnip into a white rose or a
beet into a "Jack," and the man
who can do it is sure of a fairly good
weekly income. Far over on the
west side there is such a man, and
he takes as much pride in his work
as any artist in his painting. It is
little or no trouble to him to make
\$8 or \$10 a week. The outlay for the
business is small, as only four or
five different knives are used and
turnips, carrots and the like cost
very little.

"But business is not always very
brisk," said the turnip carver one
day last week. "It all depends upon
the humor of the restaurant keeper.
Some days he may want enough
roses to stock a hothouse, and then
again he won't take any. I don't
get very high prices, of course, so I
have to depend largely on the
amount I sell. Anyhow, I make
enough to keep me going. It takes
me about five minutes to make a
rose out of a turnip, and it looks very
natural."

The turnip man held at arm's
length one he was just finishing. It
really was an admirable counterfeit
of a rose.

"I get 10 cents a dozen for these,
The pinks I make from carrots sell
for about the same. I can get five
flowers out of a good carrot, and al-
ways four, because I never buy any
but the best ones. I use apples a
good deal for the daisies, putting
the hearts in from carrots. They al-
so make good marigolds and camel-
lias."

Then the turnip carver showed
how the flowers were made. He
took a huge raw turnip and began
hacking away at it with a knife
curved like a saber. The peeling
snowed upon the floor as he twirled
the turnip about in his hands. With
infinite care he fashioned the leaves,
now using a fine blade, now a coarse
one, and soon the turnip began to
lose its turnip appearance. When
it looked as if almost finished, the
worker took a fine knife and thin-
ned the leaves until they were trans-
lucent. Then there was no doubt of
the rose. It seemed that a dash of
perfume would transform it into a
Marechal Niel. But the work was
not yet finished. The carver took a
camel's hair pencil, dipped it into a
bottle of yellow mixture and with
it tinged the petals a pale ochreous
color. A rose stalk with leaves was
next attached, and the rose was fin-
ished.

"The liquid is a secret," said the
turnip man, with much pride, "and
a quarter's worth of it will tint sev-
eral thousand roses. Then I have
blue and red liquids, bluestone and
cochineal, that cost less and help
make up the different colors. You
see, I can make pansies by dyeing
the petals with the red and blue
mixed."

"Beets come in very handy for
the deep red roses, and they carve
very easily. Sometimes I make tiger
lilies, but they are only curiosities,
as people won't pay a quarter-price
for them. They require two whole
turnips and a carrot, and it takes
me two hours to make one! Now
and then I cut out animals; I did
a horse once for which I got \$5—that
is, a man said he would give me \$5,
but I broke one of the horse's legs
carrying it to him. My youngest
likes me to cut out cats and dogs for
him, so I do it sometimes to please
him. Cats and dogs wouldn't sell at
all alongside of roses and pinks."

"Please don't tread on those peel-
ings. I always keep them clean.
Catch them on that bit of cloth.
Why? They make the best vegeta-
ble soup you ever tasted. Just drop
a lean bone into a pot with them,
and it's fit for a king."—New York
Sun.

A Hundred Million Stars.

A peep into the heavens through
a modern telescope is a peep into
the very depths of mystery. With
such an instrument one may gaze
upon 100,000,000 stars, each of them
a burning, blazing sun. From what
little we know of creation we can-
not but believe that each of those
suns is giving light and heat to a
train of planets, just in the same
manner that our sun gives light and
life to his little flock of worlds. Be-
yond those 100,000,000 stars there
may be hundreds of millions more.
Thus they may continue "system
after system and worlds without
end." Verily we may say with Rich-
ter's dream man, who was taken on
a voyage by an angel through the
depths of space, "End there is none;
neither was there a beginning."—St.
Louis Republic.

SIX STATE

A REVIEW OF
GUBERNATORS

"Potato Patch" Ping
and Stephens of
Minnesota, Major
and Frank of Mai-

Particular inter-
national nominat-
years, as the state-
to have considera-
tional tickets. No
are always eager
when enthusiasm
is expected to d-
vote, and this p-
the rule.

Among

THE TURNIP CARVER.

How He Fashions Roses and Lilies and Carvations Out of Vegetables.

In many of the down town restaurants, chopouses and grillrooms one will notice that the uncooked meats that are displayed are frequently lavishly adorned. A dish of ruddy steaks or a roast of beef will be decked out with parsley, lettuce and other herbs, and here and there will be seen objects that resemble roses, daisies and lilies. These latter are made of turnips, carrots and beets, and the manufacture of them has grown to something akin to art in the restaurant supply world. It is by no means an easy thing to carve a turnip into a white rose or a beet into a "Jack," and the man who can do it is sure of a fairly good weekly income. Far over on the west side there is such a man, and he takes as much pride in his work as any artist in his painting. It is little or no trouble to him to make \$5 or \$10 a week. The outlay for the business is small, as only four or five different knives are used and turnips, carrots and the like cost very little.

"But business is not always very brisk," said the turnip carver one day last week. "It all depends upon the humor of the restaurant keeper. Some days he may want enough roses to stock a larder, and then again he won't take any. I don't get very high prices, of course, so I have to depend largely on the amount I sell. Anyhow, I make enough to keep me going. It takes me about five minutes to make a rose out of a turnip, and it looks very natural."

The turnip man held at arm's length one he was just finishing. It really was an admirable counterfeit of a rose.

"I got 10 cents a dozen for these. The pink I make from carrots sell for about the same. I can get five flowers out of a good carrot, and always four, because I never buy any but the best ones. I use apples a good deal for the daisies, putting the hearts in from carrots. They also make good marigolds and carnations."

Then the turnip carver showed how the flowers were made. He took a huge raw turnip and began hacking away at it with a knife curved like a saber. The peeling snowed upon the floor as he twirled the turnip about in his hands. With infinite care he fashioned the leaves, now using a fine blade, now a coarse one, and soon the turnip began to lose its turnip appearance. When it looked as if almost finished, the worker took a fine knife and thinned the leaves until they were translucent. Then there was no doubt of the rose. It seemed that a dash of perfume would transform it into a Marching Niel. But the work was not yet finished. The carver took a camel's hair pencil, dipped it into a bottle of yellow mixture and with it tinged the petals a pale tea rose color. A rose stalk with leaves was next attached, and the rose was finished.

"The liquid is a secret," said the turnip man, with much pride, "and a quarter's worth of it will tint several thousand roses. Then I have blue and red liquids, bluestone and cochineal, that cost less and help make up the different colors. You see, I can make pansies by dyeing the petals with the red and blue mixed."

"Beets come in very handy for the deep red roses, and they carve very easily. Sometimes I make tiger lilies, but they are only curiosities, as people won't pay a quarter apiece for them. They require two whole turnips and a carrot, and it takes me two hours to make one. Now and then I cut out animals. I did a horse once for which I got \$5—that is, a man said he would give me \$5, but I broke one of the horse's legs carrying it to him. My youngster likes me to cut out cats and dogs for him, so I do it sometimes to please him. Cats and dogs wouldn't sell at all alongside of roses and pinks."

"Please don't tread on those peellings. I always keep them clean. Catch them on that bit of cloth. Why? They make the best vegetable soup you ever tasted. Just drop a lean bone into a pot with them, and it's fit for a king."—New York Sun.

A Hundred Million Suns.

A peep into the heavens through a modern telescope is a peep into the very depths of mystery. With such an instrument one may gaze upon 100,000,000 stars, each of them a burning, blazing sun. From what little we know of creation we cannot but believe that each of those suns is giving light and heat to a train of planets, just in the same manner that our sun gives light and life to his little flock of worlds. Beyond those 100,000,000 suns there may be hundreds of millions more. Thus they may continue "system after system and worlds without end." Very we may say with Richter's dream man, who was taken on a voyage by an angel through the depths of space, "End there is none; neither was there a beginning."—St. Louis Republic.

SIX STATE LEADERS.

A REVIEW OF SOME INTERESTING GUBERNATORIAL CANDIDATES.

"Potato Patch" Pingree of Michigan, Lewis and Stephens of Missouri, John Lind of Minnesota, Major Scofield of Wisconsin and Frank of Maine.

Particular interest attaches to gubernatorial nominations in presidential years, as the state elections are supposed to have considerable effect on the national tickets. Nominations for governor are always eagerly sought at such times, when enthusiasm for the national ticket is expected to draw out the full party vote, and this year is no exception to the rule.

Among the many lively contests in recent state conventions the one in Michigan is particularly notable because it resulted in the nomination for governor by the Republicans of Hazen S. Pingree, a man of national reputation, who has twice before sought the nomination.



HAZEN S. PINGREE.

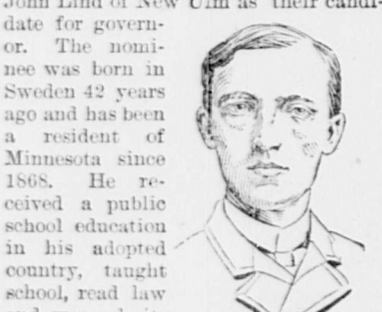
Michigan. Pingree has been three times elected mayor of Detroit, which was a Democratic stronghold before his advent in local politics. His administration has been very aggressive and is chiefly distinguished for opposition to monopolies generally, for reducing street car fares from 3 cents and introducing the novel form of charity known as potato patches for the people on vacant city lots. This scheme has been widely imitated and gained for the mayor the nickname "Potato Patch Pingree." He was born in Maine 34 years ago and served through the war in the First Massachusetts Infantry. He owns a big shoe factory in Detroit.

In Missouri Robert E. Lewis of Clinton heads the Republican ticket and Lou Y. Stephens of Booneville leads the Democrats. Mr. Lewis is said to be a brilliant campaigner, while Mr. Stephens does not make speeches. The Republican candidate is a native of Missouri and is 39 years old. He is a lawyer and was twice elected prosecuting attorney of Henry county on the Democratic ticket. In 1888 he turned Republican on the tariff issue. Mr. Stephens is a free silver man and a national banker who has won considerable fame as a financier. In 1890 he was appointed state treasurer and was afterwards elected to the office. He is of the same age as Mr. Lewis.

In Minnesota the Democrats, Populists and free silver men have united on John Lind of New Ulm as their candidate for governor. The nominee was born in Sweden 42 years ago and has been a resident of Minnesota since 1868. He received a public school education in his adopted country, taught school, read law and was admitted to the bar in 1877. Mr. Lind was a Republican before the St. Louis convention and has been three times elected to congress by the Republicans. In Wisconsin Major Edward Scofield of Oconto is the Republican candidate for governor as the result of an interesting contest, in which his chief rival was ex-Congressman Robert M. La Follette. Major Scofield was an unsuccessful candidate for the nomination two years ago, when Governor Upham was nominated. He is at the head of a large lumber business at Oconto and has been a state senator.

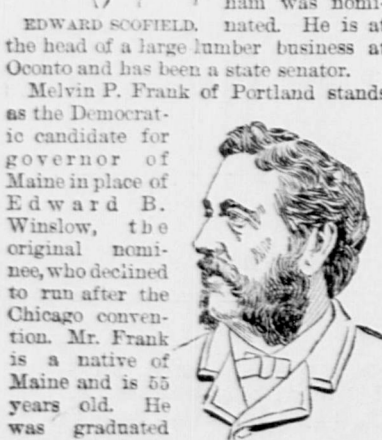
Melvin P. Frank of Portland stands as the Democratic candidate for governor of Maine in place of Edward B. Winslow, the original nominee, who declined to run after the Chicago convention. Mr. Frank is a native of Maine and is 55 years old. He was graduated from Tufts college in 1865, and in 1868 was admitted to the bar in Portland, where he soon took high rank as a lawyer. He served several terms in the legislature, and in 1879 was speaker of the house. He drafted the law abolishing capital punishment in Maine and substituting life imprisonment for murder.

CLARENCE P. SKINNER.



JOHN LIND.

EDWARD SCOFIELD.



M. P. FRANK.

CLARENCE P. SKINNER.

JINGLES AND JESTS.

Tempora Mutantur.
I am a Boston girl, and I
Am studying to be simple;
I daily practice coquetry,
I cultivate a dimple.

I ride a horse when not awheel,
I play at golf. My speech is
Aquatic now, now tart and teal.
My skin's like cream and peaches.

My Aunt Estelle, hapless maid,
Learned Sanskrit, Greek and Latin.
I showed her this, though half afraid.
The title? She put that in.
—Boston Transcript.

Drawing the Credit Line.

Merchant Tailor—I am sorry to say it, Mr. Goodheart, but as this is to be your wedding suit I must demand cash on delivery.

Mr. Goodheart—Eh? Why, I've had an account with you for years and I've always paid promptly to the hour—the very hour, sir.

"Yes, Mr. Goodheart, but you were a bachelor and had the handling of your own money."—New York Weekly.

She Changed Her View.

They did not quite the same views hold; She was for silver and he for gold. They argued the question long and late One night as they stood by the garden gate. The youth was glad, the truth to tell, That the maid for silver stood so well.

But alas for the ill that strew life's way! When the youth proposed to the maid next day He found, to his grief, she had changed her view— She was now for gold—yes, and diamonds too. —Boston Courier.

A Fearful Threat.

Irate Suburban Resident—See here! If you don't stop getting out that infernal lawn mower of yours every morning at 4 o'clock, I'll—I'll—

Next Door Neighbor (defiantly)—Well, what'll you do?

I. S. R.—I'll—I'll start my daughter to practicing on the piano every morning before breakfast.—New York Weekly.

Florida's Deal.

Florida has the cycle craze, and likewise so have I. But, gracious! neither purse displays the cash wherewith to buy.

Yet rare Florida's up to things. She said—dear gifted girl—"Let's blow in our engagement rings and get some wheels and whir." —Chicago Record.

Applying the Remedy.

Mr. Wickware—Doctor, my wife tells me you have advised her to go to the mountains for two months.

Physician—Yes.

Mr. Wickware—Do you think she needs rest?

Physician—No, but you do.—New York Press.

No Show For a Smithy.

Under the spreading chestnut tree The village smithy stands. The village smithy stands. But the bicycle craze has knocked him cold, And his forge is on his hands. —New York Sunday World.

Willing to Oblige.

"Popper," asked the young woman, "why is it that you have never done anything to make you famous?"

"Never thought of it," said the old man. "What had I better do—bolt the ticket or take seven bottles of patent medicine?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Didn't Faze Her.

She took a fearful header, still It did not seem to shock 'er, Nor scratch her face nor scar her wheel, Nor even knickerbocker. —Chicago Inter Ocean.

An Error.

Diner—Waiter, there is a slight mistake. I ordered a spring chicken and a bottle of 1884 Pommeury.

Waiter—Yes, sir.

Diner—You have brought me some Pommeury of last spring and a chicken of 1884.—Paris Messenger.

A Delay.

What is the baby's name? Indeed We haven't one selected.

We're waiting till November comes To see which man's elected. —Washington Star.

Mothers Were Queer.

"Mothers are funny," said little Willie. "Why do you say that, Willie?"

"'Cause they are. When their sons is cryin', they spank them. Just as if the wouldn't make 'em cry more."—Philadelphia North American.

Merely the Hair Apparent.

In some households the baby is king. For his edict never fails. A relative straight to the terms to bring—But in ours he's the Prince of Wales. —Brooklyn Life.

Peaceful Recruits.

Squidlig—The International Peach union is trying hard to increase its membership.

McSwilligen—Have the professional pugilists been asked to join?—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

The Go.

"What I say to my wife goes!" He declared with an earnest air, "To my mother-in-law, and after that Heaven only knows where." —Detroit Tribune.

What Did She Mean?

Adolphus—I wonder if Miss Sharpe was giving me or if she is really gone on me. Theodore—Why, what did she say?

Adolphus—She said I would always be fresh in her memory.—Boston Transcript.

Satisfaction.

She sat in church that Sabbath day, With a very satisfied air, For well she knew, down in her heart, Her wheel was the sweetest there. —Detroit Tribune.

Caught It Later.

"Did you miss the train when you took your wife to the depot this morning, Burky?"

"Yes, but you can bet I caught it when I got home."—Detroit Free Press.

His Fear.

My heart goes pitapat when she Sits on my knee and rifles My pockets, for I'm never sure She won't find tidalsite trifles. —Detroit News.

On Wall Street.

Bagsworthy—Hello, Roddies! I hear you got tryp trying to oppose wheat.

Roddies—Yes. This stock business always did go against the grain.—New York Press.

And Gets Him.

Some folks look out for number one. That all may be quite true, But when it is a widow, the Looks for number two. —Truth.

A WOMAN FOR GOVERNOR.

Miss Reel of Wyoming a Candidate For the Republican Nomination.

The unusual spectacle of a woman candidate for governor may be presented to the world when the Republicans of Wyoming launch the campaign of 1898. As state superintendent of public instruction Miss Estelle Reel has demonstrated by a successful public record that she is quite as capable of performing



MISS ESTELLE REEL.

the duties of an executive office as her male contemporaries in Wyoming politics. Now her friends are urging her claims as an available candidate for the gubernatorial nomination by her party, which will be made in 1898.

It is fortunate for Miss Reel that the election does not come this year, for she is not quite 30 years old and therefore not yet eligible to the office. She is an attractive young person, and one of the best campaigners the state has ever known. While making the race for the office she now fills three years ago she practically visited every country in the state and made over 500 political speeches. She covered hundreds of miles on horseback, and at every night function at which the cowboys of the surrounding ranches were present the political feast of reason was followed by a dance.

Every waltz, so it was calculated, was good for three votes—that of her partner and two others he was sure to corral by his eloquent description of the grace and ease with which she tripped the light fantastic.

Should she be nominated for governor a repetition of this campaign is considered certain and her election is by no means improbable. She led the Republican ticket several thousand votes, and she can be depended upon to lead her opponent a merry dance, at all events, both before and after the state convention.

Wyoming is the state in which woman suffrage practically had its official birthplace and has the honor of electing the first woman justice of the peace in the country—Mother Morris, who held office 40 years ago and who had to sit in judgment on her husband before she had worn the ermine one week, and he got the limit.

So it can be seen that of all states in the Union Wyoming has a prior claim to a new woman governor.

THE FOUNDER OF CREEDE.

The Famous Prospector Broken In Health and Fortune.

There dwells in southern California a man broken in health and fortune and approaching the evening of life who founded the most remarkable mining town in America.

Yet there is nothing very remarkable about N. C. Creede except that he made a fortune by a lucky strike and lost it by bad investments. Creede was born in Fort Wayne, Ind., and after serving in the army and as a scout he prospected for silver all over the state of Colorado. He was lucky, as prospectors count luck, and made several good strikes.

He usually prospected on grubstakes, day's wages and an interest in the location he made. On June 25, 1889, he located the Holy Moses mine, a profitable vein which became famous on account of its name. He said he named it Holy



N. C. CREEDE.

Moses because he liked odd names. D. H. Moffat, S. T. Smith and L. E. Campbell bonded it for \$75,000. They employed Creede at \$3 a day, a grub stake and a third interest to prospect for them.

While Creede was working near the Holy Moses some Germans discovered rich stuff on an adjoining mountain. Those Germans were ignorant of mining. Creede, pretending to befriend them, instructed them to shift their stakes. They followed his advice, and he put new stakes where they had taken theirs out, naming it the Amethyst. This was the find which made the town of Creede. The Germans named theirs the Last Chance, and this also proved a big mine.

Creede sold out and got about \$150,000 for his interest. Altogether he has made about \$1,500,000 and has lost most of it through bad investments, and not by extravagance. He never abandoned the habits of economy fostered by long years of privation and hard work.

Coal! Coal! Coal!

At Boston Prices.

We have lately received a cargo of Shamokin and Red Ash coals. The probabilities point strongly toward an increase in the wholesale price of coal soon, and all should take advantage of the present low prices. Now the time to buy your winter's supply of coal. The prices are at the lowest point now. Buy of your local dealer, who offers you the greatest inducements,—fair dealing and bottom prices.

The above coals are free from slate or siftings.

BOSTON PRICES.

Franklin,
Red Ash Nut,
Red Ash Stove,
Red Ash Egg,
Shamokin Stove and Egg,
White Ash Stove,

BOSTON TERMS.—CASH.

White Ash Egg,
White Ash Broken,
Lehigh Stove,
Lehigh Egg,
Lehigh Broken,
Webster Nut,

\$5.25
5.00
5.75
5.50
5.25
6.50

These are our cash prices.

Orders by telephone promptly attended to.

C. PATCH & SON.

FRANK S. PATCH.

Office and Wharves at Quincy Point. Branch Office at Crane's, Chestnut Street. Telephone.

RACED FOR A WOMAN.

RIVALS SETTLE A QUESTION OF LOVE IN A NOVEL WAY.

By Agreement They Run a Hundred Yard Dash For Rosa France—She Witnessed the Struggle—The Winner Danced With Her In Token of His Victory.

Samuel Levy and Harry Fales went to Ridgewood, N. J., the other day and ran a 100 yard dash. Levy won the race, and now all the belles and beaux in east side social circles of New York are talking about the victory. The stake was the love of a young woman. When the victor crossed the line, he knew that his only rival to the heart and hand of Rosa France had been disposed of for all time.

Young Levy ran 100 yards and sprinted into the affections of the girl in exactly 11 seconds.

The events leading up to the race form the component parts of a story alike unique and romantic. Rosa France is 15 years old and has lived on the east side all her life. Two years ago she met Harry Fales at a dance. A week later she met Samuel Levy at another dance. At that time Fales was the champion concertina player of the east side and assistant application clerk at the branch office of the Consolidated Gas company, corner of Hester and Elizabeth streets. He is still in their employ. Five minutes after he had met the girl he avowed his love. Ten minutes after Samuel Levy had met her he insisted that he would be her "steady" or know the reason why.

Fales and Levy were members of the Eureka club. The president of the Eureka is Jack Goldstein. When he learned the race, he called the two lovers to him and said:

"Say, it looks to me as if the best thing you fellows can do is to settle this without trouble. You both think you are sprinters, and why not make a match of it? Say you run a hundred yards at the next outing of the club, and the man who wins gets the girl." Both Levy and Fales agreed to the proposition. The young woman was interviewed, and she promptly declared that the man who won the race could be her "steady" for all time. Then the rivals began active training.

The members of the Eureka and their friends went over to Ridgewood the other day and cheerfully paid their way into the Coliseum park. For two hours they danced and talked about the race. At 4 o'clock Miss France arrived. Presently the rivals appeared. Levy

came first. He weighed in at 275 pounds. He had trained for 25 pounds and said he would "win in a walk."

Fales soon arrived. He is built on the Fitzsimmons plan and looked like an overgrown youth. Half an hour later the distance had been measured off on a strip of level turf. The runners rolled up their trousers and took off superfluous clothing. Then the word was given, and they were off.

Fales was the first to get away, and when half the distance had been covered he was a yard in front and running easy. But Levy suddenly roused himself, and by a great burst of speed closed the gap. Half a dozen yards from the tape they were shoulder to shoulder, and everybody was wildly cheering. Then came the final spurt, and as the white tape parted Levy was in front. At his heels was the disconsolate Fales.

The young woman had been a silent witness of the race. She gave her hand to the winner, and they led in the dance.—New York Journal.

TO HELP THE CUBANS.

An Association Having Their Relief For Its Object Formed.

Having as its aim the care of the sick and wounded in the Cuban war, the "Oscar Primelles" club has been organized in New York. Concerning the club and its objects, the statement given out at the Cuban headquarters says in part: "As the Spanish government, against all principles of humanity, has forbidden the Red Cross to penetrate into the Cuban camps, this club will endeavor to take its place and care for the suffering and dying in the Cuban ranks."

It is pointed out that the Cuban army is greatly in need of quinine, and an appeal is made for medicines of all kinds, surgical instruments and physicians' supplies. It is claimed by the Cubans that such contributions are not barred by President Cleveland's proclamation.

A Big Spider Colony.

In the grove at Quakerstown, R. I., known locally as the "Buzzard's Roost," naturalists from the University of New York have been greatly interested in finding a colony of remarkably rare spiders, supposed to be the solpugids. They are of the size of tarantulas and closely allied to the scorpions of southern regions. They are very pugnacious and show fight whenever approached.

The special haunt of these spiders is an old ruined building among the trees, where their webs, as large as hammocks, festoon every corner. The curators are much surprised at finding this species in the north.

STRIPES TO BE DISCARDED.

Indiana Prisons Adopt a Classified Plan For Their Inmates.

The convict stripes are to be discarded in the two Indiana penitentiaries. The state prison south is the first to take the step. Warden Hert announces that every prisoner who maintains a perfect record in conduct and labor until Oct. 1 will on that day discard his hated prison stripes and be clothed in a suit of neat dark gray and placed in the first grade. Every prisoner who tries hard to make a perfect record, but fails because of his thoughtless violation of rules, will be placed in a second grade and will substitute a suit of gray check for the stripes. Those prisoners who wilfully violate rules and cause trouble will be in the third grade and will continue to wear stripes. The first and second grade men are to be allowed to march in military style, two abreast, instead of in lock step, while the third grade men will continue in the lock step.

The first and second grade men will eat in the spacious and airy new dining room, while the third will remain in the old, dark dining room. The upper grade men will have books and newspapers, will occupy the best cells as far as possible, will be permitted to write letters, receive letters, receive visits from friends, may use tobacco if they wish, may wear beads and have many other privileges which seem small to a free man, but cherished by prisoners.

All of these valued privileges the third grade men will be deprived of. The second grade is a transition state. Every new man entering the prison is to be placed in the second grade and will go from that to the first or third, as he merits. Since all of the men in the second grade will be new and on probation, or, if not newcomers, will be struggling hard to reach first grade, the privileges and favors allowed the second grade will be almost the same as those granted the first. The work of classifying and grading the men is now going on. Already there has been a marked improvement in discipline. Violations of rules are comparatively few and punishments decreasing.—Chicago Record.

It is a well known fact that her majesty takes the greatest possible interest in the marriages of all her descendants, and just now she is concerning herself very much about her eldest great-grandchild, Princess Feodora.

Only the oldest sons of the monarchs of England are princes of Wales. Should the present prince die before his mother, the title would fall into abeyance until the Duke of York came to the throne, when his eldest son, Prince Edward, would be the Prince of Wales.

The Quincy Monitor.

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All articles and correspondence intended for the Monitor should be addressed to the Editor of THE QUINCY MONITOR, Quincy, Mass. All in possession of news of interest to Monitor readers are requested to send it to the Editor. Secretaries of Catholic societies should furnish the paper with news concerning their respective societies, and promptly send copy of resolutions.

AUGUST, 1896.

SOCIETY EPITOME.

St. John's Ladies' Auxiliary—Miss Eliza C. Sheahan, president; Miss Alice G. Gavin, secretary. Meetings held on the first and third Mondays at 1:45 o'clock, P. M., in St. John's hall, School street.

St. John's C. L. and A. A.—George A. Cahill, president; Michael J. O'Hara, secretary. Meetings every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock, in St. John's hall, School street.

Knights of Columbus—M. T. Sullivan, grand knight; Thomas J. McGrath, secretary. Meetings the first and third Tuesdays of each month at 8 o'clock in Doyle's hall.

Irish National League—James Collins, president; George D. Cahill, secretary. Meetings in Cahill's hall, Water street, on Sunday evening.

Division 5, A. O. H.—Edward J. Powers, president; Patrick Crummins, secretary. Meetings the first and third Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock in French's hall, Hancock street.

Quincy Court, M. C. O. F.—John A. Avery, chief ranger; Patrick Ward, secretary. Meetings in French's hall.

St. Mary's C. T. A. and M. P. Society. West Quincy—Patrick Keillor, president; W. F. V. Cole, corresponding secretary; John Galvin, recording secretary. Meetings held first and third Tuesdays in the month.

THE WRONG POINT OF VIEW.

The new Encyclical of the Holy Father on the subject of Christian unity has had a very curious effect upon the various non-Catholic organs of opinion. From the tone of their comments it would appear that they had expected an invitation to join the Mother Church on the condition that they retain their own attitude of dissent and independence while the Pope surrendered his prerogatives as the successor of St. Peter and first bishop of the whole Christian Church. "Rome never changes" is now their disappointed cry. A church with a headship subject to variation with every passing political or intellectual mood would seem to be the desideratum with the various representations of conflicting doctrine and uncertain authority. The Holy Father's Encyclical lays down nothing new in the assertion of the conditions on which unity is possible. It simply states what cannot be denied, that the first essential of unity is the admission of a central authority. When that principle is admitted, as admitted it must be in the end, the process of unification ought to be comparatively easy.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO,
LUCAS COUNTY, ss.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1896.

[SEAL] A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO.,
Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by Druggists, 75 cents.

The Italian residents of Quincy have secured the church on Station street, West Quincy, and are fitting it up for Catholic services. It is understood that the reverend Franciscan fathers of Prince street, Boston, have undertaken the care of the new congregation.

The annual concert and dance in aid of the Catholic church of Houghs Neck will take place next Friday evening. The price of admission will be 50 cents.

No new name has been mentioned for the succession to Cardinal Satolli in the apostolic delegation during the past week, though one New York Catholic paper declares that Monsignor Lorenzelli, not Monsignor Martinelli, has been named for the position. The probabilities are that no appointment has yet been made. If Monsignor Falconi would not do because he is a Franciscan friar, it is hard to see how Monsignor Martinelli, an Augustinian monk, will be more acceptable. Meanwhile Cardinal Satolli holds the fort.

The valuation of Hyde Park for 1896 is over nine million of dollars. The tax rate \$14.80 on a \$1000. Number of polls 8,150.

DRAFTS on IRELAND.

Passage Tickets

to and from the

OLD COUNTRY

for sale by

JOHN O. HOLDEN,
154 Hancock St., Quincy Centre.

[FROM THE QUINCY LEDGER]

ST. MARY'S LAWN PARTY OF '96.

If you came to our party the other day I'm sure you will sanction what I say. Our tables were of a most delicate hue; Our colors were rainbow and national, too.

Amusements for children both day and night; They had all kinds of fruit, delicious and ripe.

Ice cream in abundance and candy so sweet, Everything that they could wish for to eat.

All things were conducted in the finest way; Even the donkeys behaved that day.

They gave every child on the grounds a ride, And to carry the grown folks they also tried.

The rain was so kind as to make us a call; All around our tent she began to fall.

And you'd be wondering what a welcome she got, For without her our tent would have been very hot.

Rebecca gave drinks from that old fashioned well, And the choicest of needle work we had to sell.

The boys served the tonic all the day long, And as for the people, there was a great throng.

St. Mary's Lawn Party of '96 Shall ne'er be forgotten; the date is well fixed

In our minds to remain there for many a day, For it was a success in every way.

E. G. B. M.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

The feast of the Assumption, which the church celebrated Saturday, August 15, is one of the oldest in the calendar, and was kept by both the eastern and western churches from the earliest ages. Most writers agree in considering it the oldest Marian feast of the church, though the date of its actual introduction cannot be definitely learned. The corporeal assumption of the Blessed Virgin is not a dogma of faith, though it is thought by many that had the sessions of the Vatican council not been interrupted by the Piedmontese invasion of Rome, that gathering, which had been petitioned to do so, would have defined the dogma.

The individual who wrote to Cardinal Gibbons in the hope of getting his eminence to express an opinion on the currency question might have known that his efforts in that line were doomed to failure. Catholic clergymen always fight shy of taking any position that might be considered like political interference, and Cardinal Gibbons is the last man who could be induced to interfere in a purely political issue. It is a wonder some enthusiastic campaigner does not try to get Cardinal Satolli to say a good word for gold or silver.

The latest intimation regarding the future career of Bishop Curtis, whose resignation of his see was announced a few weeks ago, is that he may return to Baltimore and assume charge of a parish there. Dr. Curtis is said to be fond of parochial work, and to have attended to many details of that at Wilmington, taking upon himself labor which other prelates generally relegate to the rectors of their cathedrals and the assistants. Cardinal Gibbons asserts that he knows nothing of Bishop Curtis' intentions, however.

The Hospital Festival will be held Sept. 15, 16 and 17, at Merry Mount Park.

Grand Concert

and Social,

Casino, Houghs Neck,

Friday Evening,

August 21, 1896,

at 8 o'clock.

Tickets, 50 Cents.

FOUR AMERICAN SAINTS.

When Archbishop Corrigan planned the new seminary at Dunwoodie, Yonkers, to replace the former St. Joseph's Seminary at Troy, he determined to make this great training school for the priesthood a thoroughly American institution in every way. The ideas expressed by the archbishop at the inception of the new building have been carried out to the letter, and are illustrated in no particular more strongly than in the perpetuation of the memory of historical facts and personages connected with the new world by statues of men and women of the western hemisphere which will adorn the seminary walls.

The collection of statues of American saints and ecclesiastics, says the New York Sun, was begun Saturday by placing in the hall of the seminary life-size statues of St. Rose of Lima, St. Turibius, Father Isaac Jogues, S. J., and of Kateri Tekakwitha, the Indian virgin. All of these statues, which are the work of Joseph Siebel, the sculptor, were transferred carefully from the latter's studio, on East Twenty-sixth street, this city, and were placed in their permanent home, under Mr. Siebel's direction, in positions designated by the archbishop.

In executing the designs the sculptor has followed out the minutest details obtainable from history and tradition. St. Rose of Lima, the first saint to be canonized on this side of the ocean, is represented in the habit of a Domini-

can nun, to which order she gave her life. She was born in Lima, Peru, in 1586, and in early childhood

BY HER GREAT BEAUTY

soon became known as Rose, although her name was Isabel. She took for her model St. Catherine of Sienna, and led a most austere life, sleeping in a garden hut on a bed of broken tiles. On her head she wore a silver crown, around which were ninety sharp points, which continually pressed into her scalp. This crown, as shown in the statue, is half concealed under the monastic veil. A hair shirt, studded with iron nails, she wore next to her flesh. In her hands she holds a crucifix, while a wreath of roses, emblematic of her name and character, depends lightly from the fingers of the left hand, at the end of the cross.

St. Rose of Lima has been placed on one side of the stairs leading to the chapel. Directly opposite to the statue of St. Rose, on the other side of the stairway, is that of St. Turibius, archbishop of Lima. This saint is clad in the full robes of his office, with the crozier in his hand and the mitre on his head. He was one of the most distinguished of the missionary ecclesiastics of the seventeenth century, and converted many to the Catholic faith in Peru. The figure was sculptured from an early picture, and shows the subject with a small mustache, a facial adornment which was permissible at the time in missionary countries for the hierarchy to wear.

Next to the statue of St. Turibius

has been placed that of Father Jogues, THE FIRST CATHOLIC MISSIONARY to the American Indians, who met the death of a martyr near Auriesville, this state, on Oct. 2, 1646. The life of this distinguished Jesuit is closely interwoven with the early history of this state, and an account of a journey from Albany to Manhattan Island, written in Latin, forms an important feature of the archives at the Capitol. He first ministered to the Iroquois in Canada, and then went among the Mohawks, by whom he was finally killed while on a visit to the chief. He is represented in the garb of the Society of Jesus, holding aloft a cross. The sculptor has chosen for his representation the occasion when the missionary's cross had been torn from his hands by the hostile Indians and he had replaced it by tying two pieces of wood together with a thong. It is this improvised emblem of his Master which he has lifted triumphantly before his persecutors. It is likely that the martyr to the faith will be canonized before long.

The last of the four statues which will add beauty and dignity to the hall of the seminary is that of Kateri Tekakwitha,

"THE LILY OF THE MOHAWKS."

She was the daughter of a Mohawk chief, one of the councillors of his tribe, and was the first Indian convert to the Catholic religion. She was born in 1656 and died in 1680 at the age of 24 years. Her life was one of great devotion to the faith she had chosen

apart from her own people and against their wishes. She suffered much persecution, but continued to labor among them until her death. Piety is portrayed in the strong features of her uplifted face as she clasps the cross to her breast. Her dress is that of the members of the tribe of her fathers and hangs in graceful folds. Neither the fringes nor beaded embroidery, after the Indian fashion, nor the moccasins is missing in Mr. Siebel's representation of this Indian virgin, whose name is now being considered at Rome for enrollment in the calendar of saints.

Statues of Saints Peter and Paul have been erected within the chapel itself. They are gifts to the seminary by Archbishop Corrigan. St. Peter holds in one hand the keys of the kingdom, while the other is raised as he addresses a congregation. He is shown in the attitude of the first Pope. St. Paul is depicted with the sword in one hand and a manuscript, from which he is reading, in the other.

The seminary was formally opened on Aug. 12, instead of Aug. 15, as first arranged.

We notice in another column the lawn party which is to be held on the grounds of St. John's church Tuesday afternoon and evening.

THE MONITOR would return thanks to the Granite Manufacturers' association for courtesies extended.

Subscribers to this paper will be called upon soon, and it is hoped that all may be able to settle.

Remember the Change.

TUESDAY

Afternoon and Evening, August 18.

The LAWN PARTY

St. John's Church Grounds, School Street, Quincy.

One of the most elegant lawns of the city, it will be beautified to meet the wishes of the most exacting. A sparkling display of colored lights, electric globes and Chinese lanterns will hang from roof and tree, lending an enchanting beauty to an already beautiful spot. Booths decked in summer brightness, will offer refreshment to tired and heated mortals. Shelter will be afforded to those who desire it, under the spreading canvas of a vast tent. Music will lend its alluring strains to delight the ear, and artist will vie with artist to fill the scene with enlivening mirth and pleasure. We present below some of the features of the afternoon and evening.

ARTISTS:

PROFESSOR SMITH in his wonderful exhibitions upon the stretched wire.
MR. EICHLAND, the Negro Dialectician.
LITTLE SUNSHINE, the Child Singer and Performer.
MR. JOSEPH JUDGE, Tenor.
MR. WILLIAM SHORT, Baritone.
MR. GEORGE EVERTON, Basso.
MR. DANIEL PADULA, Baritone.
MR. JOHN PHELAN, Comic Vocalist.
LITTLE MABEL McCLOSKEY.

These and others, together with the Choir of St. John's church, will fill up the passing hours with varied entertainment.

SPORTS:

In the afternoon at 4.30 the following sports will be carried out:

Running Broad Jump..... Prizes, \$2 and \$1
Three Standing Jumps..... Prizes, \$3 and \$2
Running Hop, Step and Jump..... Prizes, \$3 and \$2
Running High Jump..... Prizes, \$3 and \$2
100-yards Dash..... Prizes, \$3 and \$2
Putting Shot, 16 pounds..... Prizes, \$3 and \$2

Entrance Fee, 25 Cents.

Entries for all sports should be made to GEORGE A. CAHILL of 28 Phipps Street.

Besides the before-named games others will be carried out for special prizes, entries for which may be made in the same manner as for the other sports.

SPECIAL SPORTS.—Tug of War, prize, cigars to the winning team.

Climbing the Greased Pole, prize \$3.

Egg Race, Pipe Race, Potato Race, etc.

THE DONKEYS.

Don't forget the Donkeys. They will give you a ride about the premises, which you will remember for many a day. They are gentle creatures, yet the public is warned not to be too familiar with their tails as they would be likely to resent such liberty in a very pronounced and forcible manner. A ride upon the donkey is a tonic for weariness.

THE GREAT EQUINE WONDER.

You must see the great marvel, a horse whose tail is where his head ought to be.

THE WITCH OF ENDOR will be there to open up the mysteries of Fortune.
THE LONE FISHERMAN has consented to stand forth at the pond, and under his direction you will catch fish such as were never caught in the sea.
THE BLIND OCCULIST will supply tired eyes with spectacles.
REBECCA will stand at her well dispensing drinks.

SUPPER FROM 6 TO 12 P. M.

Don't bother about getting your supper at home when you may enjoy it under the cool shade of the Tent.

DANCING FROM 9.30 TILL 12.

The management of the affair will be in competent hands: General Aids, MISS ELIZABETH SULLIVAN, MISS MARGARET McNALLY; Stage Manager, MR. JOHN PHELAN; Sports, MR. GEORGE A. CAHILL; Pianist, MISS MARGARET GARRITY. Committees from St. John's C. L. and A. A. and from the Young Ladies' Sodality will act as aids in carrying out the various details.

PRICES: Adults, 25 Cents. Children, 10 Cents. Supper, 25 Cents Extra.

GROUND OPEN FROM 8 TO 12 P. M.

Remember the Change, TUESDAY, August 18, 1896.

RELIABLE BUSINESS

JOHN H. GOOD
South Quincy

Bread, Cake, Pastry, etc. Crackers
Wedding Cake a Specialty

Beans and Brown Bread Ev

25 WATER STREET,

Hot Weather

1 lot LAWN

All our 12 1-2c. LAWN

SHIRT WAISTS JU

D. E. Wadsw

Largest Dry Goods Store between

BRANCH AT EAST

NEAT, STYLISH, DURABLE
Globe

SOLD AT
THE GRANITE SHOE STORE,
QUINCY, MASS.

J. F. Sheppard

— DEALERS —

The Best Quality Lyken's
and White Ash

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PRESSED HAY, HA
AND SPLIT

Wharves, East Brintree and Quincy Point

Telephone Numbers; Quincy, 53-3; East
Postoffice Box: 19 Granite Street, Quincy

Special Article

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YOUR D

Should be bought

Leg Lamb, 14 cts

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Sweet

Watermelons, Cucumbers, To
Beans. Also a large assortment
and Provision line.

Send along your orders. We

L. M. PRA

RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

JOHN H. GOODHUE,
South Quincy Baker.Bread, Cake, Pastry, etc. Crackers at Wholesale or Retail.
Wedding Cake a Specialty.

Beans and Brown Bread Every Sunday Morning.

25 WATER STREET, - - QUINCY.

Hot Weather Goods.

1 lot LAWNS, 5ts.

All our 12-1-2c. LAWNS, to close, 8 cts.

SHIRT WAISTS JUST HALF PRICE.

D. E. Wadsworth & Co.

Largest Dry Goods Store between Boston and Brockton.

BRANCH AT EAST MILTON.

NEAT, STYLISH, DURABLE AND ECONOMICAL.

Globe \$2 Shoe

SOLD AT
THE GRANITE SHOE STORE,
QUINCY, MASS.

Sewed throughout
and made of the
best material by
skilled workmen.

The best value
ever offered to the
public for the
money.

J. F. Sheppard & Sons,

— DEALERS IN —

The Best Quality Lyken's Valley Franklin, Red
and White Ash and Cumberand**COAL,**PRESSED HAY, HARD AND SOFT WOOD
AND SPLIT KINDLINGS.

Wharves, East Braintree and Quincy Point. Yard, Granite Street, Quincy.

Telephone Numbers: Quincy, 53-3; East Braintree, 68-2; Quincy Point, 53-2.
Postoffice Box: 19 Granite Street, Quincy; Weymouth, 102; East Braintree, 6.

Special Articles of Much
Interest Will Appear
in the September
Monitor.

YOUR DINNERS

Should be bought of us this week.

Leg Lamb, 14 cts. lb.

Fores Lamb, 9 cts. lb.

Sweet Potatoes, 13 lbs. 25c.

Green Corn, 15c. doz.

Watermelons, Cucumbers, Tomatoes, Squashes, Lettuce, Shell
Beans. Also a large assortment of everything in the Grocery
and Provision line.

Send along your orders. We will deliver promptly.

L. M. PRATT & CO.

HE KILLED AN ORACLE

A TEXAS COWBOY REGARDED AS A
HERO IN SOUTH AFRICA.He Murdered a Famous Matabele Witch
Doctor—How the Deed Was Done—Al-
most Killed When Escaping From the
Cave of the Miracle Worker.A Texas cowboy named Burnham is
the hero of the Matabele war just now
on account of his exploit in invading
the natives' stronghold and killing the
mlimo, religious prophet or oracle, who
was directing the war against the
whites. The mlimo lived in a wonderful
cave in the Matoppos hills. He is prac-
tically the god of the natives, and his
miracles and prophecies enabled him to
keep control of the superstitious people
for many years. The English officers de-
cided that it was necessary for the sup-
pression of the rebellion to capture or
kill this negro. Burnham and an Eng-
lishman named Armstrong undertook
the task.They had many adventures and nar-
row escapes. Reaching the mlimo's cave,
they finally found him outside of it, and
for a moment alone. He was a tall,
well built man, about 60 years old, light
red in color, rather than black. Burn-
ham thus describes what happened:
"Armstrong went straight at him and
said, 'You are the mlimo man?' He
seemed staggered for a moment, but
said, 'What then?' So Armstrong told
him we were white men, and we found
we were no good against the Matabeles.
We wanted some of his witchcraft to
make their bullets turn to water when
they struck us, just as he had turned
white men's bullets into water. We said
we had come to pay our respects to him
and give the presents that the Kaffirs
gave, but we wanted a blessing in the
proper way, with all ceremony.""After a little hesitation he led the
way and we followed toward the cave.
We pretended to be mightily in awe of
him, but I was noting all the signs to
see whether he was the right man. I
had little doubt after I first accosted
him and none when we began to ascend
the rocks. As we got near the cave all
kinds of ceremony began. At every cor-
ner he would stop and sway his hands
around, singing a low kind of church
chant. He had a nice voice for a nigger,
and he kept bowing and crooning while
we came slowly along behind him.""All the rocks at the mouth of the
cave were polished with the wear of
ages of feet and hands passing over
them. At last we stopped. He had be-
gun his ceremonies just within the cave,
and went through all manner of atti-
tudes and noises. There was no mistake
about him now. I would have liked to
carry through the ceremony, but glance-
ing out into the valley I suddenly saw
the niggers on the move. We were trap-
ped. There was no good trying to arrest
him with that crowd there. All we
could do was to look out for ourselves,
and yet we could not leave the director
of the rebellion to order further murders
of whites with women and children.""I just drew a bead on him and shot
him there. Then we turned and got
away. As we went down we set fire to
all the huts at the foot of the hill. In a
moment cries resounded all over the
place. The niggers were rushing out
from back of the hill. Two outfits of
them came streaking down two different
trails to cut us off, and they nearly did
it. We just reached the horses and slip-
ped away, struggling over boulders and
jumping off rocks as high as the horses
themselves."Warfare by assassination may or may
not be justifiable under the circum-
stances. The point does not seem to
have been raised either in Africa or this
country, where Burnham's action is re-
garded as the deed of a brave man.—
New York Sun Cable Letter.

The Youth of the Land.

The coinage of over 4,000,000,000
cigarettes last year has done more than
any other thing to bring the youth of
the land down to the 50 cent dude
basis.—Detroit Free Press.

General Walker Made L.L.D.

The University of Edinburgh has con-
ferred the degree of doctor of laws upon
Professor Francis A. Walker, president
of the Massachusetts Institute of Tech-
nology.When the Bloom is on the Swelter.
"Oh, the hot wave is a melter,
And it makes us swoon and swelter
While we hustle helter skelter
Through the city's rat tat tat,
And the cambric handkerchieflet
Won't assuage our greasy griddle,
Though assisted by the leadlet
Of the cabbage in the hat."Oh, the hot wave now is booming,
And the atmosphere's simooming,
While old Sirius is looming
And the ice man is on top,
While the perspiration's dropping
From the brows we're madly mopping
On the car the corn is popping
With a Populistic pop.Oh, the poodle's melancholic,
And he cannot frisk and frolic,
For upon he parabolic
Now the lasso wildly tears,
And the vendor's shirt front sunders
While he eloquently thunders
Of the marvels and the wonders
Of his meretricious wares.Now the vitreous mosquito,
With the bill no man can veto—
Yes, from Dan to Sausalito,
On our nasal's rapture pent—
Oh, this diabolic hammer
Of a rumpty tummy turner
Simply means this is the summer
Of our disconcertment.Oh, we're yearning for the beaches,
Where the sea gull wildly screeches
And no blasted curlicue peaches
Full of typhoid wake our wrath;
Where the baker, ripe and rosy,
Makes each fairy like a posy,
And we make the waiter "noisy"
For a blooming aftermath.Oh, it's while we thus are dreaming
Of the siren on us beaming
And her golden ringlets gleaming
On the tideless curlicue peaches
That beneath the incandescent
We perform the grind incessant
For the shekel's evanescent
To assuage our dainty yearning.

—R. K. Munkittrick in New York Journal.

ROBINSON'S METHOD.

One of the best men that I ever knew
for adapting himself to circumstances,
observed Major Hotchkiss, was a young
fellow that we'll call Robinson. He
was a Yale man, and I fancy a bit of a
black sheep. He came of a good New
England family, and after we left col-
lege he went to Cuba for a few months,
and then came back and drifted to Chi-
cago and became a reporter on the Chi-
cago Times. This was in the old Storey
days, when a Times reporter, in the
event of a man refusing to give him
news, was expected to take the man
down and hammer it out of him. Rob-
inson made a mistake one day. He
hammered the city editor and had to
leave town. He promptly came out to
Badger Rock, Mon.Badger Rock at that time was one of
the hardest towns in the west. Homicide
was a pastime, like lawn tennis or
croquet in other parts of the country.
Robinson got immediate employment
on a morning paper called by its owner,
with fine irony, The Daily Dove. It was
the worst sheet in town, which was say-
ing a great deal. Its strong point was
abusive personals in a country where
all personals are dangerous.When Robinson came to town, he
found the post of city editor vacant and
applied for the place. The owner slipped
his arm into Robinson's and led him
half a mile up the mountain to the lit-
tle cemetery. Pointing to three white
wooden headboards, he said, "Young
man, there sleep your three prede-
cessors.""There's room for another between
that end and the fence," answered Rob-
inson, and he took the position of city
editor.But the worst thing about the out-
look for the young man I have not yet
mentioned. He could not shoot. He had
tried to learn many times; but, in his
own words, he "couldn't hit a flock of
barns." He explained this peculiarity
to his employer."Give me the address of the friend
you want notified, please," said the
man, whipping out a pencil, but Rob-
inson only laughed, picked up the
shears, cut the lapels off the side pock-
ets of his coat, walked out and wan-
dered away up the gulch.Now, something the owner of The
Daily Dove didn't know was that Rob-
inson had pitched for three years on the
college baseball club. He could throw a
ball harder and straighter (or crooked-
er, as the circumstances might require)
than almost any man who up to that
time had stood in the center of the dia-
mond.Up the gulch he began selecting
stones about the size of hen's eggs, hard
and jagged. I think he picked out gar-
den specimens largely, as being the
heaviest, and frequently rough and
square cornered. He dropped half a
dozen nuggets in each side pocket and
took off his hat and filled that and re-
turned.The second day after this his employ-
er said to him: "Robinson, there's a
man come to town named Wash Gazley.
He is a criminal and a deadbeat who
has killed five or six men. He is now
drunk and going about town destroying
the property of some of our best ad-
vertisers. Just touch him up tomorrow
morning."Robinson wrote a ripping item, in
which he called the man a coward,
tramp, chicken thief and so forth and
warned him to get out of town under
pain of "further disclosures in the fear-
less columns of The Dove."It was a hot paragraph, and when
the foreman read it he simply remarked,
"Well, I hope the man that takes the
city editorship tomorrow will write a
plainer hand."About 10 o'clock the next morning
Robinson was walking quietly along the
main street of the town with his right
hand resting carelessly in his coat pock-
et. Suddenly Mr. Gazley stepped out of
the door of a saloon.He reached for his revolver. The
young man from Yale who couldn't
shoot took his hand out of his pocket.
In it was an irregular specimen of lead
ore.I remember how the local doctor tried
to expalin subsequently that the speci-
men didn't hit Gazley in a "necessarily
vital spot," but it was vital enough for
all practical purposes, and the next
morning The Dove remarked casually
that "when the cutthroats of this town
meet around the hearth tonight there
will be one vacant chair. Jim Gazley is
no more."A week later a man came down from
Placer Beach, winged the chief of po-
lice, shot out the lights in the postoffice
and rode his horse on the sidewalk. The
Dove reprimanded him.He took a foolish and erring shot at
the city editor, who replied with a
stone and returned to his office and
wrote that "another old settler has gone
out from our midst. Life is indeed un-
certain. Now is the time to subscribe."Robinson staid a year before he got
tired of the place and went to San Fran-
cisco but I don't think that after the
first three months he had any trouble.
During that time I would not dare to
say how many he popped over. Of
course, most of them he only wounded.
But, as he remarked in his valedictory,
"far more than we intended have gone
with less propitiation than we could
have wished. It should only serve to
remind us that in the midst of life a
rock may catch us in the jaw."—New
York Tribune.

A Gentle Hint.

Paterfamilias (severely)—There was
a young gentleman with you in the pa-
lor last night?Sweet Girl (gently)—Yes, pa—Mr.
Stayer."And it was after 11 before he went
home, miss. I'd like to know what kept
him so late?""Well, pa, you looked so angrily at
me when you came in and saw him that
I guess he thought I needed a protector,
and so he staid until he thought you
were asleep."—New York Weekly.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

"It was very clever on the part of
Corbett," says a sporting man. "To in-
sist that a clause should be inserted in
the articles of agreement providing that
Sharkey should not engage in any other
fight during the existence of their agree-
ment. James J. does not care to fight,
and he is particularly anxious that
Sharkey shall not. He believes that he
has a mark in Sharkey, so he does not
care to have him go up against Smith,
Maher, Slavin or any of the other sec-
ond class big fellows and risk a beat-
ing. Say that Sharkey should happen
to be bested by some of the smaller fry,
what would it add to Corbett's reputa-
tion to beat this hard hitting marine? Then there would be the loss of public
interest and not the least likelihood of
projectors of the Dan Stuart stripe
breaking their necks to pull the fight
off. A great head has James J."—New
York Sun.

Baseball Pitching.

"A young pitcher cannot be developed
unless he is put in the game occasion-
ally," says Charley King. "This en-
ables him to lose his stage fright, if he
has any, and gives him nerve and con-
fidence. Any amount of practice will
not do him any good unless he goes in
the box once in awhile and locates the
plate. The only way for a catcher to
coach a young pitcher is through the
medium of signals during a game and
advise as to the sort of ball he should
pitch. This information cannot be ob-
tained by tossing the ball to any Tom, Dick
or Harry, though I will admit that
the study of certain pitchers is a good
thing for the twirling novice."—Ex-
change.

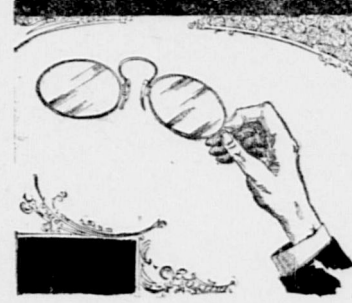
The Arm of Ives.

Frank Ives, champion billiard player
of the world, can strike a billiard ball
with a cue harder than any other living
man. With one blow he can drive the
ball around the table until it has struck
11 cushions. Fitzsimmons can barely
touch 9 cushions, while Corbett can
touch 1 less. Ives thinks that his pec-
uliar ability is due to some unusual
construction of his arm, and he has just
made a will in which he directs that at
his death his right arm should be se-
vered from his body and sent to his phy-
sician for dissection. The rest of the
body will be cremated. Ives, by the
way, has saved \$300,000 during his
career.

The Bicycle in Central America.

The people of Central America have
taken very kindly to the wheel. Dr.
Luella Cool, the dentist who introduced
diamonds in front teeth and went to
Central America a year ago to practice
her profession, is a Chicago girl and
the first woman to introduce cycling in
the Central American republics. She is
followed for blocks on her appearing in
the street and is an object of wonder-
ment to the natives. She appears in a
natty navy blue suit, white flannel shirt
and plaid stockings. She has made a
great success in her profession and is
dentist to ex-President Barrios and the
best Spanish families there.—Exchange.

HERE'S YOUR SPEC'S



One Million Dollars

o for a pair of eyes o
o with sight in them. A o
o man recently adver- o
o tised to pay one million o
o dollars to the person o
o who would restore his o
o sight. He realized the o
o preciousness of sight o
o too late. A little rest o
o from business—a visit o
e to a careful optician, o
o and he wouldn't have o
o had to see with his o
o ears. o
o How about your eyes? o
o Don't know? Let us o
o find out for you. o
o We will examine your o
o eyes free of charge—o
o not as peddlers do—but o
o in a scientific manner. o
o If we find you need o
o glasses, we will fit them o
o as only a practical op- o
o tician can do, and if o
o you don't say that life o
o has new charms for o
o you, we will GIVE you o
o the glasses. o

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OPTICIAN,

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Those who have not

Time
and PatienceTo go and catch Fish
for themselves, can find
just what they want at
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Fish Market.

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REAL ESTATE.

Having opened a Real Estate office in
Durgin & Merrill's Block, we are prepared
to show plans and give prices on some of
the finest house lots offered for sale in this
city in recent years. These lots are em-
braced in the following tracts of land:President's Hill,
Cranch Hill,
Dell Estate,

WEST QUINCY,

Hillside Terrace,
GROVE STREET,
Wollaston,
BATES AVENUE.Will be on land at President's Hill every
afternoon from 2 to 4. Parties desiring
lots or any information on the above
properties, please call at Room 12, Durgin
& Merrill's Block.Patronize those using the col-
umns of the Monitor.

MISSSES FLYNN

HAVE THE
LATEST STYLES

: IN :

Shirt Waists.

Also in Belts and Ties.

Have you seen the

Wrappers

they are selling so cheap? If
not please give them a call.

12 Hancock St., Quincy.

Father Jogues, missionary who met the
Auriesville. The life of
is a history of
of a journey
Indian Island,
an important
at the Capitol
the Iroquois in
among the
was finally
to the chief.
the part of the
ing shot a cross.
for his repre-
when the mis-
sion term from his
Indians and he
ing two pieces of
young. It is this
his Master
triumphantly before
likely that the
will be canonized

Statues of Saints Peter and Paul
have been erected within the chapel
itself. They are gifts to the seminary
by Archbishop Corrigan. St. Peter
holds in one hand the keys of the king-
dom, while the other is raised as he
addresses a congregation. He is shown
in the attitude of the first Pope. St.
Paul is depicted with the sword in one
hand and a manuscript, from which he
is reading, in the other.

The seminary was formally opened
on Aug. 12, instead of Aug. 15, as
first arranged.

We notice in another column the
lawn party which is to be held on the
grounds of St. John's church Tuesday
afternoon and evening.

THE MONITOR would return thanks
to the Granite Manufacturers' asso-
ciation for courtesies extended.

Subscribers to this paper will be
called upon soon, and it is hoped that
all may be able to settle.

Change.

AY

August 18.

PARTY

Street, Quincy.

of the most exacting. A sparkling display
an enchanting beauty to an already beautiful
ortality. Shelter will be afforded to those who
delight the ear, and artist will vie with artist
res of the afternoon and evening.

the stretched wire.

church, will fill up the passing

will be carried out:

before-named games others will be
special prizes, entries for which may
same manner as for the other sports.

SPORTS.—Tug of War, prize, cigars to

am.

Greased Pole, prize \$3.

Pipe Race, Potato Race, etc.

ALL of 28 Phipps Street.

YS.

you will remember for many a day. They are
old be likely to resent such liberty in a very

NDER.

where his head ought to be.

direction you will catch fish such as were

2 P. M.

under the cool shade of the Tent.

MILL 12.

MISS NORA FORD; General Ads, MISS
JOHN PHILLAN, Sports, MR. GEORGE A.
L. and A. A. and from the Young Ladies'

Supper, 25 Cents Extra.

12 P. M.

August 18, 1896.

Business Cards.

J. W. McANARNEY,
Counselor-at-Law,
QUINCY, MASS.

Room 1, Durgin & Merrill's Block.
Saturdays at the office of J. E. McANARNEY, 109 Washington Street, Boston.

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Paper Hanging,
Whitening
and Decorating
Painting in all its branches.
All orders promptly attended to.
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Dr. G. R. England
DENTIST,
4 Chestnut Street,
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Connected by Telephone.

Prices and Quality are Right.

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No. 12 Quincy Avenue.
HORSE SHOEING
Done in all its branches.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
DANIEL DESMOND, - Proprietor
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W. A. HODGES,
BAKER
42 Hancock Street,
Quincy.
BRANCH STORE:
Adams Building.
HARLES H. JOHNSON,
Houses to let in all parts of Quincy.
REAL ESTATE,
Insurance, Mortgages,
AUCTIONEER.
Office, Room 3, Adams Building.
Residence, 30 River Street.

JOHN HALL,
Black & Boarding Stable,
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secured or not, free of charge. Our fee not due
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P. O. Box 108, WASHINGTON, D. C.

MEN WHO DO HORSES' WORK.

A Million Japanese Are Engaged In Pulling Jirikishas.

One of the greatest obstacles in the way of the industrial progress of Japan is the fact that upward of 1,000,000 of the most muscular of its population are engaged as beasts of burden. In this calculation I do not include those occupations in which the day laborers of all civilized countries are engaged. The statement is simply based on the fact that over 1,000,000 of the vigorous manhood are engaged in the transportation of people and commodities from place to place, performing the work which in Europe and America is done by animals, by steam, by electricity and other modern methods of conveyance. So tremendous is this drain upon the population of the empire that much of the other hard labor, such as loading coal on vessels, handling heavy freight on railways, the driving and loading of pack horses, heavy farm work and the like, is performed by women, who dressed in tight blue cotton trousers and tunics, are compelled to do for Japan what the longshoremen, yardmen and farm laborers do in the United States.

The estimate that over 1,000,000 men are engaged in the mikado's empire is based upon the fact that the returns of 1895 show a total of 199,411 jirikishas and 914,830 hand carts. As all these carriages and carts are licensed, the returns are probably correct. In the case of the jirikishas the number of pullers and pushers is greatly in excess of the number of vehicles. This comes from the fact that some of the vehicles have two men and because in large cities the same vehicle is rented out during the 24 hours to two different men.

It is safe to assume that nearly 250,000 coolies are directly and indirectly engaged as pullers and pushers of these conveyances. As for carts, the same holds true. They are propelled by enormous loads, sometimes by two bent and wrinkled old men, sometimes by one strong and hearty young man of low intelligence and sometimes by mere boys from 10 to 15 years of age. One million, therefore, would seem to be within the mark. This gives us a total of 1,250,000 human horses.

To the ordinary observer these jirikishas seem a novel and delightful experience. They combine all the joys of a human horse. They help you into the carriage, hand you your parasol or umbrella, tuck the rug around you and land you at the door of the shop or house. Moreover, they take care of your parcels. In rainy weather they pull up the hood and fasten the olecloth in front, so that nothing but a peephole is left, and you are safe from the wet and mud. All you see is the bare legs of the hedgehog looking creature who, covered with a peculiar hat and coat of a reedy grass, is rushing onward through slush and snow and sleet and rain. This is well enough for the passenger within, but what are the effects of the occupation upon the man without? What is the effect of the employment of 1,250,000 of the robust men of Japan in this way and in the hauling of carts upon the rest of the population? These are questions that must be carefully weighed in any estimate of the future industrial importance of Japan. —Cleveland World.

Paid No Attention to the Bell.
Sheep, so I am told, are just as stupid about bicycles as they are about everything else that goes on wheels. A young lady in Devonshire, riding down a grass slope, came across a sheep which was lying down exactly in her way. Much to the consternation of her friends, who were watching the performance, she apparently attempted to jump the animal. Over rolled the trio, with the result that the bicycle was more or less damaged, the sheep's feelings were hurt and the lady got a black eye.

"But why did you do it?" they asked her.
"I do it!" was the indignant reply. "I rang my bell as loud as I could, but the silly creature would not get out of the way." —Blackwood's Magazine.

Eliot's Indian Bible.
"Miss Frances H. Tribou," says the Boston Transcript, "daughter of Chaplain Tribou, takes exception to the oft repeated statement that a man now living can read Eliot's Indian Bible. She writes to Zion's Herald that at the Mohonk Indian conference of 1894 she heard Bishop Whipple say that it is a mistake to say it cannot be read, because the Ojibways of Minnesota can read it. As the bishop's remarks are published in the proceedings of the conference and as he is an authority on such matters Miss Tribou's exception seems to be well taken."

Pertinent Answer.
"What did Augusta's father say when you asked him if you could marry his daughter?"
"He asked me when I expected to move in." —Detroit Free Press.

THOREAU'S COMPANIONS.

He Made Friends In the Forest With the Life Around Him.

The mice which haunted my house were not the common ones which are said to have been introduced into the country, but a wild native kind not found in the village. I sent one to a distinguished naturalist, and it interested him very much. When I was building, one of these had its nest underneath the house, and before I had laid the second floor and swept out the shavings, would come out regularly at lunch-time and pick up the crumbs at my feet. It probably had never seen a man before, and it soon became quite familiar and would run over my shoes and up my clothes. It could readily ascend the sides of the room by short impulses, like a squirrel, which it resembled in its motions.

At length, as I leaned with my elbow on the bench one day, it ran up my clothes and along my sleeve and round and round the paper which held my dinner while I kept the latter close and dodged and played at hopscotch with it, and when at last I held still a piece of cheese between my thumb and finger it came and nibbled it, sitting in my hand, and afterward cleaned its face and paws like a fly and walked away.

A phoebe soon built in my shed, and a robin, for protection, in a pine which grew against the house. In June the partridge, which is so shy a bird, led her brood past my windows from the woods in the rear to the front of my house, clucking and calling to them like a hen and in all her behavior proving herself the hen of the woods. The young suddenly disperse on your approach, at a signal from the mother, as if a whirlwind had swept them away, and they so exactly resemble the dried leaves and twigs that many a traveler has placed his foot in the midst of a brood and heard the whirr of the old bird as she flew off and her anxious calls and mewings or seen her trail her wings to attract his attention without suspecting their neighborhood. The parent will sometimes roll and spin round before you in such disfigure that you cannot for a few moments detect what kind of creature it is.

The young squat still and flat, often running their heads under a leaf, and mind only their mother's directions, given from a distance, nor will your approach make them run again and betray themselves. I have held them in my open hand, and still their only care, obedient to their mother and their instinct, was to squat there without fear or trembling. So perfect is this instinct that once when I had laid them on the leaves again and one accidentally fell on its side it was found, with the rest, in exactly the same position ten minutes afterward. The remarkable adult yet innocent expression of their open and serene eyes is very memorable. All intelligence seems reflected in them. They suggest not merely the purity of infancy, but a wisdom clarified by experience. Such an eye was not born when the bird was, but is coeval with the sky it reflects. The woods do not yield such another gem. —"Thoreau's Life."

When Mme. Pfeiffer Met Savages.
Her courage was remarkable, especially in robber infested countries, such as Babylonia, Kurdistan and Persia. But, being a woman, she suffered little, and, though she carried pistols, she seems never to have required them. The Russians were the only people from whom she experienced rude and violent treatment.

Once, when traveling with a caravan and walking alone at a little distance while the caravan rested, she was seized by two Russians, one of them an officer, thrown into a car and hurried to the posthouse, no doubt to be robbed or released only for a handsome ransom, but after a night of hardship her passport set her free. "Oh, you good Turks, Arabs, Hindoos," she exclaims, "or whatever else you may be called, such treatment was never shown to me among you! How pleasantly have I always taken leave of your countries! How attentively was I treated at the Persian frontiers when I would not understand that my passport was required! And here, in a Christian empire, how much incivility have I had to bear during this short journey!" —Blackwood's Magazine.

A Costly Ring.
"Have you any idea of the price of the most costly ring ever made?" inquired Mrs. Watts, looking up from her paper, from which she had been reading about jewels.
"Dunno," answered Mr. Watts. "I know the one I put on your finger has been costing me from \$2,000 to \$2,500 a year ever since." —New York Journal.

Couldn't Tell.
Reuben (in the back seat of the theater)—Will you let me have a peek through them glasses, neighbor? I can't just make out whether that's a gal on the stage or one of them 'ere pianer lamps. —Yonkers Statesman.

THESE ANTS ARE VERY TERRORS.

Man and Beast Fear Them as They Do a Pestilence.

The most remarkable insect of South Africa is the driver ant, the Anomma arens of the scientist. This ant resembles the ordinary ant, except in size. It is much larger, varying from a quarter to three-quarters of an inch in length. The color is a dark brownish black. The head is large and powerful, and the mandibles are so curved that they cross when closed. Thus they grasp their prey so tightly that it is impossible to loosen their hold without tearing the flesh.

But the most curious thing about this species is that neither the male nor female has as yet been discovered. This may seem to be a paradox, but the driver ant is the worker, and, as is the case with bees and several other insects, has neither sex.

This creature is called the driver ant on account of its manner of traveling. Countless thousands, nay, millions of them, travel in armies across the country. Their column is from five to ten feet across and is sometimes miles in length. They drive everything before them. No living being can withstand their onslaught, for they will attack the largest animals if molested, leaving nothing but a skeleton behind.

On the approach of an army of driver ants toward a village the inhabitants immediately vacate, taking to the woods, or, if a lake or stream is near, going out in canoes, knowing that it is useless to try to fight the ants. Entering the town, they fill every dwelling, devouring everything edible in it and clearing it entirely of all vermin. Then they pass on, leaving the house as clean as a whistle.

These creatures have been observed eating a fowl, and their manner of so doing is curious. First they make a path or road from the bird to their nest, clearing it of everything movable. Then, commencing at the bill, they pluck out every feather. When the bird is plucked, the ants proceed to bite off small pieces, which they convey to their house. When they are through, the skeleton is as white as if it had been scraped with a knife.

Driver ants are said to eat snakes, beginning by biting the reptile's eyes, thus rendering it helpless. On account of this habit, the natives say, the great python, after crushing and killing its prey, makes a circuit around it of a mile or so to see if there is an army of these ants approaching, and, if so, leaves the victim to them, realizing its own helplessness after it has eaten the food.

For the Relief of Tories.
In 1783 a bill went rapidly through parliament appointing a commission to inquire into the losses of the loyalists. The sufferers were scattered all over the United States and the British possessions, while many of them were lying in English prisons for debts which they had no means of discharging. Many years had passed away since the majority had been driven from their homes, and the difficulties of inquiry and assessment of loss were immense. It will be sufficient to say that the commission took seven years to complete its task. Of course only a small minority of the loyalists were so situated as to be able to present and prove their claims, for the obvious openings for fraud were so great that the proceeding had to be of a most thorough and sometimes even offensive description. An average of about 40 per cent of the value of the loss on proved claims was paid. Confiscated estates were only the least difficult of these assets to deal with.

A mass of old debts were due by individual Americans to the refugees, and these were often impossible of legal proof, for the debtor who had repudiated his private obligations, either with the open or tacit sanction of his government, would be in no hurry to assist in proclaiming himself a defaulter. Nearly \$4,000,000 in all was paid as compensation, representing about \$10,000,000 actually proved in court as lost. There is not the slightest doubt, however, that even this latter figure was but a fraction of the total loss incurred. —Macmillan's Magazine.

The Highest Inhabited Spot.
The highest place in the world regularly inhabited by human beings is the Buddhist monastery of Haine, Tibet, which is about 16,000 feet above sea level. The next highest is Galera, a railway station on the wonderful Transandean railway in Peru, which is located at a height of 15,635 feet. The most elevated city of any size in the world is the city of Potosi, Bolivia, which is 13,330 feet above the level of the Pacific. —St. Louis Republic.

The Rolling Passion.
"My dear," said Mr. Simple to his wife, "I dreamed last night that I was in heaven looking for you."
"And did you find me, dear?"
"No. They told me you were at the bargain counter." —Detroit Free Press.

THE SMILE OF A LITTLE CHILD.

There is nothing more pure in heaven And nothing on earth more mild, More full of the light that is divine Than the smile of a little child.

The sinless lips, half parted With breath as sweet as the air, And the light that seems so glad to shine In the gold of the sunny hair.
Oh, little one, smile and bless me, For somehow I know not why— I feel in my soul when children smile That angels are passing by.
I feel that the gates of heaven Are nearer than I know; That the light of the hope of that sweeter world, Like the dawn is breaking through. —New York News Letter.

THE END OF HENRIETTE RENAN.

In May Henriette accompanied M. Renan on that celebrated expedition to Palestine, the fruits of which were given to the world in the "Vie de Jesus." After spending some months in Galilee and the Lebanon they found themselves at Beirut in September. Their work was nearly finished, and they were eagerly looking forward to their return home, when Mlle. Renan was seized with fever. The village of Amschit, near Byblos, a favorite sojourn of hers, seemed preferable to Beirut as a resting place for the short remaining time, but scarcely had they removed there when her brother in his turn was smitten. There was no one in the village competent to treat the disease, and when the doctor from Beirut arrived it was too late to save Henriette. She died, as she had lived for so long, alone. During her long agony her brother was lying in a state of complete unconsciousness, from which he was roused by the administration of the most powerful remedy known to science only an hour after she had passed away.

"She died," says M. Renan, "as she lived, without recompense. The hour when men reap what they have sown, when they look back from their repose on the toils and sorrows of the way, never struck for her on earth. May her memory remain with us as a precious argument for those eternal truths which every virtuous life contributes to demonstrate. For myself I have never doubted of the reality of the moral order, but I see clearly now that the whole logic of the system of the universe would be overthrown if such lives were but a mockery and an illusion." —Temple Bar.

Some Funny Speeches.

An Irishman who was very ill, when the physician told him that he must prescribe an emetic for him, said, "Indeed, doctor, an emetic will never do me any good, for I have taken several and could never keep one of them upon my stomach." An Irishman at cards, who, inspecting the pool, found it deficient, exclaimed: "Here is a shilling short. Who put it in?" A poor Irish servant maid, who was left handed, placed the knives and forks upon the dinner table in the same awkward fashion. Her master remarked to her that she had placed them all left handed. "Ah, true, indeed, sir," she said, "and so I have. Would you be pleased to help me to turn the table?" Doyle and Yelverton, the two eminent members of the Irish bar, quarreled one day so violently that from hard words they came to hard blows. Doyle, a powerful man with the fists, knocked down Yelverton twice, exclaiming, "You scoundrel, I'll make you behave yourself like a gentleman!" To which Yelverton, rising, replied, with equal indignation: "No, sir, never! I defy you! You could not do it!" —London Spectator.

Cycling in the Desert.

I journeyed along some main camel-tracks—for example, the Palestine road—and noted that often a soft rock lies but an inch or two below the sand, and that where many spongy footed beasts have passed the path is at least as hard and as even as a close cropped English lawn. Nor is the desert by any means all sand. It has broad tracks of overlying shingle and much outcropping rock and vast salt-pans, whose beds are incrustured with a hard deposit of glittering flakes. —National Review.

Julius Caesar's calendar prevailed in Europe until 1582, when it was supplanted by that of Gregory XIII, now in use, which omits three leap years every 400 years.

Knowledge is said to be power, and it is power in the same sense that wood is fuel. Wood on fire is fuel. Knowledge on fire is power. —A. Mackenzie.

Jefferson is said to have been the first American statesman to suggest the dollar as the financial unit of our currency.

Porta's idea of a magnetic telegraph, operating by the sympathy of two distant magnets, was ridiculed by Galilee.

In his book called "Travaillies" Edvard Webb tells of seeing a flesh eating wild man in Constantinople.

Nervous diseases and complications are more common among women than among men.

225 MILES AN HOUR.

The Virginia Plover Makes More Than Three Miles a Minute.

The distance covered by birds in a day's travel is a matter of great interest, but it has not been studied as it ought to be. We know, however, in a general way, that under favoring circumstances geese and ducks cover from 300 miles up to 610 in a day of 24 hours. The hard-working insect eaters that travel by day probably average five or six miles. The gorgeous Baltimore Oriole, being easily traced by both plumage and voice, has been noted all the way from Rodney, Miss., to Oak Point, Manitoba, a distance of 1,298 miles, and he covered it in 48 days, a speed of 27 miles per day. A lot of other birds were lumped together and an average of 23 miles a day obtained. But the observers were few. And then it may be that the birds flew 100 miles in a night and then rested for three days thereafter. They averaged so many miles a day, but what was their actual speed a-wing? Gatke, a German observer, who has devoted 50 years to the study of birds in migration on the little island called Heligoland, concludes that the Virginia plover travels 225 miles per hour, and that the average altitude of migrants in fine weather is at least 10,000 feet. Will we ever learn about these things definitely?

That the time of a bird's arrival in the spring varies with the weather is known to all but to this rule there are some marvelous exceptions. On May 18, 1887, a Wilson's blackcap warbler was seen in a certain bush by an observer, who took especial note of the fact because it was a new bird to him and for other reasons. It was seen at 1:30 p. m. A year later the observer happened to remember the fact and went to the shrubbery to see if by chance a blackcap had arrived and found one in the same bush at the same hour. And this thing happened again the third year. It doubtless just happened so, and yet the birds that start north late in the season, as the blackcap does, move with much greater regularity than the early travelers do.

That individuals remain behind while the main hosts of a tribe migrate is very well known. It is worth while noting, because it emphasizes the assertion that eccentric people are found among birds as among men. And some travel far from accustomed haunts. The Swainson's hawk from the Rocky mountains has been found in the Adirondacks and the horned lark of the plains in Massachusetts. I should not be astonished to find an Idaho magpie hovering around the capitol at Washington.

The reason why birds migrate has not been considered here, but the allotted space is already full. Many reasons are offered, of which the chief is homesickness, a longing for the old birthplace, but none is entirely satisfactory. Perhaps one must go back to the old days when palm trees grew in Siberia and monkeys ran wild on the Cape Horn archipelago to find the reason. It is a matter still under investigation, and it is, as was said, in the hope that some may be incited to join in the investigation that this and other wonders and mysteries of bird life have been related. —Chautauquan.

Shoe Misfitteries.

There's scarcely any limit to the industries of the metropolis. On the east side, in the neighborhood of Grand and Norfolk streets, are several small stores, which are known to the irreverent youth of that neighborhood as "boot and shoe misfitteries." The stock in trade is announced and is supposed to consist of boots and shoes made to order which have been returned by some customer whom they did not exactly suit. The misfitters are marvelously skillful in their work and will deceive anybody but an expert. A favorite trick is to restore a shoe and then put two or three blotches of ink on the lining. The suave dealer offers you the lining and says, "Just as good as new, only some careless clerk dropped the ink on it, and it was ruined for that first class store." Shoes made for Patti, Langtry, Princess Eulalia and other feminine celebrities are always kept in stock. The customers of these places are of a very good class and consist usually of young women who desire to get fashionable boots worth \$10 or \$15 for \$4 or \$5, and who do not mind the fact that these are shopworn, misfit or some secondhand so long as they can make their associates believe what the misfit dealer told them about the ink blotches. —New York Cor. Pittsburgh Dispatch.

A Full Supply.

Father Healey was walking on the seashore with a friend who was drinking the water of "the briny" for health's sake. The invalid had taken one glassful, and, turning to the father, he said, "Do you think I might venture on another glass?" "Faith, I don't think it will be missed," said the father, with a droll glance, as he scanned the watery horizon. —Household Words.

MISLEADING MIRAGES.

Ignus Fatuus Which Is Followed by Arab Guides.

While we staid at Murat Wells my companions and myself received many kindly attentions from the courteous and hospitable Abadeh sheiks. They supplied us, among other things, with the most delicious mutton, which was not what one would expect to find in the heart of this desert, where not a blade of grass grows. I was told that the Arabs procure these sheep on the Red sea coast and drive them up to Murat from Helaib, a distance of 260 miles as the crow flies. While talking over various routes with the Abadeh we realized how intimate is their knowledge of the desert. Their journeys are by no means confined to those regular trucks radiating from Murat. One can engage guides at Murat who will take one direct to any place one may like to mention on the Red sea shore or on the Nile bank. They know every well and pool of the desert and the amount of water it can supply.

At the same time these guides are not infallible, and occasionally they miss the wells for which they are hired and perish of thirst. Abdel Azim told us that the mirages, which are so frequent and so deceptive in the Nubian desert, are the chief cause of these mistakes. The landmarks by which the guides direct their course become invisible or are distorted and unrecognizable while sometimes the ghost of some familiar rock or tree—possibly many leagues away and in a totally different direction—arises out of the desert to draw the unfortunate traveler to his destruction. The sheik said that within his own memory 90 of the best Abadeh guides had thus lost their way and died in the desert.

These Abadeh are a most interesting people with whom to converse when they become communicative. Traveling, as they do, all over the desert between the Red sea and the Nile, and being in constant communication with their friends in the Sudan and elsewhere, they have a very accurate knowledge of all that is going on throughout an immense tract of country. An Abadeh carries in his head a map of a great part of Africa, and it is difficult to mention a place within his ken whose situation and distance he cannot roughly lay down.

The information of our friends the sheiks extended to the Kongo Fl. State and to Uganda, and they knew all the details of the Italian campaign in Abyssinia. They told us some strange stories concerning recent events in that country, which it is expedient not to repeat until they have been confirmed. They said, by the way, that many European officers were leading the troops of Menelek. They were quite certain of this and assured us that they had this news from sources of information absolutely trustworthy. They also spoke of the rifles and ammunition which had been landed in quantities at certain Red sea ports and thence carried by caravans into Abyssinia, some of which most probably will reach the dervishes, to be used against us in the coming campaign. —London Truth.

A Walking Fish.

A queer fish, called the "walking goby," or the "hepping fish," is found in the Indian ocean as well as along the shores of west Africa. Crowds of these curious creatures, resembling tadpoles in their outlines, bask in the sun on a muddy shore and scamper off on being disturbed. Many of them keep the ends of their long tails dipped in the water while they lie on the sun heated mud or sit on mangrove roots, and Professor Haddon has suggested that there may be an organ of respiration in the end of the tail additional to the similar organs in the gills. A more recent investigator, Dr. Forbes of Liverpool, thinks the fish are able to store a sufficient quantity of water in their gills to maintain aquatic respiration during their prolonged absences on the shore. —Youth's Companion.

Male Birds Lead the Way.

When birds are migrating, the males usually precede the females. The robins, for instance, which are seen early in the year are almost invariably males, which apparently traveled on before their mates. The female birds follow, perhaps because they are not such powerful fliers, and also perhaps because they like to take their time and gossip with one another. In the fall the male birds leave first—the old ones—while the females travel along together with their young, solicitous for their welfare, and still training them after the fashion of mother birds. —New York Sun.

Sadness.

"What a sad expression Mr. Welham has. Ever notice it?"
"Yes. There is a woman at the bottom of it all, is usual."
"You don't say. Who is she?"
"His wife. Her cooking has given him the dyspepsia." —Indianapolis Journal.

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WILL SHE ABDICATE?GROUNDS FOR THE RUMOR THAT
QUEEN VICTORIA WILL RETIRE.

Albert Edward May Soon Have to Handle the Reins of Government—Abdication Not Popular With Monarchs In the Past—Some Instances, However.

There seems at last some foundation for the report that Queen Victoria means to abdicate, in which event the Prince of Wales will become king of Great Britain and Ireland and emperor of India. The ground of the rumor is her majesty's alleged intention to pass all her time hereafter at Balmoral or Osborne and to give her eldest son the use of Buckingham palace and Windsor castle. Common sense would indicate that where the pageant is there should be so much of power as survives in royalty be also. Moreover, the English theory of constitutional government requires a prime minister to consult the sovereign continually, especially during the sessions of parliament, and such consultation is extremely inconvenient, if not impracticable, when the sovereign persistently remains in a remote corner of the kingdom.

It is not age alone which may lead the queen to lay aside the crown, for, although she has ruled 59 years, or longer than any other English monarch, she is only in the seventy-eighth year of her age, or considerably younger than Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gladstone were when they were for the last time her first ministers. But infirmities and bereavements have so far disabled her that for many years she has evinced an inclination to evade her social duties, and it is scarcely to be presumed that her political functions have been more punctiliously discharged.

It would be easy for the monarchical element in the British constitution to shrink into a legal fiction, as so many of its prerogatives have shrunk, and the fact that the throne has not undergone effacement in recent years, but, on the contrary, seems firmly buttressed by the national good will, is due unquestionably to the tact, activity and popularity of the Prince of Wales. He has long borne much of the burden of royalty, and it will seem but just that he should wear the crown.

It is a curious and interesting fact that there has never been an example of voluntary abdication on the part of an English sovereign, although six rulers have been deposed, or seven, if we count Lady Jane Grey, who was crowned and reigned nine days. There have been many acts of self renunciation, on the other hand, on the part of monarchs on the continent of Europe. The memorable surrender of all his titles and powers by Emperor Ferdinand V. is not the only instance of the kind in the annals of the Spanish monarchy. Philip V. abdicated in favor of his son, Don Luis, but on his son's death resumed the crown. There is, however, no precedent in France for the two abdications of Napoleon I. and those of Charles X. and Louis Philippe were made under pressure. This can hardly be said of the abdication of the Austrian throne by Emperor Ferdinand I. in December, 1848, for his generals had just beaten a Hungarian army and recovered Vienna. He was doubtless influenced less by the example of Emperor Charles V. than by that of Emperor Matthias, who on the eve of the Thirty Years' war renounced the crowns of Bohemia and Hungary in favor of a cousin. It is the house of Savoy which has furnished the greatest number of instances of abdication. In 1434 Amadeus VIII. made his son lieutenant general and retired to a monastery, and subsequently he definitely renounced his dukedom in order to become pope under the name of Felix V. His grandson, Amadeus IX, was impelled by his bodily sufferings to abdicate in favor of his wife Yolande. In 1730 Victor Amadeus II, then king of Sardinia, abdicated in order to marry the Countess of San Sebastian, at whose instigation he subsequently tried to regain the crown. In 1803 Charles Emmanuel IV, having been forced by the French to retire to the island of Sardinia, renounced his throne in favor of his brother, Victor Emmanuel I, who in turn abdicated in 1820 sooner than embroil himself both with his own people and with Austria. His next successor but one, Charles Albert, also abdicated, after his defeat by the Austrians at Novara, in favor of his son, Victor Emmanuel II.

After all, however, there have been few instances in which abdication was so entirely voluntary as it would be in the case of Queen Victoria. Her subjects are warmly attached to her, and no open remonstrance would be made should she insist upon retaining the outward guise of sovereignty as long as she continues to live. Those Englishmen who are republicans at heart would doubtless be glad to see pass into abeyance those powers of supervision, regulation and interposition still asserted in theory for the crown and upon which the queen's husband, Prince Albert, laid so much stress. For that very reason her majesty may deem it a duty which she owes to her descendants to transfer to her eldest son official functions which she is no longer able or willing to perform before the public mind becomes accustomed to see them divorced from royalty.—New York Sun.

Card Won a Husband.
Miss Laura High, a good looking young woman employed in the Weststach Incandescent Light works, in Camden, N. J., some months ago, merely for a joke, placed a card bearing her name and address in a box into which she had packed a lot of the lamps. That card has just won for her a husband.

The box was sent to Chicago, and there the card fell into the hands of William Lincoln, a young business man. There was a correspondence between the two and photographs were exchanged. Finally a proposal came from Mr. Lincoln, and it was accepted.

PEOPLE OF THE DAY.

Julius Sterling Morton, secretary of agriculture, is being talked of as an available candidate of the bolting sound money Democrats for president. Mr. Morton is an ardent advocate of the gold standard and would probably consent to run. He is chiefly distinguished as the



JULIUS STERLING MORTON.
father of Arbor day, which has been adopted in 42 states. Mr. Morton is 64 years old. He was born in Jefferson county, N. Y., and has lived in Nebraska since 1854. Three times he has been the nominee of the Democratic party for governor of the state, and once came within 145 votes of election. His home is in Nebraska City.

Runs the Populist Campaign.

It was generally understood at the recent Populist national convention at St. Louis that if Senator Marion Butler of North Carolina had been old enough to be eligible to the office he would have been nominated for vice president. As it was, he was made temporary chairman of the convention and chairman of the national committee, in which latter capacity he will conduct the campaign



SENATOR MARION BUTLER.
for Bryan and Watson. Mr. Butler is credited with a good deal of political sagacity, and it was under his management that the Populist-Republican fusionists carried North Carolina in 1894 and elected a legislature that sent Mr. Butler and Jeter Pritchard, Republican, to the United States senate. Mr. Butler is 32 years old and has been identified with the farmers' movement since 1888.

The Richest Woman.

Hetty Green, the richest woman in America and the greatest woman financier the world has ever seen, is just now interested in the state politics of Texas almost as much as she is in stocks and bonds. The reason for this is that her son, Edward Green, has come to be quite

**MRS. HETTY GREEN.**

a political leader in the Lone Star State and has even been mentioned as Republican candidate for governor. His mother is very proud of his political prominence, and it is hinted that if Eddie should be nominated her usually tight purse strings would be loosened. Mrs. Green still spends about eight hours a day in her New York bank, but she hears daily from Waco, Tex., as to the state of her son's canvass.

Queer Sayings.

A village cure, preaching about sudden deaths, cried: "Thus it is with us. We go to bed well and get up stone dead!" An old councillor, M. d'Herhaut, writing to one of his friends of an estate which he had just bought, added, "There is a chapel upon it, in which my wife and I wish to be buried, if God spares our lives."

The Hodja Nasr-Eddin, a Turkish teacher and preacher, one night shot out of a window at what he thought was a robber, but it turned out next morning to be his own catfan hanging up in the garden. Perceiving that an arrow had pierced it, he cried, "Thanks, O Lord, that I was not inside it, for otherwise I must have been killed!"—London Spectator.

The Supreme Test.

"You think you understand the advertising business, do you?"
"Understand it? Why, I could keep any man's name before the public—even if he were the vice president of the United States!"—Brooklyn Life.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

The "Living Room" Is the Latest Arrangement—Stings of Insects. The Nurse's Costume.

An improvement in modern methods of housebuilding is the living room into which the family interests are consolidated in place of the old time parlor or keeping room carefully preserved for chance visitors. Architects, in planning this feature, aim now to adapt it to the requirements of the particular family for whom it is designed, setting, in its very inception, the seal of individuality upon it, says The Decorator and Furnisher.

A reception room is a necessary auxiliary to a living room, the former securing privacy and freedom from interruptions for the latter.

If a reception room is not feasible in conjunction with a commodious living room, a cozy corner can be made its substitute in the hall away from the drafts. With a cushioned seat and a comfortable chair, an open fireplace, a table to hold a lamp and a cheerful rug, an attractive reception place will meet all the requirements of short calls and messengers.

In an ideal winter home the living room was wide and long, and lighted on three sides. A spacious bay window was raised by three steps from the floor, and a low table stood within reach of window seats. Directly opposite stood the piano, suggesting, in its near position, a delightful picture of music, friends and afternoon tea. Above the piano, six feet from the floor, was an English casement window with leaded panes, and on a narrow shelf at the lower part was placed a row of primroses, gayly blooming in their red pots.

At the narrow end of the room a hospitable fireplace was flanked by a sofa and bookcases. A mahogany writing desk had a convenient light, and sewing tables and easy chairs were grouped in especial niches of their own.

Another living room that had been evolved from two parlors and a hall gave an immense distance from end to end, broken only by archways. Each member of the family had his or her own domain inside the common walls, and a variation of talent among the daughters made it a stronghold of attractions for every lover of the arts.

In a summer bungalow among the pine trees a living room comprised all of the ground floor except the portion reserved for sleeping rooms. The light housekeeping was a part of the more ornamental routine of camping life, as it was separated only by adjustable screens. A hammock was swung across one corner of the room, and tables and seats were built against the walls. A crane on the fireplace and a chafing dish near at hand completed the very simple manner of living in this room.

Stings of Insects.

During the hot days in the summer months people in the country suffer martyrdom through the stings of mosquitoes and other insects. They ought at once to apply something to draw out the inflammation. Camphor is a general remedy. Flour in some instances allays the pain and reduces redness and swelling. A small quantity of menthol mixed with alcohol is excellent as a lotion for the stings of wasps, gnats and nettles. Many people use little sticks of butter of cocoa, a very soothing cosmetic. The leaves of the scented verbena plant are said to keep off unpleasant insects, and washing with vinegar and water or syringa flower water preserves the skin against their onslaughts. Honey and water, too, allays the irritation produced by them. Use a teaspoonful of honey in a quart of boiling water, applying it to the spot while the liquid is tepid.

The Nurse's Costume.

An infant's nurse wears an apron that quite covers her dress skirt, it is so long and full. Her cap entirely covers her hair, except in front, and is trimmed with a succession of ribbon loops around the crown until it reaches the back, when the ribbon falls in long ends to almost the bottom of the skirt. A long and full cape, quite enveloping the person, is always worn by the Frenchwoman in this capacity, and, according to Vogue, is also worn here when one wishes to be quite up to date. A spotless collar and always an immaculate handkerchief held in the hand complete the uniform.

Art In Rolling an Umbrella.

Rolling an umbrella is an art that few understand. The right way is to take hold of the ends of the ribs and the stick with the same hand and hold them tightly together to prevent their twisting while the covering is being rolled around with the other hand. In this way an umbrella may be as tightly rolled as when it came from the factory. It is the twisting of the ribs out of shape around the stick that spoils the looks of the umbrella.

Violet Perfume.

A violet perfume may be made easily by putting half an ounce of arrowroot, broken into small pieces, in a bottle with 2 ounces of alcohol. Cork tight and shake well. After it has been standing four or five days a few drops placed on a handkerchief will leave the odor of fresh violets.

Peach Punch.

Fill a goblet with cut peaches, cracked ice and fine sugar; pour in any light wine, like sweet catawba, and drink quite cold.

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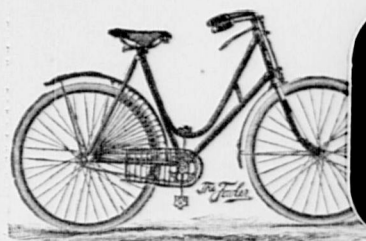
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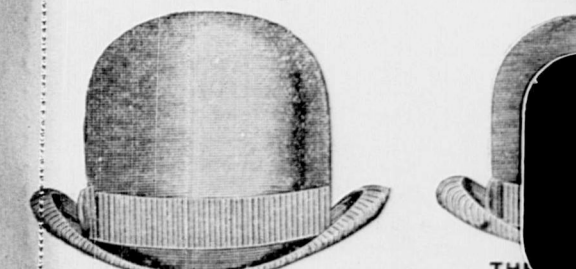
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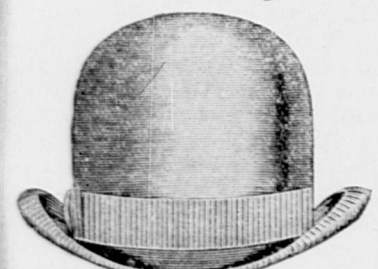
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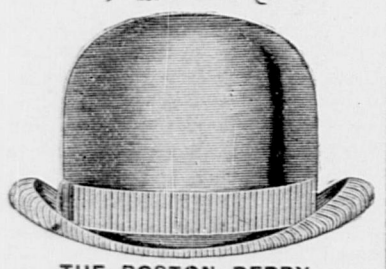
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CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

A New and Interesting Story of Louis XIII's Famous Minister.

A Wonderful Career, beset with the intrigues and jealousies of Members of the Royal Household and of the Queen-Mother Maria de Medici at First a Friend and Later Seeking to Dispel and Annihilate His Power—His Success Over All Enemies—The Rule of Richelieu Rigorous But Beneficent—The Master of France and of Europe Under Louis XIII.

BY REV. F. A. CUNNINGHAM.

Armand du Plessis Richelieu was born in 1586. He had not been destined for the Church and he was pursuing a layman's course of study at the college of Navarre, under the name of the Marquis of Chillon, when his elder brother, Alphonse, becoming dissatisfied with the life of the secular clergy, entered a Carthusian monastery, and resigned the bishopric of Lucon in favor of Armand, whom Henry IV nominated to it in 1605. At Rome some objection was made to his extreme youth; but the young nominee hastened to the Vatican and delivered before the Pope a Latin discourse which scattered all objections to the winds. He was consecrated at Rome, in 1607, and returning to Paris took possession of his see of Lucon, "the poorest and meanest in France," as he himself said.

In 1614 a general assembly of the states-general was called at Paris, to which he was sent as a delegate from the clergy. Although but twenty-eight years of age at the time, he had yet so greatly solidified his importance in the eyes of the hierarchy, that he was chosen to deliver in the presence of Louis XIII a discourse on various ecclesiastical matters. He displayed in this oration such wealth of learning and such skilful command of the art of oratory that he not only gained success for the question at issue, but also materially advanced the importance of his own personal position. He complained of the lack of ecclesiastical attendance in the Royal councils. He praised the young king for his devotion to the queen-mother, thereby rendering himself pleasing in the eyes of the latter. The admiration caused by this speech was expressed by the court in various appointments of singular importance. The young bishop was called to the post of almoner to the queen-regent, Anne of Austria. In 1616, Marshal D'Ancre conferred upon him the post of secretary of state for war and foreign affairs, and Richelieu, as well as all France, knew that a great man had appeared upon the stage of Europe.

One may begin a great career with all the world his friend; to continue in greatness is to have all the world for an enemy. It is a rule to which there are but few exceptions. Richelieu's career conformed to the rule. His first opponent in the management of French affairs was Duke Albert de Luynes. A favorite of the king, into whose good graces he had contrived to enter by various artifices, he had gained over his sovereign so potent an influence that he easily banished from court interference every obnoxious person, and even caused the execution of the powerful Duke D'Ancre, marshal of France and favorite of Maria de Medici, the queen-mother. Scarcely had he risen to power by the assassination of his rival that he began at once to direct his attentions to the rising influence of Richelieu. The latter in the face of the difficulties thus encountered found himself placed under the alternative either of succumbing to the intrigues of De Luynes by a complete surrender of his influence, or of incurring his open hostility by espousing the cause of the queen-mother, now rendered powerless through the death of her favorite, the Duke D'Ancre. He chose the latter course, so that when the mother of the king was exiled from court and relegated to the obscurity of Blois, Richelieu contrived that he should be commanded to accompany her thither. On arriving at Blois, in 1617, he began by dividing his life between the petty court in disgrace and his diocese of Lucon. He wished to set Albert de

Luynes at rest as to his presence at the court of Maria de Medici and his devotion to her. He had but small success, however. The favorite was suspicious and anxious. Richelieu appeared to be occupied with nothing but the duties of his office; he presided at conferences; and he published against the Protestants a treatise entitled, *The Complete Christian*. Luynes was not disposed to believe in these exclusively religious pre-occupations; he urged upon the king that Richelieu should not live constantly in the queen-mother's neighborhood, and in June, 1617, he had orders given him to retire to Avignon.

Richelieu obeyed without making any objection; he passed two years at Avignon, protesting that he would never depart from it without the consent of Luynes and without the hope of serving him.

The favor and fortune of the favorite, meanwhile, went on increasing day by day. In 1617 he married the daughter of the Duke of Montbazou, and, in 1619, induced the king to change his estate to a duchy under the title of Luynes. In 1621 he was created constable, to which in reality he had no military claim. It became clear to Richelieu that as long as Luynes continued to sway the will of the sovereign there was little hope of gaining the ascendancy in court affairs to which he aspired. But as a bishop he had already learned the lesson of patience, he could afford to wait until the weak efforts of the favorite should have worn him out and left him powerless for further mischief. Thus Richelieu bore with calmness his long exile at Avignon. In the petty wars lasting from 1619 to 1721 he acted vigorously for the rights of the queen-mother, though at the same time saving the king from the commission of many compromising blunders.

In January, 1621, Pope Paul V announced a promotion of ten bishops. At the news the queen-mother immediately dispatched a courier to Rome with an urgent request that the bishop of Lucon be included in the number. In this demand she was, strangely enough, joined by Albert de Luynes himself, who seemed to urge the petition with remarkable vigor. But it was not at all the intention of the favorite that the petition should be granted. In fact, before it had reached Rome, the wily courtier had already induced his sovereign, Louis XIII, to dispatch an anticipatory letter to the Pope, wherein the king was made to say that he did not all wish that the bishop of Lucon be made cardinal, and begging that no notice be taken of any recommendations made in his favor. The stratagem of Luynes was effectual, and Richelieu, for the time being, gave up all hopes of obtaining the red hat.

But God, whose Providence disposes often contrary to the designs of the wisest, and who had evidently determined upon the exaltation of Richelieu as a factor in the carrying out of his inscrutable plans, had already set a limit to the period of persecution. The wars of the Protestants, especially the ineffectual siege of Monanban, for a time engaged all the activity of the favorite, until the end of the year 1621, when after a few insignificant victories the great duke was stricken with malignant fever and died in three days at the camp of Longueville.

Duke Albert de Luynes was indeed removed from the path of the bishop of Lucon; yet the spirit of opposition which he represented was by no means dead. The friends of Richelieu, especially the queen-mother, confidently expected that he would immediately be raised to the position of chief counsellor of the king. But there were aspirants already anxious and hopeful. The Prince of Conde was especially favored. To overcome the pretensions of the latter it would be necessary that the great bishop should be created a cardinal, and to affect this latter expedient the queen-mother at once exerted all her influence. Her efforts were successful, and Richelieu was admitted into the Sacred College in 1622 by Pope Gregory XV. Yet even thus a new obstacle presented itself. The king was by no means anxious to raise the new cardinal to so lofty a

position of influence and power, and as Richelieu says in his letters, he called to the Council, Cardinal Rochefoucauld, "not through personal esteem for the old cardinal, but to cut off from the new one all hope of a place for which he might be supposed to feel some ambition." Rochefoucauld's term, however, was but short, for in the year 1624, at the instance of the Marquis of La Vieuville the new cardinal was called to the council. La Vieuville remained at the head of the council until August of the same year, when he fell into disgrace and was confined in the Castle of Amboise.

From that moment the cardinal, in spite of his modest resistance, became the veritable chief of the Council, and he immediately took into his hands the reins of power, which he held unflinchingly to the hour of his death. His first years as premier Richelieu devoted to the arduous task of crushing the various plots which were being hatched against him by the powerful relatives of the king. The interests of the kingdom seemed to demand the marriage of the young prince, Duke of Anjou, with Mlle. de Montpensier. The idea was distasteful, not only to the prince himself, but also to his brothers, the Duke of Vendome and the Grand Prior, who immediately took steps to remove the young prince from court and bring him to an asylum in the government of Brittany; but before the plot could be carried into execution the cardinal discovered its whole purpose. He caused the arrest of Vendome and the Grand Prior, who were at once placed in confinement in the Castle of Amboise.

The cardinal continued his operations for bringing about the projected marriage, and again was met by the intrigues of his enemies. A plan was concerted to lead the cardinal into an ambush, seize his person and thus get rid of him at need. Again the eagle eye of the great minister penetrated into the conspiracy. Chalais, one of its principal instigators, was arrested and later put to death. The marquis of La Valette and the young Prince Gaston of Anjou were humiliated in the house of Richelieu at the very time when the conspiracy was to be carried out. Richelieu now found his enemies at his mercy and that they might feel the utter futility of any attempt to prevent the accomplishment of his designs, he caused the proposed marriage to be celebrated without great delay, he himself performing the ceremony.

This triumph of the cardinal did not, however, insure his complete peace. Newer attempts at his complete overthrow again arose, and, this time, from a most unexpected quarter. For some time the queen-mother, Maria de Medici, under whose patronage Richelieu had been raised to his lofty position, had conceived for the great minister an intense hatred. She who owed as much to Richelieu as Richelieu to her became profoundly jealous of the immense influence he exerted over her son, the king, and she determined to employ measures as strong and crafty for his downfall as she had hitherto used for his advancement to power. In her undertaking she was joined, very naturally, by those same individuals who had before attempted the cardinal's ruin. Among them the queen herself, Anne of Austria, and the Duke of Orleans, played important parts. Even the king himself, while he recognized the incalculable worth of Richelieu, was for a time left in doubt, strengthened by the malicious stories of Maria de Medici. Richelieu was no warm friend of the king, who with all his admiration hated the powerful minister; yet the fear of his immense abilities compelled the sovereign to act the part of a sincere friend. Thus it was evidently not to his advantage that he consented at times to listen to the complaints of his royal mother against the cardinal. An accident happened that served to bring secret opposition to a point.

On the 12th of November, 1630, when mother and son were holding a conference at the palace of Luxembourg, the cardinal arrived there; finding the door of the chamber closed, he entered the gallery and went and knocked at the door of the cabinet, where he obtained no answer. Tired of waiting, and knowing the ins and

Grand Hospital Festival

The festival in aid of the Quincy City Hospital will be held at Merry Mount Park, Hancock street, on Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoons and evenings, September 17, 18 and 19. . . . This is the best event of the year in Quincy and the best object, consequently all should be on hand. . . . Good attractions will be offered for each day. On THURSDAY a Balloon Ascension and Sports will be held. On FRIDAY will be Fireman's Day, with a possible contest between representatives from Braintree, Hingham, Milton and Quincy. . . . No season tickets will be issued this year, but single tickets good for any afternoon or evening will be sold at 25 cents each, and half tickets for 15 cents. . . . Mrs. Thomas A. Wheeler, Adams street, would be pleased to accept contributions of money or of useful or fancy articles or before September 15. If inconvenient to send to her, Mrs. M. A. Perkins, 18 Chestnut street, will receive the same. . . . ALL SHOULD BE SURE AND COME.

outs of the mansion, he entered by the little chapel; whereat the king was somewhat dismayed, and said to the queen in despair: "Here he is!" thinking, no doubt that he would blaze forth. The cardinal, who perceived this dismay, said to them: "I am am sure you were speaking about me." The queen answered, "We were not." Whereupon, he having replied, "Confess it, madam," she replied, "Yes," and thereupon conducted herself with great tartness toward him, declaring to the king that she would put up with the cardinal no longer, or see in her house either him or any of his relatives or friends, to whom she incontinently gave their dismissal.

The struggle was thus begun. Contrary to the hopes of the queen-mother the king took sides with the cardinal. One of the mother's chief advisers, Marillac, lord keeper of the seal, was seized; another Marillac, brother of the former, and a marshal of France, was arrested while at the head of his army in Piedmont, and after a short trial was executed. For a time consternation reigned amidst the party of Maria; but the latter did not for all that give up the conflict. The Duke of Orleans, brother of the king, in his anger at the outcome of the affair went to the house of Richelieu and declared in unmistakable terms his enmity toward the cardinal. It was a rash act, in keeping with the duke's ordinary behavior; as a punishment the queen-mother was so harassed by the king and the cardinal that in the February of the year 1631, she was obliged to fly by night to Brussels, never more to return.

By the departure of the queen-mother Richelieu now found but one powerful foe with whom to cope. The Duke of Orleans, ever restless, fickle, and ever treacherous, swearing fidelity today and conspiring tomorrow, returned from Lorraine with a wretched army of Spanish adventurers and openly raised the standard of revolt. He was joined by the Duke of Montmorency, a valiant warrior at the head of an army of the French. The insurrection was but of short duration.

[CONTINUED ON FIFTH PAGE.]

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is not to be envied. It is evident that he has never come in contact with our civilization, nor been able to fathom the beauties of our tastes and inclinations. He smokes his pipe in stolid silence, robed in an old horse blanket. Now the life he is leading is only an indication of the way he was reared. If he had been brought up in a large city or prosperous town, and had the advantage of the company of clever people he would want to be garbed more completely and more pretentiously than at present. Now if he could be transformed from his present state and could be taught that in order to make a presentable appearance he must have a good suit of clothes, where do you suppose he would go, or if unacquainted in this city where would he be directed to? Why, only one place and that is

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AN ENDED SONG.

3 sang of love to many a string,
With many a sweet consort and rhyme,
And everywhere and every time
Of love and love I could but sing
Until my own heart felt the spell.
Ah, then, how soon my lips were mute!
How silent lay my untouch'd lute
Since what love was I knew too well!
Mary Alice De Vere in Century.

A DEAN'S DAUGHTER.

The cathedral town of Mudcastle was stirred to its lowest depths, and in high places there was mourning and lamentation and woe. People spoke in whispers and went about softly with sorrow-stricken faces. The very bells—there were a good many of them—seemed to have lost their offensive hilarity, for the dean's daughter had gone on the stage, and the shadow of her unhappiness had fallen upon the city.

To the cathedral society in which she had moved with so much sweetness and success the stage was only another name for the lower regions. It is true that the lyceum was sometimes patronized under protest during the May meetings, and it was whispered that one giddy young minor canon had been seen in the Savoy—a rumor that nearly caused an action for libel—but the ordinary worldly theater, where people went rather for amusement than instruction and where actresses occasionally showed more than their ankles, could not even be mentioned without offense.

And now the daughter of the dean, their brightest star of ecclesiasticism and learning, had left the fold of sanctity where she had so long been nurtured and burst forth as a burlesque actress in London. A burlesque actress, you shades of St. Peter! Not a walking lady in a modern drama, but a lieutenant in tight. What wonder that Mudcastle bowed its head and blushed with shame!

Yet it would be unjust to say that every one in the town was prostrated with grief. The minor canons indeed who, confident in their £200 a year and singsong voices, had regarded themselves as possible suitors for her hand went about with longer faces than usual. But the young ladies of the place were filled with a secret joy and began to show redoubled attention to good works and their personal appearance, for Elsie Milton, the most beautiful girl in the town and perhaps in the county, was out of their way, and the hope of their earthly reward shone more brightly on the horizon.

On one point, however, every one in Mudcastle was agreed. Her conduct was both inexplicable and disgraceful. We of the outside world—the outer darkness, Mudcastle might call it—may have our doubts about the disgrace, but we are obliged to admit that she had acted in a very extraordinary manner.

For an explanation let us return to Elsie herself. She is in her dressing room at the Jollity theater putting the last touches to her personal appearance and talking to her friend, Lottie Legge, the skirt dancer. The room is half filled with sprays and bouquets of the rarest flowers. One or two open jewel cases with cards inside flash like rainbows in the electric light. But more lovely than flower or jewel case is the girl who is standing before the long pier glass softening the effect of the paint on her face with powder and arranging her sword to the utmost artistic advantage. Her figure is magnificent and is shown to perfection by her costume. Her violet eyes and dark auburn hair produce that wonderful effect which is so rarely seen, but once seen is never forgotten, and even the paint and powder cannot take away the sweetness and refinement of that marvelous oval face or the expression of that wonderful mouth.

Though her part in the burlesque is only a subordinate one, all London is raving over her, and the manager has had to raise her salary to that of a bishop to retain her. Night after night bouquets and jewelry are thrown at her feet. Night after night notes are brought to her dressing room, only to be tossed contemptuously aside. Invitations pour upon her from every quarter. They are all refused. No breath of suspicion has ever been allowed to rest upon her name. The flowers are not worn; the jewelry is returned. They call her the Queen of Snow, yet no one who ever looked upon her face could doubt that, though she might be pure as snow, she was as passionate and perhaps as mischievous as fire. Her acting is indifferent, her dancing more natural than skillful, her singing remarkable for nothing but expression. Her triumph has been entirely the triumph of beauty. There have been many such in these days.

"This—this is life, Lottie," she said, turning from the glass to her companion. "You, to whom I have told my story tonight, have no idea what it is to breathe the fresh air after the stuffiness of Mudcastle."

"It must have been a bit slow, dear," replied Lottie, doing up one of her shoes. "But still, girls of your position don't throw it up without

a very good reason. It's different with me. I never was anybody, and I have my living to earn."

"Position? Rubbish! I am being paid twice the salary my father receives, and if popularity is fame he isn't it with me. For one who has heard of him a hundred know my name. As for my reason, the fact is I could not stand it any longer."

"Were you unhappy, Elsie? The home you have described to me must have been very beautiful."

"Unhappy? I was miserable. To be penned up in that little narrow ecclesiastical world, from which the faintest breath of life is kept lest it should contaminate it, is a living death. You who have lived in London all your life have no idea what Mudcastle is, what Mudcastle society thinks and talks about. You would laugh, Lottie, if you could see the dignitaries of the church. Their dignity consists chiefly in the size of their persons and the slowness of their speech. The poor curate slaving in his populous parish has more true dignity about him than the whole lot put together. He is at least a man doing a man's work. And then the minor canons, dear! Perhaps you don't know what they are. They are a sort of cathedral curate, with nothing to do but sing and talk to ladies. They all wanted to marry me. Of course, now I have disgraced myself, they would not dream of it. They would look down on a poor playactress who earns their annual income in a fortnight and who has had half the aristocracy of London at her feet. And then conversation at dinners and at homes, my father's sermons, who will get the bishopric of Rodney, the singing of the new minor canon, the missionary progress in Timbuctu, the last new theological work and all the cathedral shop you can imagine. Is it surprising that I wanted to escape and see the world?"

Lottie laughed. "You are very bitter," she said. "Are you sure you have no other reason besides being bored?"

Elsie turned a sharp glance upon her companion. "What do you mean? Do you not think that is a sufficient one?"

"Oh, yes, dear, amply sufficient, but still—"

"Still what?"

"There are other reasons, you know, why girls go on the stage." And she laughed slyly.

Elsie turned away from her contemptuously and began to open some notes that were lying on the table and fling them one by one into the waste paper basket.

"The same old thing, Elsie, I suppose," Lottie said in tone of envy. "I wonder people don't get tired of sending them. And, as for the flowers, I call it a sinful waste not to wear them. I wish I could get a quarter of the number."

"Yes, the same old thing, Lottie," she said, almost wearily, and then, as she took up a note and opened it, a gleam of triumph came into her eyes, and her whole face was lit up with a smile. She threw the rest of the notes unopened into a basket and read this one again and again.

It was as follows:

"MY DEAR MISS MILTON—Well, of all the *** I came up to town last night, and, hearing of the attraction of London, came to the Jollity. Like every one else, I have fallen a victim. I hear that you never wear the flowers that are sent you, but perhaps you will make an exception in favor of an old friend. May I see you after the performance and tell you the Mudcastle news? I will take your wearing the flowers as 'Yes.' Yours sincerely, B."

That night Elsie Milton wore flowers for the first time on the stage, and the whole house burned with a desire to know who was the lucky man that had given them to her.

Three months after all Mudcastle was intoxicated with the excitement of an enormous bazaar. For weeks the cathedral ladies had been working at impossible articles of apparel and decoration. Gum, cardboard and silk were scarcely procurable so large had been the demand on these indispensable commodities. Flags had been gathered from the four quarters of the globe to represent every nation and proclaim the world-wide importance of the undertaking.

The mind of the ecclesiastical female ran riot in the wickedness of fancy dress designs, for this was to be no ordinary sale of work, but a gigantic fund for the cathedral restoration fund, and every woman had to be sufficiently bewitching to snare the gold of unwary and susceptible man.

The Duchess of Manborough had been asked to open it. She said she greatly regretted her inability to attend, but that they had given up their house for a time to their son, the young Marquis of Beaucaster, who had just been married and wished to spend part of his honeymoon there. She was, however, sure that the young marchioness, though she only arrived the day before the bazaar, would be charmed to take her place.

The cathedral authorities were delighted. A marchioness is not so

good as a duchess, it is true, but still it is the best thing, and so all Mudcastle was en fete to make the most of its opportunities.

At last the supreme moment has come. The town hall is filled with black coats and respectability. The bishop's wife glows in gorgeous purple and fine linen. The canons are whispering in clerical undertones. The canon's daughters are looking at themselves in mirrors, putting the final touches to the stalls and chattering like magpies.

"Do you remember last bazaar?" says one of them. "Poor Elsie Milton was at our stall." They always called her "poor" now, as if she were dead.

There was a stir at the door, and a murmur ran through the room. The people fell back respectfully, and the bishop's wife sailed down the channel made for her to welcome the honored arrivals. She knew Lord Beaucaster and made for him. He felt inclined to escape, but they had shut the door behind him, so he was obliged to stand his ground.

"Delighted to see you again, Mrs. Charlton," he said, with a slight bow. "May I introduce you to my wife?"

The eyes of all the room were turned to see the new bride and future Duchess of Manborough. For a moment they stared in wonder and silence at the lovely woman before them. Then a cry of amazement broke from their lips, for there, with face more beautiful than ever and a figure clothed with one of Worth's most magnificent creations, stood the despised outcast, Elsie Milton.

The bishop's wife was dumfounded. Her remarks on the conduct of the dean's daughter had evoked every one's in bitterness, and now she looked as though Lady Beaucaster had been listening to her all the time. She got very red and mumbled something. Elsie smiled at her confusion for two or three seconds—no woman can entirely forget her revenge—and then said: "I am sure you need not introduce us, Charlie. We are old friends." And moving forward she kissed Mrs. Charlton's ponderous cheek with that grace and sweetness which had brought the world to her feet.

This was the signal for a universal rush. All her old friends crowded around her with inquiries and congratulations. If they hoped to be kissed by a marchioness, they were disappointed. Elsie intended that one kiss to the head of the female ecclesiastical world to embrace all cathedral society. It was meant for the reconciliation of the church and the stage.

That afternoon the dean was sitting alone in his study when the door opened and a well known voice cried, "May I come in, father?"

He dropped the pen with which he had been writing and rose to his feet. Before he could speak Elsie had flung herself upon him like an avalanche and smothered him with kisses.

"I have come to be forgiven, father. I have left the stage."

"My dear child," he said, kissing her tenderly. "My dear child, I have suffered much pain, but the pleasure of your return blots out all the past. I forgive you long ago."

"You dear old father. I am sure you only thought me mad and not wicked like other people did. But what do you think brings me here today?"

"To see me, Elsie! Haven't you returned home for good?"

"No, father. I shall not be far off from you, though. I—I am married. I came here today to open the bazaar."

"To open the bazaar, Elsie! Are you, my little madcap Elsie, the new Lady Beaucaster?"

"Her ladyship stands before you. And that's why—that's the explanation of it all, father."

The dean looked mystified, so she continued:

"You know Charlie, don't you? He's a dear, good boy, but too fond of actresses. I—I think he always liked me a bit, but we poor girls have no chance against stage beauties. The young men of the present day like something lively. Wild horses would not have dragged Charlie into cathedral society. But I wasn't going to lose him. I think I have got even with the 'beauties of the English stage,' eh, father?"

The dean smiled at her worldliness. He was not sure that he was not a bit worldly himself. He had been buried so long in the mustiness of Mudcastle that perhaps he, too, would have liked to see life.

"You were the beauty of the English stage," he said slyly and not without pride, for he was still a man.

"I am now going to be a beauty of the English church—first of the series in the illustrated papers. I returned to the old life today. For, though the stage gave me a husband, it was the church that married us."

Lady Beaucaster is the patron saint of all bazaars and even acts for charities. She does not, however, appear in the character that made her famous.—London Truth.

Some Mosquito Facts.

Not one, but three species are represented among those who venture into human habitations. The one whose sting hurts the most is a little dark brown creature, but a goodly sized yellow mosquito and a large sized black variety with striped legs are backward in making their presence known.

Mosquitoes are so natural, so cunning in the manner in which they sting and draw their blood, that it will no doubt surprise most people to be told that sucking human blood is only an acquired taste with them. Dr. Uhler says that their natural food is slime and deleterious organic matter that would be the cause of much malaria were it not eaten by the mosquitoes. "Sucking blood is only an acquired taste," says Dr. Uhler, "but they have learned how to do it scientifically. Did you ever notice how quickly they discover and make for places on the exposed parts of your body where arteries full of blood lie near the surface?"

All the mischief of mosquitoes was inherited by the females. The males neither buzz nor sting, nor do they seem to do anything at all except to stay lazily by and watch a spry and energetic female cavort around a human ear and make merry over the annoyance she is causing to the man or woman with nerves.

Entomologists say that the male mosquito is even too modest to eat, for, at any rate, nothing has ever been found in the stomach of one.

The males can't make a noise, because they haven't a pair of sonorous cavities near their wings, as the females have. The air hurled against these cavities by rapidly moving wings causes the buzz heard when Mrs. Mosquito is drawing near.—Baltimore Sun.

Bismarck's View of It.

Some years ago, when Mrs. Arthur Paget was Miss Minnie Stevens and one of the belles of New York, a young brother of the Marquis of Lorne came over to this country and fell a victim to the charms of the fair American. He dared not, however, propose to her without the parental sanction, and so a cable was sent to the duke asking his permission. Word came back: "Say nothing definite until I have consulted your brother, whose alliance with the royal family makes his approval of your proposed marriage absolutely necessary. Argyle."

The Marquis of Lorne felt that, in deference to his royal connections, the Prince of Wales should be asked, who, in his turn, dutifully said that he would have to speak to his mother about it. The queen, upon being asked, replied that since the death of the prince consort she had been in the habit of taking advice on important matters from one of the German princes, who was a cousin of her late husband. The prince in question declined to give an opinion without first consulting the emperor, who in his turn passed the matter on to Bismarck. The latter, upon being asked whether the Duke of Argyle's son should be allowed to propose marriage to Miss Stevens of New York, replied briefly, "He can do as he d—n pleases."—New York Journal.

Flower Time Dials.

Dials have been formed of circular beds containing flowers which open or close at succeeding hours. Beginning at midnight, the list of flowers which indicate the 12 succeeding hours runs thus: 1, Scandinavian southwistle closes; 2, yellow goat's beard opens; 3, common ox tongue; 4, hawkweed, late flowering dandelion and wild succory; 5, white water lily, naked stalked poppy and smooth southwistle; 6, shrubby hawkweed and spotted cat's ears; 7, white water lily, garden lettuce and African marigold; 8, scarlet pimpernel, mouse ear hawkweed and profliferous pink; 9, field marigold; 10, red sandwort; 11, star of Bethlehem; noon, ice plant. For the second 12 hours—that is, from 12 o'clock noon until midnight—the floral indicators are as follows: 1, common purslane opens; 2, purple sandwort closes; 3, dandelion closes; 4, white spiderwort closes; 5, jalap opens; 6, dark crane's bill opens; 7, naked stalked poppy closes; 8, orange day lily closes; 9, cactus opuntia opens; 10, purple bindweed opens; 11, night blooming catchfly opens; midnight, late flowering dandelion closes.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Their Methods Differed.

Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, the novelist, tells how George Henry Lewes once characterized Thackeray and Dickens in the way of service to a friend. Dickens, he said, would not give you a farthing of money, but he would take no end of trouble for you. He would spend a whole day, for instance, in looking for the most suitable lodgings for you and would spare himself neither time nor fatigue. Thackeray would take two hours' grumbling indecision and hesitation in writing a two line testimonial, but he would put his hand into his pocket and give you a handful of gold and bank notes if you wanted them.

Baptism.

And now the folklorists are trying to get back as far as infant baptism. Mr. Whitley Stokes, in The Academy, writes, "with due deference becoming one who is not a professional theologian," that infant baptism, parthenogenesis, demonology, plurality of heavens, are all to be found in the folklore of people who existed long before Christianity was thought of. Heathen Norsemen practiced infant baptism. It is found in the oldest Irish legend. The Roman illustration of infants shows it. The Aztecs, according to Prescott, "touched the infant with water" in honor of the goddess Coatlicatl. Professor Tyler cites three cases of infant baptism among wild Africans who are remote from missionary influences. The conclusion arrived at is that the ceremonial cleansing of newborn infants was a rite found among all pagan races. The doctrine of original sin and regeneration came very much later.

He Ought to Have Thought.

Fenderson—Did you hear about Snideley? He was bitten by a dog day before yesterday, and they say mortification has set in.

Fogg—I don't wonder that the animal feels mortified, but he ought to have thought before he bit Snideley.—Boston Transcript.

LET HIS MATE STARVE.

Traits of California Swifts and Their Nests in the Rocks.

If rarity is an index to interest, the swifts are entitled to the highest regard among the rare and interesting birds of California, for in addition to their rarity they are among the most difficult of the feathered tribes to capture. This is due to two causes: First, they inhabit only the most inaccessible places in the rocks, where it is almost impossible for man to get at them, and consequently there is only little known of their habits or of their nests and eggs; second, as their name indicates, they are probably the most rapid of all birds in their movements, having exceedingly long wings, with sharp edges, enabling them to fly with the greatest velocity and at the same time offering the least resistance to the air. Taken all in all, they are birds which seem primarily adapted to powerful flight and long endurance. This, in one way, is attested by their legs and feet, which are exceedingly small and undeveloped for birds of their size, the probable explanation being that through disuse these members have become smaller and weaker, until now the reduced size of the legs has become one of the chief characteristics of the bird. The wings are so long that when at rest they almost cross at the tips, while the mouth, like most of the other members of the tribe, including the night hawk and goat sucker, is very large in proportion to the size of the bird, enabling it to catch insects on the wing with almost unerring accuracy. The bill, like the legs, is very small, as the methods of procuring food do not require much use of it, and it, too, has probably grown smaller through disuse.

The strangest experience I ever had with the swifts was last year, while fishing in the mountains of San Diego county, where I came on a flock of about 20 circling high overhead. They came nearer and nearer the ground, until suddenly darting up the canyon one by one they disappeared behind a waterfall which tumbled 50 feet from an overhanging rock. On closer examination I found some of them clinging to the spray spattered rocks behind the falls, while others had disappeared entirely behind the overhanging boulders. Probably this rock had earlier in the season sheltered their nests. After watching them fly in and out by throwing stones at them through the falls I returned to camp, and the next day came back, this time with my gun. I waited half an hour without a sign of the birds being seen, when suddenly two skimmed out from under the rock, and going by me like a flash of lightning disappeared down the canyon. I sat down and waited for fully an hour, when one returned as fast as it had left, and flying behind the falls it clung to the face of the wet rock. It was the work of a moment to bring up my gun, and firing I saw it drop into the pool below, where I fished it out with a stick. And now the strangest thing of all happened. As my specimen was lying on the top of an immense granite, bewildered, where I had placed it to dry, the mate returned, but no sooner had it flown over where I was sitting than it fluttered to the ground and fell over backward into the stream. When I picked it up, I was perfectly astounded, and examining it found that it was very thin, its stomach being entirely empty, while its mate—the male—had been well supplied, having in its stomach 58 black tree ants and three winged beetles. Probably the mother bird, weak from hunger, had succumbed to her exertions and fell fainting in the stream.—San Francisco Chronicle.

JAPANESE FACTORY GIRLS.

They Work For Little and Keep Forever at It.

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Estella—And did you succeed? Mario—Oh, yes. After the first six months I only saw him after 2 a. m. and for an hour or two on Sundays.—Town Topics.

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TALLEST OF TOWERS.

CHICAGO WILL BUILD ONE TO ECLIPSE THE EIFFEL TOWER.

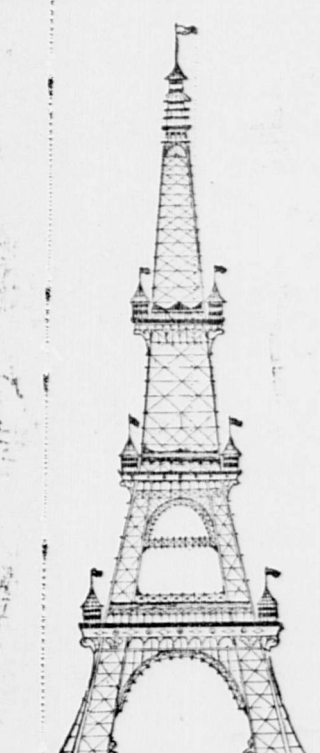
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The base of the tower is to occupy a whole city block, 326 feet square. The tower will rest on four mammoth corner supports, each being 50 feet square. From these will spring steel arches, which will join 200 feet in the air. They will support the first landing, which will be the principal floor, making a surface of 90,000 square feet, on which 30,000 persons can gather. This will be just 235 feet from the ground.

At an equal distance above this will be the second platform, 150 feet square and 450 feet in the air. This will be about as high as the great pyramid of Egypt and almost as lofty as the Washington monument. The third land-



THE CITY TOWER OF CHICAGO.

ing will be 675 feet from the ground, far above any other building in the country. At an elevation of 1,000 feet will be the fourth landing. This will be a platform 25 feet square, but it will be as high as the very tip of the Eiffel tower, yet above it, 150 feet higher, will tower the apex of the structure.

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The various landings are to be given up largely to amusements, but not wholly. On the largest there will be a good sized continuous theater and a big assembly hall where people may dance or attend meetings of various kinds in midair. On another there is to be a bicycle rink. It has been proposed to devote the very topmost floor to the use of a United States meteorological bureau. The plan has been discussed by the authorities at Washington and has been favorably received. A signal station above the clouds and yet in the midst of the city would be a decided novelty.

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The plan of construction is very similar to that of the Eiffel tower, but it differs in some respects. The framework will be practically the same as is used in every modern steel building, the outside covering of stone or brick being dispensed with. Of course it will be braced and strengthened in every possible way, so that it will not be liable to be blown over by a cyclone or collapsed by an earthquake. Engineers say, however, that there is less danger in such a building, when properly constructed, from wind or earthquake than in many others of far less height. While the Eiffel tower cost \$1,200,000 to build, it is estimated that the Chicago tower can be put up for about \$800,000, which is less than the cost of many big office buildings.

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S. P. SCIENCE.

WOMAN FOR

Mrs. Malloy Named by One of Wyoming

The first woman to be elected to this country to be a senator from Cheyenne, Wyo. accepted the nomination.



will perform the duty. She is not a native of Cheyenne, but she has lived in the city for four years and has a home in the city. She is a member of the Republican party and has been active in the cause of woman's suffrage.

Mrs. Malloy is a native of Ohio, and has been in full sympathy with the Republican party since she was a young girl. She is a member of the Republican party and has been active in the cause of woman's suffrage.

As president of the Wyoming Woman's Suffrage Association, she has been very active in the cause of woman's suffrage. She has been a member of the association since its organization and has been a member of the executive committee.

"At first I was very much opposed to the idea of woman's suffrage," she said. "But after I had read the constitution and seen the need of it, I changed my mind. I am now a strong advocate of it."

"However, I am not a member of the association," she said. "I am a member of the Wyoming Woman's Suffrage Association, but I am not a member of the executive committee."

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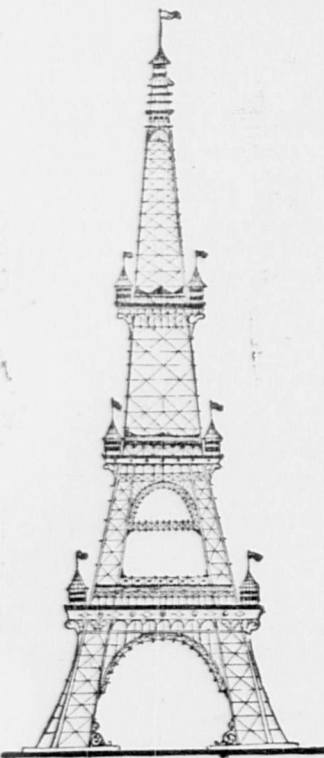
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S. P. SCHENCK.

WOMAN FOR ELECTOR.

Mrs. Malloy Named by Republicans to Cast One of Wyoming's Votes.

The first woman in the history of this country to be nominated as presidential elector is Mrs. Sarah Malloy of Cheyenne, Wyo. Mrs. Malloy has accepted the nomination and if elected



MRS. SARAH MALLOY.

will perform the duties of the office. She is not a new woman either. On the contrary, Mrs. Malloy is very domestic in her tastes. She has a family of four children and is a devoted wife and mother. Her husband is Lawrence Malloy, superintendent of the Wyoming division of the Union Pacific railroad.

Mrs. Malloy is about 40 years old and a native of Ohio, but removed to the Equality State in 1870. She has always been in full sympathy with the woman suffrage idea and has religiously voted the Republican ticket for years. Her husband is a Democrat of strong party affiliations, and not even the fact that his wife is a candidate will lead him to vote the other way. Mrs. Malloy has taken a moderately active part in local politics, having been a delegate to the Laramie county Republican convention and served her party in other ways, but she has declined several previous offers of nomination for office. She was put on the ticket this time without her consent being asked.

"At first Mr. Malloy did not seem to be very cheerful about it," she said. "However, he said I could do as I pleased, and after we had talked the matter over a bit he concluded that I ought to accept."

As presidential elector Mrs. Malloy, if elected, will have but little to do. She will have to go to the statehouse. Here her vote will be handed to the secretary of state, who will forward it, with the votes of the other electors, to Washington. She will receive no compensation for this service, but doubtless she thinks that the honor of casting a vote for McKinley and Hobart will be pay enough. Even if she does not get a chance to cast a presidential ballot she still has the unique distinction of being the first woman ever named for the position.

FATHER TOM SHERMAN.

Old Tecumseh's Son Becomes a Full Fledged Priest in the Jesuit Order.

Thomas Ewing Sherman, the son of Old Tecumseh, took the final vows of chastity, poverty and obedience the other day and became a full fledged Jesuit priest. This was the final step needed to make complete the renunciation of all things worldly by this worthy son of a distinguished father. Few young men have had before them a more brilliant prospect for a social and business career than had young Sherman when he suddenly determined to become a member



FATHER THOMAS EWING SHERMAN.

of that powerful ecclesiastical order which is one of the strong arms of Rome.

General Sherman intended his son for the law, and with this in view he was sent first to the University of St. Louis and then to the Georgetown university. Young Sherman graduated from the latter at the age of 16 and then went to Yale, where he took a two years' course in the Sheffield Scientific school, and was graduated from the Yale Law school. Thus equipped he returned to St. Louis and began the practice of his profession. He was successful from the very start and soon had a large practice. He also took a prominent part in society and was looked upon with considerable favor by belles and debutantes.

One day in 1877, to the surprise of most of his friends, he turned his back upon the gay whirl of society and the fascinating pursuit of his profession and entered the Society of Jesus, renouncing all property and consigning himself to a life of piety and self sacrifice. His father was very much disappointed and opposed the step. His friends brought strong influences to bear upon him, but they could not dissuade him from his purpose. He had, by the way, the approval of his mother.

After passing two years of his novitiate in England he returned to America and became a professor in Jesuit colleges. He has been engaged in this work ever since, giving occasional lectures and now and then contributing articles to the magazines. Just what his future will be is not fixed, but he may be given a country parish and settle down in pious obscurity.

AN INVENTOR'S RETREAT.

Telephone Bell and His Beautiful Summer Home In Nova Scotia.

[Special Correspondence.]
BADDECK, N. S., Aug. 29.—Every summer a great many American tourists "discover" Baddeck, and every one of them is surprised to find that Baddeck was enshrined in American literature 20 years ago by Charles Dudley Warner. He is still more surprised to find that one of the best known citizens of the United States—a man whose name is on every tongue—has an estate in Baddeck of magnificent proportions and spends here in cool content the summer months.

Baddeck is a sleepy old village on one of the beautiful chain of lakes which connects upper and lower Cape Breton island, Bras d'Or lakes they are called. Many of them are rather arms of thesea reaching in from the coast near Sidney in long narrow strips, which broaden through slim estuaries into beautiful lakes, dotted with pretty wooded islands. These lakes extend in a chain from the northwest to the southeast end of the island, and there a canal connects their waters with the ocean. Relays of steamers ply between the points which lie along the lakes and along the canal between Port Mulgrave, which is the most easterly point in Nova Scotia, and Sidney, which has been called the tip end of the British provinces.

In the summer months, when thousands of Americans visit Nova Scotia and the provinces beyond, a steamer makes the picturesque trip from Port Mulgrave to Sidney on the arrival of Thursday, and returning a week later brings its load of returning tourists to catch the steamer for Boston. There is also a rail route from Halifax which skirts the shores of the lakes.

It was on an exploring trip through the lake region that Professor Alexander Graham Bell, the telephone inventor and millionaire, found Baddeck six or seven years ago. He was traveling with Mrs. Bell and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner H. Hubbard. They stopped at quaint Baddeck, became fascinated with its quiet, its simplicity, its beautiful surroundings, and Mr. Bell determined to make it his summer home.

Mr. Bell does not do anything by halves. Admiring the mountains about Baddeck, he bought one and created an estate on which he has spent not less than \$250,000 in improvements. Roads have been laid out, making magnificent drives, and a \$35,000 house has been erected. It is a double house of frame, from which a great brick chimney rises, telling of a big fireplace and a generous



PROFESSOR BELL'S RESIDENCE NEAR BADDECK.

log fire in the reception hall. There is a tower at each corner, and across the whole of the broad front stretches a veranda. As far as the eye can reach from this veranda stretches a panorama of mountain and valley and lake. Cool breezes blow across the mountain all the summer days, and every night is cold enough for fires and blankets. For neighbors Mr. and Mrs. Bell have George Kennan, the Russian traveler, and his wife, warm friends of theirs. For company there are many friends, to whom both the Bells and Kennans extend a hearty hospitality. For occupation there are sports in season, the beautiful drives around Mr. Bell's thousand acre estate and work in the laboratory which Mr. Bell has built.

Mr. Bell calls his estate Beinn Bhreagh. A tugboat brings it in communication with Baddeck and also furnishes the motive power for the houseboat, Mabel Beinn Bhreagh, named after Mrs. Bell, in which the Bells make frequent tours of the lakes. In the shooting season Mr. Bell and Mr. Kennan occupy a pretty little hunting lodge 25 miles inland. Very near Baddeck is the Margaret river, one of the finest salmon streams in the provinces. There is no lack of sport when the season opens, in the middle of September.

When Mr. Warner visited Baddeck, he found the quiet of Sunday lying over it. Monday was a peaceful, and Tuesday was like the two days that preceded it. All the days are calm and peaceful in Baddeck. Farming, fishing and sheep raising are the chief occupations of the people of this country. There are no factories or sawmills, and the few stores in the little town have a sleepy look. But it is less sleepy than it was in Mr. Warner's time. The Bells and the Kennans have labored earnestly to improve the condition of the people. Mrs. Bell has had teachers and material brought from Boston to teach the wives and daughters of the fishermen to make lace, like the peasants of that older Breton in France. Mr. Bell has helped open a sale for the carpets which these women weave. A kindergarten school has been established through their efforts. There are classes in literature and a current events club for the wives and daughters of the merchants of the little town. For the men Mr. Bell has founded a workmen's club and Mr. Kennan a free library. Communication between the farming region and the lakes has been made easier by the roads Mr. Bell has built, and altogether the country about Baddeck is more prosperous and happier for the coming of the wealthy inventor.

But it loses none of its simplicity. They had a jail at Baddeck years ago, but they tore it down because it was never used.

GRANT HAMILTON.

Just as Bad.

Those men who destroy a healthful constitution of body by intemperance as manifestly kill themselves as those who hang or poison or drown themselves.—Selected.

Coal! Coal! Coal!

AT BOSTON PRICES FOR CASH.

Everyone should take advantage of the present time in which to put in their winter's supply of Coal. We offer you the best quality, and at the lowest quoted cash Boston prices. The present price and Patch's quality should prompt you to order at once.

Here are the Prices:

Franklin Coal,	-	-	\$7.00
Red Asd Egg,	-	-	6.50
Red Ash Stove,	-	-	6.75
Red Ash Nut,	-	-	6.75
Shamokin Egg and Stove,	-	-	6.25
White Ash Broken,	-	-	5.50
White Ash Egg,	-	-	5.75
White Ash Stove,	-	-	6.00
Lehigh Broken,	-	-	5.75
Lehigh Egg,	-	-	6.00
Lehigh Stove,	-	-	6.25
Webster Nut,	-	-	7.00

C. PATCH & SON

FRANK S. PATCH.

Office and Wharves at Quincy Point. Branch Office at Crane's, Chestnut Street. Telephone.

His Only Thought.



Jones (who has walked out of a second story window in his sleep)—Oh, dear, I hope my wheel isn't hurt!—Truth.

An Industrial Item.



"Why, Pat, there used to be two mills there."
"Yes, sorr, but they found there was only wind enough for one."—Sketch.

Before Taking.



Rose Van Arndt—So you think you can support me properly after we are married?

Carter Fenwycke—Oh, yes; that is not troubling me at all. It's the question of my being able to stand the expense of the engagement that worries me rather.—Collier's Weekly.

The Phenix Pharmacy,
CORNER SCHOOL AND FRANKLIN STS.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Decorations For the Evening Dance and Other Occasions—Styles In Wall Coverings—Corn Soup.

There is nothing more decorative for the evening dance than an artistic stairway. For this purpose the clematis vine can be used to advantage. On the stair landing group together as many palms and tropical plants as possible. On the stair rail tie with thick green cord the largest of ferns and group them with smaller ones in artistic lines. Then add the clematis or any other flowering vine that will make a goodly show.

An ordinary lantern is quite a decorative bit for a porch or piazza if fastened against the wall of the house near the main door. When a piazza fete is in question, vines should cover the front door. At each corner there should be pots of flowers. Japanese lanterns can be hung from the ceiling of the porch and at one corner a small table with punch bowl and glasses. An excellent rug for a porch is two or three yards of ingrain carpet in dull red tones. It can be fringed at each end and lined so as to make it heavy.

To decorate a pier glass for a social function bank up the lower part with palms, so that a good foundation of green is accomplished. Then tack from the top of the mirror to the bottom four thin wires, fastening them securely at both ends. Select some vine in which the blossoms are plenty and twine each wire in thick profusion. On the top of the glass festoon greens to the ceiling. This treatment is strikingly artistic and adds to the general ornamentation of the room.

A novelty among flower holders is shaped like a huge tumbler. It is made of openwork silver or gold finish, is supplied with small handles and contains a cup of colored glass. In itself it is a handsome and decorative object. When filled with flowers, it makes an effective centerpiece.

A sofa pillow seen lately was of blue denim, with several emblematical devices appliqued on, some in relief. A rope served as a finish around the edges, and this was fastened in knots at the corners, with fringed out ends. It was thoroughly nautical in every particular and easily and cheaply made. Some double faced cretonne (French) is now seen of charming designs. It is something new and saves lining, remarks The Decorator and Furnisher in concluding the foregoing useful notes.

Styles In Wall Coverings.

Some of the handsomest paperings which have ever been shown are of imitation leather embossed in heraldic designs. The Standard Designer tells that these are made with such skill that it is almost impossible to believe that they are the work of machinery and not hand carving. This material is most artistic for dining rooms and libraries and as-

sociates very effectively with leather furniture. When heraldic designs are not used, conventional floral patterns or Persian figures are employed. Sometimes the leather is colored in rich, deep contrasting hues, and sometimes it is left in the natural tint and shaded in darker brown or tan to resemble the burnt leather which is one of the popular fancies of the present day.

Tapestry is also closely imitated for drawing rooms and dining rooms. In this even the stitches are copied with the closest fidelity, and the patterns are reproduced from the old tapestries. Sometimes panels of these are set in oak framing for dining rooms with excellent effect. Linerusta Walton is more in demand than ever for panels, dials and ceilings. In cream and gold it is much used in drawing rooms, where the panels are set in between real silk or satin drapery, or when made in imitation of leather it is framed in wood in a manner similar to the tapestries mentioned above. In metallic colors linerusta Walton is also largely used in vestibules and corridors.

When one does not wish to go to the expense of having a ceiling frescoed, he can obtain beautiful papering for this purpose in Louis XIV and Marie Antoinette designs, with centers, wreaths and festoons in soft coloring, delicately touched here and there with gold.

Corn Soup.

A pint of corn (about six ears), a pint of milk, a teaspoonful each of sugar, salt and flour, a half teaspoonful of white pepper and a tablespoonful of butter. Cut the corn from the cobs. Break the cobs in pieces and put them on to boil, with cold water to cover. Cook 30 minutes and strain. There should be about one pint of water. Put the corn water on to boil again, and, when boiling, add the pulp and cook 15 minutes. Add salt, pepper, sugar and the milk, which should be boiling hot. Blend the flour and butter, add to the soup and cook five minutes. Serve at once.

Sweet Tomato Pickle.

A peck of green tomatoes and 6 large onions sliced. Sprinkle with a cupful of salt and let them stand overnight. In the morning drain. Add to the tomatoes 2 quarts of water and a quart of vinegar. Boil 15 minutes. Then drain again and throw away the vinegar and water. Add to the pickle 2 pounds of sugar, 2 quarts of vinegar, 2 tablespoonsful of cloves, 2 of allspice, 2 of ginger, 2 of mustard, 2 of cinnamon and 4 teaspoonful of cayenne and boil 15 minutes. This is a very delicious pickle and keeps well.

L. J. PASTOR, Ph. C.

THE PHENIX PHARMACY,
Corner School and Franklin Sts.

The Quincy Monitor.
PUBLISHED MONTHLY
By the St. John's C. L. and A. A.
Yearly Subscription 50 Cents
Single Copies 5 Cents
Advertisers are requested to forward changes of advertisements on or before the first of each month, and all business communications should be addressed to the
Advertising Agent, Quincy Monitor,
Quincy, Mass.
Lock Box, - - - 161.
Rates Made Known Upon Application.

All articles and correspondence intended for THE MONITOR should be addressed to the Editor of THE QUINCY MONITOR, Quincy, Mass. All in possession of news of interest to Quincy readers are requested to send it to the Editor. Secretaries of Catholic societies should furnish the paper with news concerning their respective societies, and promptly send copy of resolutions.

SEPTEMBER, 1896.

Ex-Governor Hanson of Vermont states that John D. Rockefeller possesses the wealth of 9,000,000 persons. It is this enormous individual wealth that allows the statistician to bolster up the capita wealth.

A very desirable piece of improved property was sold in Quincy recently for nearly \$400 less than the assessors' valuation. The property had been in the hands of a well-known Quincy agent for some time. The opinion prevails that much property is valued too high, which opinion is quite correct, judging by this sale.

Li Hung Chang, the foremost statesman of China, is at present visiting in the United States. He was received upon his arrival by President Cleveland in the Whitney mansion, New York city. The queer premier is accounted a good scholar, a progressive statesman and wealthy to the amount of \$50,000,000!

The letter carrier should not be forgotten these days, since he is the agent of both great political parties in the dissemination of campaign literature. The work of collating this material is prodigious, but under the special privileges of the government the work of distribution is done at small expense to the campaign committees.

Capt. E. D. Wadsworth, a well-known Milton gentleman, is prominently mentioned for county commissioner. From the very flattering estimation of the gentleman by the press and his evident capability, judged by a very successful business career, Mr. Wadsworth is certainly a good candidate and we should be pleased to see him successful.

Major McKinley's letter of acceptance contains 10,000 words. The ordinary literary man is capable of 1,000 words a day, hence we may assume that the major consumed about ten days in the rough draft of his address. The address, will, however, get a much better circulation than the work of many authors, and the honorable gentleman hopes that the pecuniary result may be correspondingly satisfactory.

The trustees of the public library seem to be alive to the fact that solid and pertinent literature is to have the call for the next few weeks, and have consequently recently added some notable and exceedingly instructive works on economics, with especial reference to the absorbing question of this year. One work in particular will undoubtedly have a large call,—"International Bimetallism," by Gen. Francis A. Walker. This is deemed one of the best works on the subject, and being free from the bias of the majority of such works, will be accepted by many as authoritative.

A member of one of Boston's labor unions makes the statement that out of 130 men employed in one department of a leading Boston newspaper, less than a dozen favor the election of McKinley. The most pronounced McKinley man is from "Merry England," does not possess a vote, and the man who is second in his love for the Canton statesman hails from the Provinces, and likewise does not enjoy the right of suffrage. The paper thus affected editorially avows that it does not see any perceptible growth of Bryan sentiment in these parts. Even a great newspaper may be deluded.

A strong effort is being made in the Tenth district to prevent the re-nomination of Mr. Atwood for Congress. The disclosures made recently in Boston concerning Mr. Atwood's methods while in the employ of that city demonstrated what he might do as a representative of the people under competent surveillance, but in the absence of which, interests committed to his care were likely to suffer. The gentleman selected by his opponents, Rev. Mr. Barrows, is happily unidentified with the class from which Mr. Atwood drew his chief support, and is moreover, a very positive man. If the Republicans succeed in nominating him, his election, in view of the perpetual Democratic discord, is assured.

DRAFTS on IRELAND.
Passage Tickets
to and from the
OLD COUNTRY
for sale by
JOHN O. HOLDEN,
154 Hancock St., Quincy Centre.

Charles S. Hamlin, the spokesman of the Cleveland administration at the Sound (?) Money Democratic convention in Boston, said:

"I ask my free silver friends how low prices can be an evil when low prices have always been accompanied by high wages."

One part of Mr. Hamlin's statement may be admitted, that in regard to low prices, but against the other a protest must be made. Wages are lower under the Cleveland regime than for many years back, and the paid agents of the secret bond-selling administration cannot successfully contradict it. The *New York World* computed the total enrollment of 57 trades in New York city in August, 1893, to be 99,950 men, with 36,177 unemployed, or 27.35 per cent. The Commissioner of Labor of the United States computes that the wage loss was \$1,294,867 per month more under this same beneficent administration as against any other period since 1881. Furthermore many millions of dollars were expended for charity during the same time in New York state. The conditions this year are certainly better, but no reasonable or observant man will say that employment is as general or profitable as it should be. As wages to be efficacious must be continuous.

BIENNIAL ELECTIONS.

It is deplorable that many questions of direct interest to the people of this state are obscured this year by the presidential contest and that many unworthy candidates seek endorsement this year that would not under a normal status, dare to risk their political fortunes in a contest. Massachusetts strongly Republican, offers good inducements this year, for unscrupulous, weak and subservient men, who know full well that everything bearing the party label will "go." The same consequences unless a strong, determined, and persistent opposition is manifested, will be the fate of a very important constitutional question, which if endorsed will mean a considerable abridgement of what we are now pleased to term popular and direct government. This is the question of an amendment to the Constitution providing for biennial elections. These elections as contemplated in the amendment would occur with our congressional contests, and of course with every second election under the system, with the presidential contest. Considerations which ordinarily impel a man to vote with his party in the larger contests and which are many times fought with consequences which only indirectly affect him, should certainly have but little place when dealing with candidates and measures affecting the policy of his own State. If this should fortunately be the case here this year, this measure, if properly understood, and its results rightly measured, would stand forth in all its repugnance, and would meet a deserved doom in November.

The friends of biennial election urge that Massachusetts is only one of a few to foster the system of annual elections and should, following the wisdom of other states, abolish the system. Anyone who has observed the trend of legislation in the State in the past few years must be awed by the immense amount of special needs cared for by the Legislature. Much of this special legislation, the largest part of it, in fact, is in the interests of quasi-public corporations, and invariably causes more or less discussion, not always on the merits of the proposed measure, but upon the methods employed to obtain it. Massachusetts is a state of many interests, of immense wealth and every increasing productivity, and until a more comprehensive constitution is assured, the amount of special legislation is bound to increase rather than decrease. Under biennial elections the members of the Legislature will have two sittings to one election, an opportunity to make the best employment of their talents in two years before called to an accounting. The opportunity to an unscrupulous man to serve his own interests will be increased in the ratio that his measure of honesty personally applied, decreases. If the people of Massachusetts are favorable to this scheme of rasping politicians, a new distemper of which we have heretofore seen but little symptoms, shall have surely come over them. The proposed amendment should meet with the same disapproval as other pernicious schemes have in the past.

Among the important feasts of September are St. Giles, 1; St. Stephen, 2; St. Simeon, 3; St. Lawrence Justinian, 5; Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, 8; St. Peter Claver, 9; Holy Name of Mary, 13; Exaltation of the Holy Cross, 14; Stigmata of St. Francis, 17; St. Januarius, 19; Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin, 20; St. Matthew, 21; Our Lady of Ransom, 24; SS. Cosmas Damian, 27; St. Michael the Archangel, 29; St. Jerome, 30.

The Rev. Peter Tarro, D. D., pastor of St. Paul's Church, Ellicott City, Md., has been tendered the chair of dogma at St. Thomas' Seminary by Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul. The Rev. Fr. Tarro is now travelling in Europe, and it is stated, is not inclined to accept the high honor tendered him, as he is much attached to the archdiocese of Baltimore. He is about 35 years of age, and is a man of varied and rare accomplishments. He is a native of Italy, and descended from a noble family. He is a master of five languages, and his sermons and essays are noted for their masterly logic and purity of style. When the Catholic university was established at Washington, Fr. Tarro was offered a position there, which he declined.

Li Hung Chang is credited with telling a director of the Bank of England that self-interest as a rule of business "is the same the world over, but especially in England."

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

The month of September is dedicated to the honor of the Blessed Virgin under the title of her Nativity, the feast of which occurs on the 8th of the month.

During the past month the Church in the archdiocese of Boston was called upon to mourn the death of one of its most energetic priests. Rev. Michael F. Flatley, P. R., pastor of the church of the Immaculate Conception in Malden was called suddenly to his reward in the midst of the enjoyment of a short vacation at Saratoga. Fr. Flatley was born in Ireland fifty-three years ago, and coming to this country in his early manhood was appointed as curate in the church of St. James, Boston, nearly thirty years ago. He spent some time as pastor of Wakefield, whence he was transferred to Malden in 1888. The results of his energy are shown not only in the great increase of the Catholic population of that city, but also in the grand monuments he erected in the cause of Catholic education. Fr. Flatley was beloved by all his acquaintances, both among clergy and laity. There are but few priests in the archdiocese who will be capable of taking up as efficiently as he, the reins of church government which he has so long held.

The news has been current during the past week that the Rev. P. A. McKenna of Marlboro is dangerously ill. Let us hope for the sake of the temperance cause in Massachusetts, in which he was the most prominent leader, as well as for the sake of Catholic progress in every direction, that God will avert the threatened blow and restore the great leader to health and to his former usefulness.

The opening of the seminaries and colleges will take away again this month, those young men who have been spending the summer vacation with us. Rev. William Deasy, Mr. William L. Sullivan and Mr. Walter Fegan return to St. John's seminary, Brighton; Rev. Patrick Hayes returns to the Seminary of St. Laurent, Montreal; Messrs. William Welsh, Michael Duffy and Samuel Donovan will begin college life at St. Bonaventure's college, Alleghany.

Rev. Fr. Martinielli, who has been definitely appointed to succeed Cardinal Satolli as delegate apostolic to the Church in the United States, was lately consecrated Archbishop of Ephesus. He will arrive in this country perhaps in the coming month.

Rev. Sylvester Malone of Brooklyn observed the 52d anniversary of his sacerdotal ordination recently. The venerable priest celebrated mass in his church and received the congratulations of his numerous friends.

Dr. Burtzell's church at Rondout, N. Y., will be consecrated by Archbishop Corrigan Sept. 6. Bishop Shanley will preach on the occasion. Dr. Burtzell was formerly rector of a church in New York city, but was transferred to his smaller charge for his connection with the McGlynn troubles a few years ago.

Maj. Daniel Morris, a wealthy builder of Atlantic City, has filed in the office of Secretary of State Kelsey a deed of gift making Bishop James B. McPaul trustee, amounting to \$45,769. The gift is for the benefit of the Catholic diocese of Trenton, and is to be used in the erection of the main building of a Catholic orphan asylum and industrial school for boys.

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PERSONAL—IMPERSONAL.

John W. Walsh spent the last two weeks of August in Bethel, Maine.

Chief Engineer Williams has sanctioned a three-horse hitch for the steamer.

Mr. Charles C. Hearn, the Centre druggist, enjoyed part of last month at Scituate.

Patch's advertisement is on page 3. Boston prices and better than Boston quality.

Mr. John A. Avery is at present the superintendent of John R. Graham's Boston factory.

Miss Mary Noonan of South Boston was the guest of Miss Agnes McGinty during August.

Mr. Patrick Murphy, the Atlantic blacksmith, is building a new house on Squantum street.

Councilman Thomas J. Lamb and Mr. John Cashman left August 26 for Cripple Creek, Colorado.

Mr. Thomas Duffy of Quarry street, and daughter, Miss Julia, attended the Maine State fair, August 19.

Mr. Francis Walsh has been re-appointed by the School Committee as janitor of the Willard school.

Maurice Cantill, who acted as the Cleveland representative of J. Percival Sears, is at present in Quincy.

Thomas Carey of South street visited friends in Palmer Falls and Fort Edward, N. Y., during August.

Miss Mary Mahan was visiting in Quincy during last month. Miss Mary is a niece of Fr. Cunningham.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin H. Garrity of West street had Miss Nellie Leary of Concord, N. H., as a visitor last month.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel C. Little have the sympathy of all in the loss of their infant son, Daniel F., on the 18th of August.

Mr. Michael Donovan of Concord, was recently the guest of Mrs. Bartholomew Reardon of Cross street, West Quincy.

Miss Elizabeth Garrity of Cottage street returned August 23 from Charlestown, P. E. I., where she had been visiting.

Miss Lora Biganess entertained her cousin, Miss Melvina Menard of West Boylston, at her home on Goddard street in August.

Representative James Thompson will please accept our thanks for the very useful documents, including the Blue Book, Manuel and maps.

Timothy J. Carey has embarked in the life insurance business, being in the employ of the New York Life Insurance company. We wish him success.

Mr. Patrick Collins, well known as a former resident of West Quincy, died in Fall River, Monday, August 23. The interment was at St. Mary's cemetery.

The Bay State Aluminum company, with plant on Granite street, has been given an impetus by the addition of several Quincy gentlemen as shareholders.

Mr. Michael J. O'Hara sailed on Saturday, September 5 for England. Mr. O'Hara intends to be gone about six weeks, making his principal stay at Blackburn, his birthplace.

Archbishop Williams dedicated a church at Dorchester, Sunday, August 22. The new house of worship will be known as St. Hugh's, and is situated at the corner of Blue Hill avenue and Schuyler street.

Miss Julia Collins, a well-known former young lady of Quincy, a member of the order of the Sisters of Mercy, received her final vows in the Manchester, N. H., convent on Tuesday, August 18. Miss Collins will be

Medicines

of the greatest
purity and
prepared in the
most
careful way,
and only
a reasonable
charge.

If you desire such
you should go to

PIERCE'S

Prescription Pharmacy,
Cor. Hancock and School Sts.,
QUINCY.

Prescriptions put up day or night.

known in the cloister as Sister Mary Frederick.

If you are interested in "Prosperity, Protection and McKinley," F. A. Blackmer, 49 Cornhill, Boston, would be pleased to send you a song with the above title on receipt of 40 cents. The work is handsomely printed and contains a fine portrait of McKinley on the title page.

Among the out-of-town young ladies visiting here during August were Miss Susie O'Neil of Somerville at Miss Mary Gill's, Liberty street, Miss Mary Walsh of Boston at Mr. John Walsh's, Liberty street, and Miss Annie Flynn of East Boston at Miss Nellie Fallon's, Common street.

The barbecue held at Apollo garden, Roxbury, for the benefit of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Roslindale, Rev. John F. Cummins, pastor, on Saturday, August 29, was a great success. The steer, weighing 1,400 pounds, was gift of Mr. A. Shuman, the well-known Boston clothier, and was prepared by Mr. Charles W. Allen. The principal speech was by ex-Lieut.-Gov. William F. Sheehan of New York. Hon. J. H. O'Neil presided.

The failure of the dry goods house of Hilton, Hughes & Co., is attributable, according to the esteemed *Herald*, to the uncertainty brought about by the silver agitation. Mr. Houston, of the firm of Houston & Henderson, Boston, a man of affairs and familiar with the direct and most potent causes of the failure, stated in an interview that the place of business was disadvantageously situated, being distant from the purchasing public, and that also the affairs of the company were not in competent hands.

The senior partner, Judge Hilton, on account of an old political matter, refused to employ the columns of the *New York World*, and thus refused to invite thousands of would-be customers to the store. According to another gentleman the firm's troubles began five years back. The *Herald* is evidently over zealous.

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JOHN H. GOODHUE,
South Quincy Baker.

Bread, Cake, Pastry, etc. Crackers at Wholesale or Retail.
Wedding Cake a Specialty.

Beans and Brown Bread Every Sunday Morning.

25 WATER STREET, - - QUINCY.

94
There was a young man from Cape Horn,
Who was troubled for years with a corn,
He called at our store,
—You know—ninety-four,
And now he is glad he was born.
There is more truth than poetry in the above stanza. We fit the feet properly, comfortably and stylishly. Give us a chance to show you what we mean when you are buying your next pair of Boots or anything in the line of Footwear at Lowest Prices ever quoted at
JAS. O'DONOVAN'S, 94 Hancock St. 94. Quincy, Mass.
P. S. Tennis Shoes, 50 cts. Everything else correspondingly cheap.

NEAT, STYLISH, DURABLE AND ECONOMICAL.
Globe Shoe
Sewed throughout and made of the best material by skilled workmen.
The best value ever offered to the public for the money.
SOLD AT
THE GRANITE SHOE STORE,
QUINCY, MASS.

Invest Your Cash in Quincy.

When you want anything in our line you will find by looking over our goods that you can get the best at a surprising low price.

**Canned Peaches, fancy yellow, 10c. can.
Finnan Haddie, best quality, 10c. can.
New Marrow Peas, "fancy" 12 1-2c. can.
Luncheon and Corned Beef, 20c. 2 lb. can.
5 lb. box Dairy Butter, \$1.00.
Manhattan Print Butter, 28c. lb.**

We think it would be a good plan to lay in your supply of beans for the winter at the following low prices:

**York State Pea Beans, 6c. qt., 40c. pk.
Yellow Eye Beans, 9c. qt., 65c. pk.
California Pea Beans, 10c. qt. 70c. pk.**

As we look around we find our store full of bargains, and as there is not room enough in this space to explain them, we ask you to call and look for yourself.

L. M. PRATT & CO.,
25 School Street, 99 Water Street.

COMFORT AND STYLE!

These two don't always travel together, but you'll find them in one of our made-to-order Suits, for

\$25

We try to give satisfaction to every one in every case. If we knew you would never come back to us, we would do as good work as though you had ordered two or three years' supply of clothing.

WILLIAM PARSONS & CO.,
114 Hancock Street,
QUINCY.

An Epicure

is not the only person who delights in feasting upon **OYSTERS.** Every person in Quincy experiences the same delight, and much more so when they are assured that they came from the

Temple St. Market,
JOHN L. GIBBS, Prop.

Fresh and Salt Fish always on hand, and always at the most reasonable prices for cash.

For that Head-Ache

HEAD-EASE.

Made and Sold Only By

CHAS. C. HEARN,

DRUGGIST,

176 HANCOCK STREET, QUINCY.

One Million Dollars

o for a pair of eyes o
o with sight in them. A o
o man recently adver- o
o used to pay one million o
o dollars to the person o
o who would restore his o
o sight. He realized the o
o preciousness of sight o
o too late. A little rest o
o from business—a visit o
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o How about your eyes? o
o Don't know? Let us o
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o We will examine your o
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o you, we will GIVE you o
o the glasses. o

WILLIAMS,

OPTICIAN,

104 HANCOCK ST., - QUINCY.

THE : : : **MISSSES FLYNN**

HAVE THE
LATEST STYLES

: IN :
Shirt Waists.

Also in Belts and Ties.

Have you seen the

Wrappers

they are selling so cheap? If not please give them a call.

12 Hancock St., Quincy.

MARRIED.

HOGAN—CONNELL.—In Hingham, Aug. 24, by Rev. Ambrose F. Roche, Mr. James Hogan, of Quincy, to Miss Annie C. Connell, of Hingham.

DIED.

FLAHERTY.—In West Quincy, Aug. 24, Anthony J., son of Mr. Thomas and Mrs. Hannah S. Flaherty, aged 9 years, 4 months and 13 days.

COLLINS.—In Fall River, Aug. 24, Mrs. Hannah, widow of Patrick Collins, formerly of West Quincy, aged 69 years.

LITTLE.—In Quincy, Aug. 18, Daniel F., son of Mr. Daniel C. and Mrs. Mary A. Little, aged 17 days.

SULLIVAN.—In Quincy, Aug. 17, Frances T., daughter of Mr. James H. and Mrs. Ellen M. Sullivan, aged 6 months and 4 days.

CARDINAL

[CONTINUED]

The hostile army of Castelnau were routed and wounded after this block and of his great... Again the skies and Richard something... It was but... New favorites to distract the cause worry to de La Fayette ladies in waiting their influence they were such affections by considered the most enemies. This who at nineteen ingratiate his royal self the querry was some, but some, Louis XI society, the same cardinal king, and in a mitted himself power to cause powerful mind failed, the Duke of Bou conspiracy, army in Spain against the eance of Rich... The great e mortal sick already p of his moment hopeful the new journal under Mars, g last favori barrament public execut The long closed; scatte they could no the noble pre mired but fe smiled upon t labors, and th old age were promise. B The struggle well nigh the gre fighting battle Richell Decem

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COMFORT AND STYLE!

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CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

The hostile armies met finally on the field of Castelnaudary; the insurgents were routed and Montmorency fell wounded and a prisoner. A few days after this gallant soldier was led to the block and suffered death as the penalty of his great mistake.

Again the clouds that had obscured the skies of his glory had been dispelled and Richelieu could begin to breathe something of the atmosphere of peace. It was but for a short time, however. New favorites arose at the royal court to distract the thoughts of the king and cause worry to his minister. Louise de La Fayette and Mlle. d'Hauteport, ladies in waiting to the queen, exerted their influence for a short time, but they were succeeded in the king's affections by one who might be considered the most formidable, as he was the most daring, of Richelieu's enemies. This was M. de Cinq Mars, who at nineteen years of age had so ingratiated himself into the favor of his royal master as to obtain for himself the important office of grand equerry of France. Singularly handsome, brilliant and witty, he inspired Louis XIII with a very passion for his society. He could not but perceive at the same time how distasteful to the cardinal must be his influence over the king, and in a rash moment he permitted himself to imagine it in his power to cause that in which the most powerful minds of France had hitherto failed, the downfall of Richelieu.

With the Duke of Orleans and the Duke of Bouillon he entered into a conspiracy, designing to engage an army in Spain to aid them in their war against the cardinal. Again the vigilance of Richelieu was put to the test. The great cardinal from his bed of mortal sickness at Narbonne had already penetrated into the secret plans of his adversaries, and at the very moment when Cinq Mars was most hopeful of the success of his intrigues the news was published in the official journal: "The king has ordered under arrest the Marquis de Cinq Mars, grand equerry of France." The last favorite of the king to cause embarrassment to the cardinal was led to public execution in September of 1642.

The long list of enemies was now closed; scattered, powerless or dead, they could no more engage to destroy the noble prestige of the man they admired but feared. Peace at length smiled upon the workman weary of his labors, and the charms of an honored old age were within the bounds of promise. But it was now too late. The struggle that had been waged for well nigh thirty years was at an end; the great general fighting bravely was fighting to the last; the close of the battle was the close of life. Cardinal Richelieu died at Paris on the 4th December, 1642.

In the preceding paragraphs we have dealt only with Richelieu's struggles with individuals, especially with Albert de Luynes, with Orleans, Challais and Cinq Mars. We would not by that insinuate that the hand of the great minister was not felt by the great organizations of the kingdom, by the nation at large and by all Europe. The domineering and irregular rule of the various parliaments of France was crushed one after the other until France could acknowledge no higher tribunal than Richelieu himself. He turned his attention to the formidable power of the house of Austria, the mistress of the world and the apparent menace of all Europe. He determined to crush the lofty pretensions of his empire for which purpose he employed the great Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden. Under the combined efforts of France and Sweden the house of Austria would have tottered to its fall but for the untimely death of the Swedish king in the battle of Nording. Austria was indeed saved from ruin, but it had learned to fear the gigantic intellect of the French premier.

In France the Calvinists and Huguenots had for many years carried on an intermittent struggle against the rule of the Catholic court. Not content with the liberties granted them by the Edict of Nantes, they had sought to acquire for themselves certain provinces and cities from the liberties of which they endeavored to exclude their Catholic fellow-citizens. They strove to create in France a state within a state. It became necessary, therefore, for Richelieu, if he would carry out his plan of equitable liberty for all, to punish the heretics by reducing them into complete submission to the royal power. La Rochelle, the stronghold of French Protestantism for seventy years, was the point upon which the cardinal determined to concentrate all his resources. The siege of the strongly-fortified seaport held out for two years under the personal supervision of the cardinal himself. It was a siege remarkable not only for the evidences it gave of royal supremacy,

but especially for the examples of true bravery on the part of the besieged inhabitants of La Rochelle, which surrendered only when further defiance had become impossible. The cowardly conduct of the English allies of the beleaguered city is also worthy of note in this connection. The downfall of La Rochelle was a victory for Richelieu, not only over the rebellious French, but as much over the English themselves, who after three feeble attempts to aid the besieged town turned their vessels and sailed away in terror from the French coasts. The consequences of this brilliant victory were that thirty-six Protestant cities yielded submission to Richelieu's power. In the far East the hand of the great statesman made itself felt when he compelled the Turkish authorities to respect the rights of Christians in Palestine and restore to the Franciscans the Holy Places.

All these, however, were but ephemeral triumphs in comparison to the lasting monuments still existing in France, which owe their foundation to the great Richelieu. If there were nothing else for which France could point to him with pride it would be sufficient for his glory that he founded the celebrated academy, that association of the Forty Immortals, whose existence is the surest guarantee of the cultivation of intellect among the French people. Builder of the great University of the Sorbonne, founder of the King's Press, institutor of the Jardin des Plantes, and organizer of the French navy, what more could his country hope from him?

Nor is it merely as a statesman that he appeals to the admiration of the world; he was at the same time profoundly Catholic, never yielding to secular cares however weighty when duty to religion demanded his attention. Richelieu was called the Huguenot's cardinal; but the title was never less merited. It is true he had at times to engage in conflicts with the clergy; but these quarrels were at most slight and upon points with regard to which there was at the time some liberty of opinion. In defence of his attitude toward the Pope at one time, it will be sufficient to recall the position of the French church, then profoundly Gallican and suffering from the inroads of Jansenism. Through it all the great cardinal yielded not in his obedience to the Holy See, though his ardor for French liberties sometimes induced him to treat the claims of the Holy Father with some obstinacy. It was during his career that France produced men like St. Vincent de Paul, Cardinal Berulle, and encouraged St. Francis de Sales. Jansenism and its exponent, the abbot of St. Cyran, met with implacable enmity from the hands of Richelieu. In a word the time of Richelieu was a crucial period for the Church in France, so much so that we may say if Protestantism today is not powerful amongst the French people, they owe it in great part to the Catholic ardor of Cardinal Richelieu.

Statesman, soldier, churchman, the great cardinal was not to be left behind even in the domain of letters. Several of the productions of his pen, both in prose and verse, attest the sincerity of that patronage which he ever showed to men of letters and genius.

The mind of Richelieu was in fact universal. It has been rightly said that his was the grandest intellect that France has ever produced, that he was one of the most able statesmen of the world; born to command, he succeeded in every arduous undertaking. Patience taught him the value of waiting; his courage was never rash, his blows were always final. His aspect, while always affable, was at the same time majestic; courteous, obliging and vivacious, his judgments were always solid and his ideas sublime.

It has been said that Napoleon was a greater man than Richelieu. If immediate results are to decide the comparison, the saying was true. Yet it is none the less to be granted that while Napoleon conquered France with an army at his back, Richelieu mastered France alone.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

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WRITTEN FOR THE MONITOR.

UNSELFISHNESS.

BY L. J. PASTOR, PH. D.

No character has in it any moral worth or beauty unless there be in its outworkings a manifest consideration for others. We live in a world where we are mutually interested and dependent; and in which no man can live to himself alone without damaging his own interests quite as much as he damages the interests of others. Those words in the English language which speak of the highest happiness, such as "transport" and "ecstasy" come, the one from a Latin compound, and the other from a Greek word which means to be lifted out of ourselves. And, most certainly, any acquaintance with human life shows us that the selfish are seldom happy, and that the considerate and unselfish are commonly so.

Selfishness is an evil to be especially guarded against, inasmuch as its growth is so rapidly developed. The "I" and the "Me", and the "My" and the "Mine", so often heard in conversation, bespeak very often an undue concern about self which has been the slow development of a long course of time; while on the other hand, it is equally certain than an unselfish disposition is the result of much culture and care, and becomes habitual only through continuous exercise in the school of self-denial.

What, then, may be asked is in the main unselfishness? It is the subordination, not the extinction of natural inclinations for the good of others. Self-denial at some times, and self-abnegation at others, is necessary for that consideration for others which constitutes an unselfish person. When Sir Phillip Sidney, on the battlefield of Zutphen, was borne away dying from the conflict, he had just placed a cup of cold water to his lips, when there was carried past him a wounded soldier, who looked with the longing eyes on the draught of the more favored Sidney. He (Sidney) withdrew his lips, and instead of drinking himself, gave the cup to the poor maimed soldier, with the simple utterance:—"Thy necessity is yet greater than mine," this was an illustrious instance of unselfishness, and it does honor to his character in the sphere of heroic deeds more than the most brilliant passage of arms.

But some may inquire:—does not unselfishness clash with that proper self-love which is essential to the growth and development of civilization? To which query it may be replied, that unselfish consideration for others is quite consistent with the honor and advancement of ourselves; the higher and wider the sphere of our life, the more opportunities are afforded for the generous exercises of an unselfish spirit. Unselfishness is the secret of much real happiness. The selfish are often morbid and miserable concerning their own health or fortune, and they become so susceptible to every insidious attack of disease, lest it should enter the fortress of their nature, that by their very intensity of anxiety, unconsciously to themselves, they do their best to let their enemy in; with others there is often too much susceptibility to praise or blame, honor or insult, that life becomes a feverish state of hope and fear. The unselfish, in thinking about others, as well as themselves, necessarily have their thoughts driven from their own anxieties and their own ailments, and so, becoming interested in the common weal, are less particular and sensitive concerning matters which affect themselves alone. Unselfishness is also the secret of true esteem and respect so precious to most men.

We ought not indeed, to let that operate as a motive power, or selfishness would be actually present in the latent desire to gain the honor of men; but we cannot exclude from our consideration the fact that rewards of the highest kind do fall upon the hearts of the unselfish, not only in the joys of doing good, but in the love and veneration of mankind.

As unselfishness may very early form part of the training of childhood, so selfishness, at an earlier period, perhaps, than most people think, begins to germinate in the breast of the young.

The petulant moods of childhood ought not to be met by the gratification of their wishes and desires, but in the initial stages of childhood-experience they ought to learn the lesson of giving up for the weal and pleasure of others. Thus will be avoided many of those scenes of discord in after years; which are but the outgrowth of the gratification of every whim of childhood.

Unselfishness is the very life of the marriage estate. Without the existence of the spirit of self-sacrifice there will come conflicts of will, and many other elements of discord and division.

If true happiness in every stage is dependent upon a consideration for

others, it is preeminently so in that relation in which through a long course of years there is a companionship in anxiety and duty, as well as in pleasure.

Nothing enfeebls the whole life so much as selfishness. The age of the decline of Rome was an era of the greatest personal gratification, and obliviousness of the wants and woes of others.

Nothing braces the character so much as a spirit of self-surrender for the common good. Such a spirit has been co-existent with the best days of all empires, and its presence or absence marks a rising or declining people.

One of the beautiful moral aspects of the family constitution is to be seen in the blessings which result from the care and training of children. It is perhaps, one of the best antidotes to selfishness to have those, whom by the very instincts of our nature we love, dependent upon us for many years. Amongst the best cures for covetousness are the constant demands which a family makes upon the estate, as it hinders the growth of a too great self-love to have around and about us those whose sicknesses and necessities demand alike our sympathy and help.

Easy as it is to detect the presence of selfishness in others, it is most difficult to detect it in ourselves. Selfishness uses so many masks, and it approaches the heart in so many insidious ways, that we sometimes think we are practising virtue when we are in reality only pleasing self. It becomes, therefore, the duty, as it is in reality the wisdom, of all men to crush the noxious weed of selfish inclination, and to cultivate with assiduity the graces of a self-denying character.

THE SUMMER SOCIABLES.

The lawn party held by the parishioners of St. John's church on Tuesday afternoon and evening, August 18, was successful from all points of view, despite the inclement weather. The young women of the Sunday school and Sodality worked well, and if the affair had been favored with clear weather the party would have been the most successful of many church affairs. The entertainment furnished in the large tent was thoroughly enjoyed, and the good things offered on the tables were appreciated by the crowd. The grounds were brilliantly lighted by a number of electric lights, and the booths were gaily decorated.

The lawn party of St. Mary's church met with the same uninviting weather as the St. John's party, but even with this discouragement was successful. Many very interesting features were held in the tent, and the children, and some of the older folks, too, found much delight in riding the donkeys.

The children of St. Francis' church, South Braintree were entertained on Wednesday afternoon, August 19, on the St. John's grounds.

The concert at the Casino, Houghs Neck, August 21, under the auspices of St. Frances' church, brought out the whole Catholic colony and others, besides a large delegation from Quincy. Dancing followed the concert.

INTERESTING NOTES.

Ferdinand Gumbert, who died recently in Germany at the age of 78, wrote 400 songs, which in their time were intensely popular, but they are fast falling into neglect.

Dr. Louis Schlessinger, a wealthy philanthropist of San Francisco, has taken George Thomas, a 10-year old waif, from the Denver police matron's charge, and will adopt him.

Prince Auguste d'Arenberg, the new president of the Suez canal company, is well posted on European politics, and has more than once shown himself to be an opponent of England.

Mr. Clarence Holt, the veteran English actor, who is about to publish his reminiscences, will have a good deal of interest to narrate in connection with the exciting times on the early Australian gold fields. He was one of the first actors—more than forty years ago—to appear before the gold diggers of Ballarat and Bendigo.

A number of illustrious visitants have of late interviewed Dr. Jameson and his comrades in Holloway prison. Recently Lord Rosebery and Sir F. Lockwood attended the jail, and among other notable sympathizers have been the Countess of Dudley and Lord Annaly. Each of the prisoners has apartments specially fitted up.

While the Prince of Naples was out driving one afternoon recently his carriage was struck by a bicycle ridden by a working man. The bicycle was smashed to atoms, and the rider slightly injured. The prince afterwards sent to inquire as to the condition of the cyclist, at the same time inclosing a sum of money sufficient to enable the man to buy a new machine.

GOOD FORM FOR MEN.

Etiquette of the Visiting Card—Fall Overcoats.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Sept. 1.—Visiting cards play a very large role in our existence and constitute one of the principal features of our social intercourse, trivial things though they may appear at first sight. They are capable of bestowing a great deal of pleasure, since their appearance at your door usually denotes that the persons whose name they bear desire to show you courteous attention. They may be used to express welcome to the neighborhood, kindly congratulations in the case of any piece of good fortune or sympathy in the event of sorrow. Sometimes, too, they announce with a mystic P. P. C. in the corner the departure of some undesirable acquaintance; hence, whether from one reason or the other, visiting cards usually furnish one with an agreeable sensation when we survey them on our hall tables when we return home.

There is a great deal more character in a visiting card than most people would at first glance be willing to believe, and from its shape and appearance, as from the manner in which the name is inscribed thereon, the recipient is often able to determine the social status, the breeding, and the breed as well, of its owner.

Thus the slightest exaggeration or departure from the strictest simplicity either as regards the size, texture or lettering is distinctly bad form. Men's cards nowadays should be quite small and narrow, the name printed in script without any flourish or ornamentation, and the cards severely white, without the slightest suspicion of glaze or analogous kind of fancy work. The "Mr." should be prefixed to the name unless the bearer possesses any rank above that of lieutenant in either the regular army or the navy. There are many people who resent this restriction, and who are of the opinion that a visiting card should indicate the various honorary distinctions to which the owner may be entitled. In a manual recently published claiming to describe the etiquette of New York society I read with regard to visiting cards that it is customary to affix the abbreviated intimation of honorary distinctions, such as LL. D. or D. D., to the name.

This is altogether wrong. All such lettering is entirely "de trop," for if once these were permitted there would be no reason why all sorts of other and futile information concerning the status and social rank of the owner of the card should not also be described on the pasteboard as well. Indeed, there is no knowing where it should stop, and people might even go the extreme length of that Italian count of modern creation whose card bore the announcement that he was the brother of the General de X— who had been killed at the siege of Sevastopol.

Visiting cards are meant for use among friends and acquaintances who are supposed to be cognizant of all the claim to distinction as regards both birth and rank of the owner of the pasteboard.

To mention them on the card is, therefore, idle and an act of vulgar self assertion bordering on discourtesy, since it implies that the proprietor of the card considers that the recipient thereof needs to be reminded of his social eminence and rank.

One of the most unpardonable pieces of rudeness is that of sending visiting cards by mail. There is only one case in which this is admissible—namely, when the owner of the card leaves the locality so suddenly that he has not had time to make his farewell calls in person. In that event his visiting card, bearing the letters P. P. C. in the left hand corner, may convey his adieu and the announcement of his departure. But except under such circumstances as these the sending of cards by post is most discourteous, implying that the recipient is not worthy of the trouble of being called upon in person. The P. P. C. in the lower left corner of the card stands for the French words, "Pour prendre congé." Anglice, "To take leave." When the card is sent by mail under the circumstances above described, these mystic letters should be written in ink, and in pencil when the pasteboard is left in person under the same circumstances. Other abbreviations of the same character admitted by social usage are the letters P. F. standing for "Pour feliciter" (to congratulate), while P. C. is meant for "Pour condoler" (to condole). When, however, the owner of the card calls at the house where there is sickness in order to enquire, the pencilled words "To inquire" are written out in full.

There are many theories in existence with regard to the practice of turning down the corner of a sign that one has called in person. The rule most generally accepted and the one which is in vogue in the diplomatic service throughout the world is that the card should be turned down at the upper left hand corner when the call is made in person and the recipient not at home. It indicates, as mentioned, that the call has been made in person. When, however, the card is left by one's wife, sister, mother or some other relative or friend, it must not be cornered.

Now that the summer season is pretty well at an end, the question of overcoats is beginning to occupy masculine attention. From what I learn, the style known as the Chesterfield, the plainest and simplest of all garments of this particular character, will remain in vogue. They must define the waist but slightly and be cut to reach the knees. Let me recommend to my readers when being measured for a coat of this kind to have their measure taken over their vest only, and not over the sack or morning coat which they happen to be wearing at the time. This insures an infinitely better fit of the coat, as the tailor can always make allowance for the room needed by the jacket or coat worn beneath.

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Pastry, etc. Crackers at Wholesale or Retail.

Wedding Cake a Specialty.

Brown Bread Every Sunday Morning.

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94

There was a young man from Cape Horn,
Who was troubled for years with a corn,
He called at our store,
You know—ninety-four,
Now he is glad he was born.

On poetry in the above stanza. We fit the feet properly. Compose us a chance to show you what we mean when you are buying anything in the line of Footwear at Lowest Prices ever quoted at
OVAN'S, 94 Hancock St. 94, Quincy, Mass.
50 cts. Everything else correspondingly cheap.

STYLISH, DURABLE AND ECONOMICAL.

Shoe
The best value ever offered to the public for the money.

Our Cash in Quincy.

want anything in our line you looking over our goods that you get at a surprising low price.

Apples, fancy yellow, 10c. can.
Lime, best quality, 10c. can.
Peas, "fancy" 12 1-2c. can.
and Corned Beef, 20c. 2 lb. can.
Butter, \$1.00.
Print Butter, 28c. lb.

It would be a good plan to lay in a stock of beans for the winter at the prices:

Pea Beans, 6c. qt., 40c. pk.
Beans, 9c. qt., 65c. pk.
Beans, 10c. qt. 70c. pk.

around we find our store full and as there is not room enough to explain them, we ask you to for yourself.

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Have you seen the

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MARRIED.

HOGAN—CONNELL.—In Hingham, Aug. 24, by Rev. Ambrose F. Roche, Mr. James Hogan, of Quincy, to Miss Annie C. Connell, of Hingham.

DIED.

FLAHERTY.—In West Quincy, Aug. 22, Anthony J., son of Mr. Thomas and Mrs. Hannah S. Flaherty, aged 9 years, 4 months and 15 days.

COLLINS.—In Fall River, Aug. 24, Mrs. Hannah, widow of Patrick Collins, formerly of West Quincy, aged 60 years.

LITTLE.—In Quincy, Aug. 18, Daniel F., son of Mr. Daniel C. and Mrs. Mary A. Little, aged 17 days.

SULLIVAN.—In Quincy, Aug. 17, Frances T., daughter of Mr. James H. and Mrs. Ellen M. Sullivan, aged 6 months and 4 days.

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Indianapolis, Ind.

FUN AT THE COUNTY FAIR

How Samanthi and Jake Put In a Glorious Day.

LEFT A TRAIL OF PEANUT SHELLS

They Patronized the Fakirs, Had Their Pictures Taken, Saw the Races, Inspected the Live Stock, Helped the Balloonist and Had a General Good Time.

"Hello, Jake! Goin' to the fair?"

"Yep."

"Goin' ter stop at the Stebbinses?"

"Shouldn't wonder a bit, Sam."

Further conversation on this topic was cut short because Jake was whirling down the road out of earshot, having never drawn a rein as he passed his neighbor. When he came to the Stebbins farm, he did stop, though, and whirled up to the front door with a



SAMANTHI AND JAKE ARRIVE.

flourish. Samanthi was waiting for him. She had donned her white lawn dress and her best bonnet, and Jake thought that she looked "mighty fine."

It was the day of the county fair. For weeks the countryside had been preparing for the event and anticipating a day of such pleasure as only came once a year. Many of the farmers had sent exhibits of various sorts, and some had been on the ground for a day or two with their big oxen, fine horses, fat hogs, poultry, etc. Jake had been since daylight, and the effects of his two hours' work was plainly evident in the immaculate condition of his turnout. There was not a speck of dust or mud on his new side bar buggy, and his mare's sides and flanks shone as if they, too, had been varnished.

The rest of the Stebbins family—for they were all going—climbed into Farmer Stebbins' two seated democrat, stowed the capacious lunch basket in behind and started off after Jake and Samanthi, who had already disappeared down the road in a cloud of dust.

It was an ideal county fair day. Although the sun was two hours high and the air was still cool and bracing, the mists that were rising from the creek and the cobwebs that shimmered on the grass by the roadside foretold one of those mellow September days which make life so pleasant that bare existence is a luxury. When the main road was reached, it was evident that the Stebbins family was not the only one that would be at the fair. Dozens of other democrat wagons, just as heavily loaded, and all sorts of vehicles besides, crowded the highway, all bound toward and fairward.

When Jake and Samanthi, after a drive of a dozen miles, arrived at the trotting park in which the fair was to be held they found everything wide open and ready to receive them. Even outside the gates there was a crowd of fakirs, hucksters and vendors of all sorts of things eatable and drinkable—only an earnest of what was to be seen inside. Jake drove through the gates to the inclosure where other teams were being hitched, and after substituting a bridle for a headstall he left his team, and, with Samanthi on his arm, went forth to "take in" the show.

A hoarse voiced, strong lunged individual first arrested their attention.

"Here ye are! Here ye are! Nice, fresh roasted peanuts! They're redhot, redhot!"

Jake immediately invested in a quart, and for the next half hour he and Samanthi left a trail of peanut shells behind them wherever they went. A little later they listed to the seductive invita-



JAKE ASSISTS THE AERONAUT.
tion of another hoarse voiced vendor who stood in a gayly decorated booth and shouted:

"Lem-mo-o-o! Lem-mo-o-o! Lem-mo-o-o! I see cold an' kept in the shade. Step up! Step up an' have a drink!"

After consulting Samanthi Jake decided that they would first see what there was to be seen outside the exhibition tent and then look over the prize pumpkins and such things. So they kept on and made the rounds of the fakirs. There were the ring men—one with a rack of canes and another with a shelf of knives.

"Try your luck, gents! Try your

luck! Five rings for 10 cents, and every time you ring a cane it's yours. Here's a chance to get a dollar cane for 10 cents!"

Of course Jake tried his luck and one out of the 30 rings which he threw changed to drop over the head of a light bamboo cane with which he sported around the rest of the day. Then Samanthi became interested in something. It was a negro who stuck his head through a hole in a canvas curtain and invited any one to hit it with a baseball.

"Come on now! Come on!" shouted the fakir in charge of the stand. "Every time yer hits his head yer gets a good cigar. Hit him three times runnin' and yer gets a whole box!"

"Does anybody ever hit him?" asked Samanthi of Jake in an undertone.

"Do they?" replied Jake. "Well, you just watch me."

Then Jake paid 10 cents for the privilege of throwing three baseballs at the grinning black face, but somehow he could not seem to hit the mark, for just as the ball was apparently about to spread the negro's nose all over the rest of his face he cleverly ducked his head and the yielding canvas received the blow.

"Yah! Yah! Come again, honey! Yer ain't cute enough fer dis yar niggah!"

This defiance was too much for Jake, and he missed 10 cents more, hurling the balls with all the strength of his brawny arm. But they flew wide of the mark, and the jeers of the negro were swelled by the shouts of derision from the crowd. Jake had had enough, and although the fakir urged him to try again he concluded to stand by and see others throw the balls with no better success.

The white tent of a tinsmith artist next attracted them. "Step right in! Step right in!" said the Barker outside. "Get your pictures taken, three for a quarter!"

"Shall we?" inquired Jake.

"I don't care," responded Samanthi, which Jake rightly interpreted as meaning that she would like nothing better. So inside they went and the gentlemanly artist posed them promptly before his cumbersome camera. Samanthi sitting in a chair, gazing straight before her, and Jake standing by her side as stiff and rigid as if prepared to weather a gale or withstand a prize fighter's blow. The result of the artist's efforts was somewhat hazy and indefinite. The shadows might have been better arranged, but Jake and Samanthi were not critical, and the tinsmiths, in their pink paper shields, were highly satisfactory to them.



JAKE TRIES HIS SKILL.

get Jake interested in a shell game, and although Jake was perfectly sure that he could locate the elusive pea and was ready to bet his money against the greenbacks which the stranger flaunted in his face Samanthi timidly urged him to come away. Jake gallantly consented and thus saved his money. They found a weighing machine, and Samanthi got on the platform, only to blush violently when the hand indicated that she had tipped the beam at 137. A tent show, in which was exhibited an albino woman, a snake charmer and a sword swallower, received their patronage and applause, and then they went into the exhibition tent, where all sorts of farm produce was displayed. There was a wonderful pieced quilt, which Samanthi reckoned it must have taken nearly a lifetime to make, and a pumpkin that Jake was sure he couldn't lift if he tried, besides other marvelous things.

They inspected the stock together, Jake wisely discussing the fine points of each animal and displaying an amount of agricultural lore that was astonishing. By this time they were hungry, and so they hunted up "the folks." The Stebbinses were gathered around the big lunch basket in the shade of the fence and were volubly discussing the events of the forenoon.

After dinner Jake took Samanthi into the grand stand for the races. There were horse races and bicycle races. About the former Jake could talk learnedly, but when it came to discussing the riders of the silent steeds he was all at sea and ventured nothing further than an occasional "Gee, don't they go, though!"

During an interval in the racing there was a balloon ascension, and Jake was one of those who crowded to the front and responded to the invitation of the aeronaut to hold down the basket while the ropes which held it to the earth were cast off. Samanthi looked on from a distance as the great bag swayed and tugged to free itself, and when it was finally released she and Jake watched it, standing hand in hand, as it soared off up into the sky.

The last race was over and the husky voiced fakirs had begun to pack up their outfits when Jake climbed into the buggy beside Samanthi. Both had seen entirely enough of the county fair and were looking forward with pleasure to the long, cool, quiet drive home under the soft light of the harvest moon.

CRUS SYLVESTER.

ALL FOR THE STATE.

TENNESSEE WOMEN WORKING HARD FOR THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.

Their Building the First One to Rise In the Park at Nashville—Some Fair Daughters of Tennessee Who Are Prominent In the Enterprise.

The women of Tennessee are almost unanimously enthusiastic in the work of making the state centennial exposition which is to be held at Nashville next spring a great success. This means that their object will be accomplished. It was due to the women that the proposal to mark by an exposition the one hundredth anniversary of the admission of the state to the Union was definitely adopted. They began their work three years ago, when the first meetings were held, sending delegates who represented the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Hermitage association. These women exerted a pronounced influence at the meetings, and finally the men caught some of their enthusiasm.

Since then they have proved that Tennessee women have an unexpected amount of business ability and executive capacity. The women's organization is today the most complete of any of those connected with the exposition. Not only that, but the Woman's building is the



MRS. VAN LEER KIRKMAN.

first to rise on the exposition grounds in the West Side driving park. This is an indisputable proof of their energy and activity.

Probably not one of the entire board of managers of the exposition has given more personal attention to the work or has produced better results than has Mrs. Van Leer Kirkman, who is president of the woman's board. She is possessed of great beauty and womanly charm besides wealth and social position. At her beautiful home in Nashville she has entertained guests from almost every state in the Union and from every foreign country, and from almost every one of them she has obtained a promise to do something in the interests of the exposition.

The park in which the exposition is to be held is being beautified by a lavish expenditure of money and promises to become a beautiful spot. One of its chief structural adornments will be the Woman's building. This is a representation of The Hermitage, the beautiful old home of Andrew Jackson, which is located about 12 miles from Nashville. It was there that Jackson lived while he was president, and the old mansion has been preserved by the association which bears its name. Mrs. Sara Ward-Conley, the artist architect, has idealized the structure by adding to its colonial style suggestions of the Greek school. In the central part of the interior is a large rotunda, with a grand staircase leading up to the right and left. There are handsome apartments throughout the building, designed especially for the different exhibits.

Mrs. Ward-Conley is the daughter of D. W. E. Ward, an eminent scholar of Nashville, and she is well known in both literary and artistic circles. She is now abroad for the purpose of securing the works of great French and Italian artists for the exposition. Her design for the Woman's building was accepted without a dissenting vote, and she was made chairman of the committee on loans and sculpture.

Besides Mrs. Kirkman and Mrs. Ward-Conley many other well known Tennessee women are prominent among the officers of the exposition organization. The chairman of the committee on buildings is Mrs. George W. Fall, a society leader of Nashville, who is a niece and adopted daughter of James K. Polk. Another hard worker for the Woman's building is Mrs. A. E. Snyder of the library committee. She is an author of some note and has brought together one of the most complete collections of books written by women that have ever been seen in this country. Miss



MRS. SARAH WARD-CONLEY.

Clara Conway, chairman of the woman's congress, is known all through the north as well as the south, for she has long been a worker on educational lines. The chairman of the committee on professional work of women is Dr. Clara Plympton, who was the pioneer woman physician of Nashville. Altogether the fairest and brightest of Tennessee's daughters are interested in the work, and it is not surprising that the prospects for a highly successful exposition should be so good.

C. T. BAXTER.

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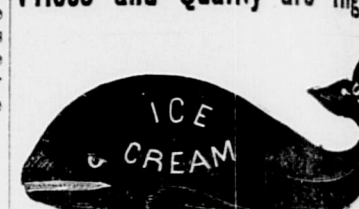
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MOSQUITOES.

Places Where the Annoying Insects Are Most Numerous.

No one of experience would venture to say which is the country most afflicted by mosquitoes, much more the spot. But it is something to identify the place which all who have visited it, saving one traveler, declare unrivaled. Such visitors have been few, but every one of them was a man specially qualified to pronounce. It is a canal, but of nature's forming, which connects the Sarawak and Samaharan rivers of Borneo. Boats using it avoid a sea passage and gain several hours in time, and on the homeward voyage especially Malays are very far from indifferent to such advantages. But, though a storm be raging outside, they think twice before risking the short cut. In fact, it is officers of the government charged with important news or belated and sick for a Christian welcome before sleeping who dare the horrors of that passage. Naval officers also have used it not infrequently, gathering a yarn to spin for the rest of their natural lives. Sir Spencer St. John is the single witness who thinks there is no more terrible place on earth, and that," says he, "is Pahnam, at the entrance to the Siam river."

Sir Spencer proceeds: "It took us the whole night to get through, and no one was able to close his eyes. The leaves of the nipa palms nearly met over our heads, and every time one was touched a swarm of mosquitoes settled upon us. I endeavored to shelter myself under a blanket, but the heat was so great as to compel me to unwillingly face the enemy. I have heard of men exposed to this annoyance being thrown into a fever by constant irritation, and I can well believe it."

The last remark must allude to natives and to the irritation of mosquitoes in a general sense, for it is really bathos applied to this particular spot. Once on a time we also longed for Christian society and insisted upon taking the short cut. The mosquitoes were so thick that one could not see the paddler in the boys. Clapping one's palms together one felt the crush of insects between them, and a black paste remained, but we did not spend more than an hour happily in getting through. A few days afterward Captain Reid of her majesty's ship Rifleman passed, going on a visit to the rajah. For three years he had been surveying in the China seas, and his crew was injured to mosquitoes, if men can be. But with difficulty they reached Kuching, and four were taken straight to hospital. Doubtless the oars in that narrow passage, shaking the nipa leaves, which are half submerged, brought every mosquito within reach upon them.

How do the small fiends live? The question obtrudes itself in spots like this. Evidently they get no taste of blood. Men do not pass once in a week. Animals there are none in a grove of nipa palms, always under water. So far as we can see, their lancets and sucking tubes serve no purpose, for if they eat one another all the ingenious apparatus is unnecessary. It is the same case with fleas in southern Europe and elsewhere. The cornfields are alive with them, and, though at harvest time one in millions may find a victim, generations have lived and died in the months preceding. Darwin's experiments with insect eating plants may possibly throw light upon the matter. Keeping some under conditions which forbade them to catch insects, and others of the same species unrestrained, he found that, although both grew and flowered with equal vigor apparently, those deprived of animal food did not readily set their seed or ripen it when set, while the young plants were weakly. A supply of insects appears to be necessary for the preservation of the species. So, perhaps, the minute proportion of mosquitoes which find dead fish or something of the sort keep the pernicious breed flourishing.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Rolling Spirit Strong.

The prosecuting attorney of a north Missouri county and a young attorney noted for his persistence were recently trying the preliminary hearing of a criminal case before a justice of the peace. The young attorney asked many irrelevant and incompetent questions, and when the prosecuting attorney would object would always say:

"Your honor, before you pass on that objection I want to argue it."

Finally the young man asked the same question the seventh time against the prosecuting attorney's objection, when the prosecutor, losing his patience, said in a loud aside: "—are you never going to get over being a confounded fool?"

Whereupon the young fellow jumped up with his usual remark: "Your honor, before you pass on that I want to argue it."—Green Bag.

Chicago Split.

A Boston man has a clock which he "thinks would run 10,000 years." Show the clock a Boston girl in bloomers and see.—Chicago Dispatch.

Letter.

Letter.

Letter.

Letter.

THE STATE.

WORKING HARD

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MOSQUITOES.

Places Where the Annoying Insects Are

Most Numerous.

No one of experience would venture

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as to compel me to unwillingly face

the enemy. I have heard of men

exposed to this annoyance being

thrown into a fever by constant irri-

A QUEER MANIA.

Sicilian Millionaire Who Ruined Himself

by Buying Absurd Statuary.

The Sicilian Prince of Valguanera,

was a monomaniac of a rare descrip-

tion. He succeeded to one of the

largest fortunes in Europe, his hab-

its were studious and economical, he

had no children, but in spite of these

advantages for saving money he

contrived to ruin himself. The

prince had a fancy for grotesque

statues, with which he adorned the

stately mansion of his forefathers.

Many descriptions of the place are

extant, for it was renowned through-

out Europe in its day. Brydone vis-

ited it, and he has left us a pleasant

picture. Approaching by a noble

avenue, one found the palace encir-

cled by an "army" of monsters.

"The absurdity of the wretched im-

agination which created them is not

less astonishing than its wonderful

fertility," says Brydone. "Some

were a compound of five or six an-

imals which have no resemblance in

nature. In one instance the head of

a lion was set upon the neck of a

goose, with the body of a lizard, the

eye of a goat and the tail of a fox.

Upon the back of this object stood

another with five or six heads and a

grove of horns. There was no kind of

horn in the world that he has not

collected, and his pleasure is to see

them all flourishing on the same

skull."

Of such horrors there were 600 in

the avenue and courtyard alone

when Brydone saw the collection,

and the prince maintained a regim-

ent of sculptors who were reward-

ed proportionately to their success

in designing new and unparalleled

combinations. The effect upon a

superstitious peasantry may be im-

agined. So serious was the agita-

SHARKS IN THE HARBOR.

A Charleston Resident Talks Entertain-

ingly About Them.

Doubtless there are man eaters

among the shark family. Well au-

thenticated stories reach us from the

south seas of the fierce and raven-

ous habits of the spotted, or tiger, shark,

but he never or seldom visits this

latitude.

The shark we know and see here

is what is vulgarly called the sand

shark, or shovel nose shark. He

feeds on smaller fish and is said to

affect the smell of watermelon. The

writer has had opportunity for ob-

serving the habits of the animal and

has for many years been interested

in the question now under consid-

eration. I will not attempt to discuss

the subject from a scientific point of

view. The formidable array of teeth

together with his great muscular

power, would suggest that nature

intended him to be fierce and cruel.

But I shall only speak from experi-

ence, state such facts as have come

under my observation and leave the

reader to reach his own conclusion.

I think it will be admitted by all

boys who have grown up in our wa-

ters (most Charleston boys spend a

large portion of their time in or on

the water) that the shark is gener-

ally a timid fish. When seen among

or near a party of bathers, shouting

or clapping the hands, together with

a splashing, will usually result in

his gliding gracefully away. Yet,

on the other hand, it is a common

occurrence for a shark to follow a

fish on a line and take it off and

even to take fish from a cord at-

tached to a person.

Two summers since the writer ob-

served a very large shark almost ev-

ery day skirting the beach on Sulli-

van's island, at a particular place, at

ADVENTURE AT SEA.

A Fight With an Albatross and a Rescue

From Death.

Most extraordinary are the details

of the gallant action for which an

Albert medal of the first class was

conferred on Thomas Averett Whis-

tler, first mate of the ship Ennerdale

of Liverpool.

Early in the morning of Dec. 17,

1885, when the Ennerdale was round-

ing Cape Horn, an apprentice named

Duncan McCallum was sent aloft to

loose the skysail. The Ennerdale, I

should mention, was one of Messrs.

J. D. Newton's Dale line of steam-

ers.

Presently, as the captain was de-

scending from the poop, he saw a

heavy body strike the main rigging

a little above the bulwark and re-

bound into the sea. That "heavy

body" was McCallum, and the ship

being almost under full sail at the

time, he was carried rapidly astern.

Immediately after this tragic oc-

currence H. S. Pochin, an able sea-

man, leaped overboard after the ap-

prentice, but the latter sank before

Pochin could reach him. All things

considered, the rescuer's position

was now pretty serious, and, fearing

lest he should be seized with cramp

before a boat could come to his as-

sistance, he hailed the ship, asking

for a life buoy to be thrown to him.

At the same moment the master,

Captain Gunson, called all hands to

man a boat. The first mate, Mr.

Whistler, who had been asleep in his

berth, ran on deck and heard Poch-

in's hail. Calling to the boat-

swain to heave him a life buoy, he

at once sprang overboard, secured the

life buoy which was thrown to him

and succeeded in reaching Pochin.

This poor man was already on the

point of sinking, but, with the help

BUSINESSLIKE DINERS.

The German Table d'Hôte as Viewed by

American Eyes.

Anything more wearisome than

this European institution, the table

d'hôte dinner, cannot well be imag-

ined. The food served in microscop-

ical portions and eminently unsat-

isfying from the American stand-

point is, however, not its worst fea-

ture. The long table where rows of

hungry hordes dine is in itself dis-

couraging to the fastidious, and the

table manners of the average tourist

leave much to be desired. The

French and Germans are blessed

with, it seems, unflaggingly good

appetites, and they feed—I say feed

advisedly—in such a businesslike

manner that a meal in their society

becomes a dreaded ordeal. They en-

joy the viands so undisguisedly and

alas, frequently so audibly that the

question of one's neighbor at dinner

becomes an important one, and when

an American or Englishman falls to

one's lot there is, for that repast at

least, some balm in Gilead.

But though the strict usages of

etiquette are sometimes overlooked

by these good Teutons there is no

question as to their courtesy and un-

varying politeness elsewhere. Bitt-

er, if you please, is their shibboleth,

and a question is always considered

with the utmost consideration. This

kindly courtesy extends everywhere

—even on the trains, when the con-

ductor, armed with a tin case and

formidable iron punch, comes to col-

lect fares. A respectful salute is

bestowed upon each rider, a seem-

ingly heartfelt "Thank you!" is giv-

en for the absurdly larger number

of pennings which make up the 3

cent tariff, and an almost fraternal

RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

"Very Particular"

Dressers are invited to inspect our stock of Furnishings, Collars, Cuffs, Neckwear, etc., etc. We have the latest and best things and reasonable prices. You cannot be too particular about your

Furnishings,

they are what make you look well. We have all the correct shapes in Neckwear, both in Silk and Washable Goods.

GEO. W. JONES.

ADAMS BUILDING, QUINCY.

Reduction and Clearing Up Sale
— OF —
Boys' and Children's Clothing.

In order to make room for our large Fall and Winter Stock, we offer all the Suits that we have on hand at the Greatest Reduction in Prices we have ever made.

Men's Fall Overcoats Cheaper than Ever.

Hats! Hats!!

The Fall Styles Have Arrived.

GRANITE CLOTHING CO., Durgin & Merrill's Block.

We Have a Line



of wearables for school girls that will please every mother and every mother's daughter in Quincy. "Anything" isn't good enough for school wear. In the school-room, as in the world, clothing marks the standing, and determines the treatment of the wearer. We think our Plaid Dress Goods at 12½ cents a yard, would make a serviceable, pretty dress, and as for style—it's one of the most stylish pieces of material in the store. Other items for school wear. Our Boys' and Girls' Hose at 25 cents a pair and 2 pair for 25 cents, are the best bargains ever offered.

D. E. WADSWORTH & CO.,

Largest Dry Goods Store between Boston and Brockton.

BRANCH AT EAST MILFON.

Hot Weather Goods.

Naugatuck Ginger Ale, better than imported,	\$1.00 doz.
Moxie Nerve Food,	20c. bot., \$2.20 doz.
Lime Fruit Juice,	17c. bot., \$1.75 doz.
Grape Juice,	15c. bot., \$1.70 doz.
Hires' and William's Root Beer Extract,	15c. bot.
Bryant's Root Beer,	10c. bot.
Tanglefoot Fly Paper,	
2 sheets 5c., box (25 sheets) 35c.	

GET OUR PRICE ON FRUIT JARS.

Our Formosa Tea at 50c. lb. with ice makes a delicious and refreshing drink.

A Full Stock of First-class Groceries.

Boston Branch Grocery,
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IN THE EVERGLADES.

THERE ARE STILL FIFTEEN HUNDRED SEMINOLES IN FLORIDA.

Hunting With Osceola's Grandson—Parading Hospitality Out of a Common Spoon Served by an Aged Squaw—Fruitless Attempts at Civilization.

[Special Correspondence.]
KEY BISCAYNE, Fla., Aug. 31.—Not far distant from this coast, living within the Everglades and scattered throughout the interior of this state, are the remains of a once influential tribe of Indians. A hundred years or so ago the Seminoles were owners of pretty much all Florida, with the exception of the few spots on the coast where the Spaniards had settled and erected forts. An offshoot of the brave Crooks of the south, the Seminoles have ever maintained their reputation for courage and valor. They cannot be called warlike, how-



ever, never having begun hostilities and only fighting when driven to it. But the great Seminole war, in which so many of our soldiers were slain, attests their reckless bravery when driven to bay like the wild animals of the forest. One result of that war, now 50 years and more concluded, was to scatter this brave people and to take from their ancient hunting grounds the most famous of their warriors. During that war, which lasted several years, such characters as a national reputation as Coacoochee, or the Wildcat, and Osceola rose to prominence and gave their lives for their tribe. Osceola was made more or less immortal by being portrayed by Mayne Reid as the hero of his well known romance of that name, "Osceola the Seminole." Wildcat died a prisoner in the fort at St. Augustine, lamented and eulogized even by his enemies, the whites. Of equal bravery were other chiefs of the Seminoles, but they did not receive equal meed of renown. Now, while the bulk of the tribe were transported to the Indian Territory, where their descendants now live in comparative affluence, some of the more lawless escaped to the Everglades, where their successors reside in a condition bordering upon poverty.

But they have been free all these years, gaining a subsistence by hunting and agriculture. Until quite recently they were expert with the bow and arrow and could kill a deer or wild turkey at 40 or 50 paces with their primitive weapons. They can shoot the rifle, too, with unerring aim, as I myself can testify, having been with them on several hunting forays around the Everglades. I first met them over 20 years ago, when I was hunting and fishing on the Indian river, as parties of them then came in to the coast at that point to trade. They brought in smoked deer-skins, wild honey and deer meat, which they exchanged for calico, beads, whisky and tobacco. Their nearest settlement to the Indian river was about 40 miles due west, on the borders of the great "allapattie," or swamp, bordering Lake Okechobee. They had open hats made of poles thatched with palmetto leaves and an extensive area of cultivated ground devoted to corn, beans and pumpkins, which, with the wild "coontie" root, supplied them abundantly with food of this sort.

As good luck would have it, I fell in with the grandson of Osceola, the hero of romance, who seemed to be a worthy descendant of his immortal grandsire. At any rate he was a good hunter and had an attractive personality. He carried bow and arrows, but also an old fashioned rifle, with both of which weapons he could bring down game at long range. I was young then and thought it quite a brave thing to go hunting with a hero's grandson, and, if I remember rightly, he had whatever article of mine he asked for. He wasn't slow about asking for what he wanted either, but at the same time didn't seem to expect me to give him all I had. In return he showed me how to run upon the deer and turkeys, which were very abundant at that period in south Florida, and he gave me several little trinkets which are so valued by young people as keepsakes. The name of this redoubtable redskin was Charley Osceola, and he wore full dress all the time I knew him, consisting of an immense turban, made of a shawl wrapped around his head in true Turkish fashion, a long shirt of calico or denim, which reached to his knees and was gathered at the waist by a leather belt, and fringed leggings of tanned buckskin. He made for me a pair of leggings and moccasins, which I still have somewhere among my mementos of that period of my life.

When I first saw him, it was at the trading post, and he had his mother and two pickaninnies along with him. As I was liberal with my stores of whisky and tobacco they all invited me out to their settlement, and I went along, walking the whole distance.

When I arrived, I was treated to the best they had, introduced to old Tiger Tail, one of the participants in the Seminole war, and assigned a palm thatched hut all to myself. They gave me the best they had to eat, consisting of corn mush, honey and a stew composed of almost everything known to their domestic economy. This stew was held in a big iron pot and ladled out by an aged squaw with an immense wooden spoon, which went the rounds of a large company before it came my turn to be served. My appetite, I well remember, was not in working order when the spoon got around to me, but I had to take it just the same and allow the filthy hag to run about a quart of the nameless mixture down my reluctant throat. This is one of the most vivid of my impressions of the Seminoles, of their unbounded hospitality, a failing they still maintain in all its pristine vigor.

In all it is estimated that there are about 1,500 of the Seminoles—perhaps a thousand living in and near the Everglades and 500 farther north along the Kissimmee river. But they roam about a good deal, as I have seen Indians from either extreme meeting at this point and at St. Lucie. Until quite recently they have had no well defined reservation, though they have always claimed the Everglades as their own, which, however, was never confirmed to them by treaty. Agents have been appointed by the governor of Florida to select 3,000 acres as a reservation, but it is doubtful if they can be confined within its bounds. They will need many times that number of acres to cultivate and hunt over and will probably continue to lead a semiroving existence to the end of the chapter.

J. W. BARTRAM.

PLUMES AND POSIES.

GENEROUS MAGNIFICENCE OF THE NEW FALL HATS.

Gayly Garlanded and of Enormous Size. Discouraging News For Theater Goers. The Famous Medici Corset—Salient Features of the New Gown.

[Special Correspondence.]
New York, Sept. 1.—I do not know exactly how it is, but the hats for the coming season have a sort of military type. To others they must appear differently, since a gentleman who was looking at some called to his wife and said, "Look at the band wagon!" But whether they resemble more a military pageant or a circus parade I will leave it to others to decide later. One thing is certain—the milliners have been extremely liberal in the allowance of material for the size is enough to strike terror to theater goers. Nobody will be able to see anything except trapeze performances, at matinees anyhow, for there is where the big hat is always rampant and never taken off.

Some of the hats remind us of the flowing plumes of horsehair worn by the uhlans. Others recall different costumes, such as we see in pictures of pageants of olden times, when horses wore petticoats and veils of cloth of gold with big holes to see through. There are hats that dip and roll like a ship on a ground swell, others that tip up at the sides or the back. Some are small, with soft crush crowns, and others have the brim dipped down to the eyebrows. Some have the brim fluted and a similar fluting all around the crown. This is left hollow and filled to its fullest capacity with flowers. One prevalent fancy is to have stiffened lace, or plaited silk, velvet or mull standing upward around the crown. The feathers top this. Flowers for fall and winter—and there will be many of them—are of heroic size and are mostly of velvet and satin mingled, and while they are beautiful they are not as true to nature as the flowers of the last few seasons have been, for who ever saw a violet three inches in diameter? Marie Antoinette hats are among the most striking, but, after all, they are all lovely, and I hope every woman and girl may find just what she wants.

The corset made famous by the Medici is seen quite often just now, with such changes as the nineteenth century dressmaker sees fit to add. It is a strange thing altogether, but so awfully swell, don't you know. A case in point was developed in indigo armure, the skirt laid in plaits all around. The corset front reached in a stiff point about 18 inches below the waist. The silk was overlaid with heavy applique, and the lower part was with jet nail heads. There was an open vest filled with cream silk, mull plaits and ruffles, and this was swathed at the waist with a wide sash of sky blue satin. This sash reached to the bottom of the dress in the back and was bordered with lace, studded with jet nail heads to match. It had a tied bow. The stock was of satin. There was a short figaro, with a slashed collar, which formed epaulettes, made of the armure, with lace applied to each slash. The sleeves were of maize and blue satin brocade. This gown was designed for a grand afternoon reception.

Rich and handsome as was this gown, it could not compare with a princess made of French gray peau de chamois. This had no ornament but its own grace of line and its perfect simplicity. It closed invisibly under the left arm. The shoulders were lined with buckram and sprung, forming daintily curved caps. The cleverest dressmaker only could achieve that. The upper parts of the sleeve were of lace over maize silk. The lower portions were of the silk, cut in points at the top and in chateaine scallops at the wrists, where they were filled in with lace. The back was cut so as to afford two very full box plaits. A lace cravat puff in front and a maize tulle stock and bow made this a perfect gown—perfect in taste, form and color. The new colors are very pleasing, and without being crude they are warm and

accepted and money posted. Then Melton looked around for his boy wonder. He found him in the 17-year-old son of W. B. Wood, a well known citizen of this town. The boy was working in a belt factory and was the particular pride of the town because of his physical development, which had enabled him to become an expert contortionist.

Ray Wood offered to make the long trip under the condition that he might be accompanied by his Newfoundland dog and had started westward with San Francisco as the object point. He started without a cent, clad in the characteristic costume of the contortionist. His dog, large of pure breed, is a curiosity in itself. Equipped by straps to his back is a leather shield fitted with a series of rings. To these are to be attached, so that they are protected from the weather, a set of tags, which are to be signed by various officials in the cities of the world through which the boy will pass.

In order to earn the necessary \$5,000 young Wood will give exhibitions as a contortionist on the famous streets of the world or in halls. He will also sell pictures of himself and dog or do any other line of work which may be suggested in his travels. As fast as he earns money he will forward it to a bank at Anderson. The boy expects that by the time he reaches San Francisco he will have accumulated sufficient capital to permit him to sail from that port to Yokohama without delay. From there he will cross the sea of Japan, pass Korea to Shanghai. Following the Chinese coast, the boy will proceed on to India, passing through Anam, Siam and Hindustan. Providing the boy passes along these countries in safety, overcoming dangers by sea and land, and arrives with health at Bombay, he says he will consider that the harder portion of his route has been traveled. From Bombay he will cross the Arabian sea, cross Arabia on foot, and so work his way on to Africa. Passing through Egypt, the boy traveler expects to cross the Mediterranean sea, reach Constantinople, travel Greece, and so on to southern Italy.

It is his idea to walk the entire length of this last mentioned country, push on into France, walk to Paris, and on again, crossing the English channel to England, and so on to New York and across the half of the continent to his starting place.

R. D. T. STAPLES.

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Quincy

VOLUME X. NUMBER 10.

RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSE

94

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There is more truth than poetry in the above stanza. Wear comfortably and stylishly. Give us a chance to show you what your next pair of Boots or anything in the line of Footwear at

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we wouldn't be silly enough to buy old styles.

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knows how unpleasant it is to buy something

and be disappointed in it. It makes us feel

like "doing" the seller, though even a re-

liable dealer may sometimes sell something

which isn't just right. If this happens with

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QUINCY, MASS., OCTOBER, 1896.

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BRANCH AT EAST MILTON.

CARDINAL XIMENES.

A Franciscan Monk Who Became Primate of Spain.

The Spanish Cardinal the Friend of Ferdinand and Confessor of Isabella—His Great Piety and Humility—His Disinclination to Assume the Duties of the Archbishopric of Toledo—Remarkable Work as an Educator—The Protector of the American Explorers—The Conquest of Oran and the Triumphal Entry of the Cardinal into the City.

BY REV. F. A. CUNNINGHAM.

It has often been asserted that the pursuit of a virtuous life is incompatible with usefulness in the management of earthly affairs. The command of the Saviour: "Thou canst not serve two masters," is too often so construed as to forbid what indirectly pertains to the service of God. That it is possible to live a life of unblemished sanctity and at the same time so mingle in the great concerns of the world as to become a principle factor in them, is evident from the fact that the same has already and many times been done. Cardinal Ximenes is a shining example in verification of this truth.

Ximenes was born at Tene Laguna in the arch diocese of Toledo, in Spain, A. D., 1436. He pursued his early education at Alcala and at the university of Salamanca, completing it finally at home. At the latter place the young ecclesiastic gained much distinction on account of his great abilities as a student of ecclesiastical law, and when after a short time he was obliged to return to his native land, he carried with him a pontifical brief from Pius II, granting him the right to the first vacant benefice in the archdiocese of Toledo. He had scarcely gained his home when he heard that the post of Archbishop of Ubeda was vacant; he accordingly laid before the Archbishop his claim to the place. He was, however, refused, whereupon he endeavored to enforce his claim by an appeal to ecclesiastical law. The Archbishop, angered at his persistence, ended the matter at once by casting the young claimant into prison where he remained six long years.

The school of imprisonment was not without its value to Ximenes, as he had evidently so calmed the impulses of young ambition, that the world and its honors had for him no more attraction. It is true that he accepted the honorable position of Vicar-general to Mendoza in the cathedral of Sigüenza, but as his heart was more inclined to the pursuits of evangelical perfection, it was not long before he resigned his preferment. A love of retirement and prayer drew him to the cloisters of St. Francis, where in 1477, he received with joy the emblems of all that could now attract him, the habits of the Franciscans. Nor might even the comparative quiet and seclusion of the monastery within the city walls satisfy his craving for utter solitude and companionship with God alone. He sought the wild silence of the forest, dividing his time in contemplation of the eternal truths, in the reading of the Holy Scriptures and in prayer. But the voice of God that ranges through the universe ringing from world to world could penetrate into the density of the Spanish woods, and summons from his fancied security one who deemed himself as least among men.

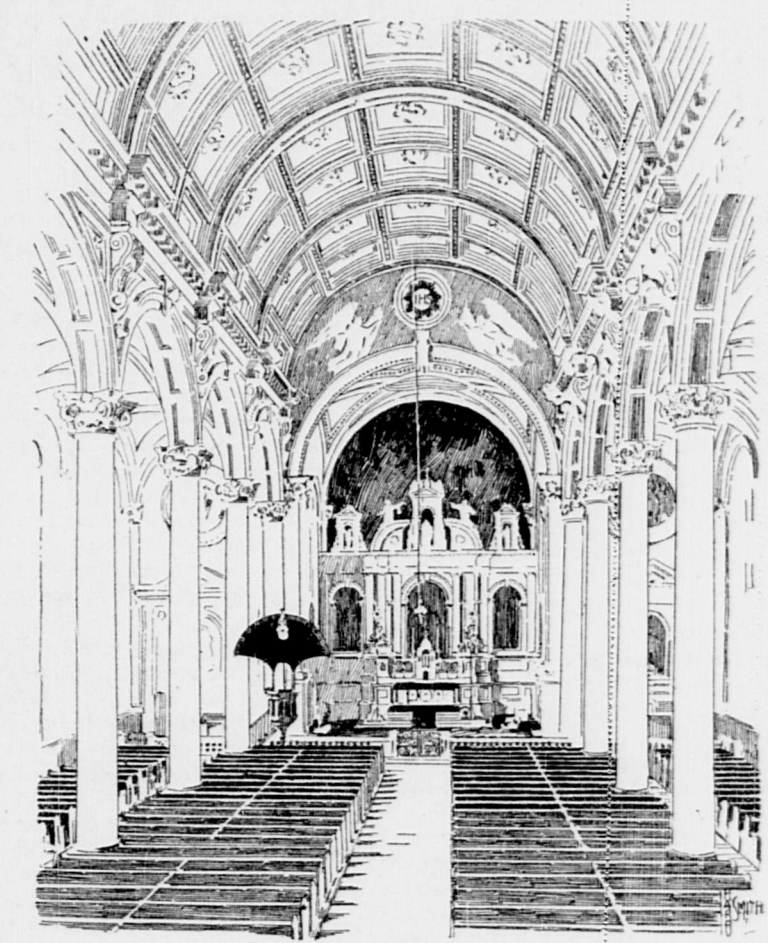
In the year, 1492, Isabella I, Queen of Castile, was obliged to lose her confessor, upon whom the high dignity of the Archbishopric of Granada had been conferred. In her perplexity she turned to Cardinal Mendoza, who mindful of his old friendship for Father Ximenes, founded as it was upon a high estimation of his abilities and rare sanctity, at once proposed him to the queen for the vacant office. Delighted at the proposal, Isabella called the humble Franciscan to the court, where she begged him to accept the post of confessor to Her Majesty. With much hesitation Father Ximenes accepted the high trust, but only upon condition that he should not be required to dwell at the royal court or be in any way impeded in the exercise of his religious avocations. He continued in the exercise of this important ministry for two years, during which time not only Isabella, but the whole royal family

found in him an angelic counselor, and a prudent counselor in the many adversities and troubles of the times.

In the year 1495, Cardinal Mendoza died, archbishop of Toledo and chief councillor of the State. The choice of his successor was determined by the wish expressed by the late Cardinal that he should be succeeded by Father Ximenes. When, however, the queen made known that she desired that her humble confessor should be elevated to the Archbishopric of Toledo, she met with opposition from various quarters, and from none so persistent as from Father Ximenes himself. The queen, yielding to the urgent objections of the latter, thereupon selected for the vacant see the venerable Archbishop Oropesa, whose name was accordingly sent on to Rome to be ratified by Pope Alexander VI. But, before this confirmation could take place, Isabella had reconsidered her action, remembering the recommendation of the late Cardinal Mendoza, and influenced by her sincere admiration for Father Ximenes. She hurried, therefore, to dispatch a second courier to Rome to revoke the first nomination and to propose the name of Father Ximenes. When the answer of the Pope reached the royal palace Father Ximenes had come as usual to hear the confession of the queen, and on completing his service was about to return again to the solitude of his monastery, when he received an order summoning him to the presence of the queen. The good father obeyed, and on meeting with his sovereign was presented by her with the letter of the Pope, bearing upon it the address: "To Our Venerable Brother, Francis Ximenes, Archbishop-elect of Toledo." Father Ximenes merely glanced at the address and handed back the letter to the queen, declaring that it could not have been meant for him; he then hurriedly left the palace overwhelmed with the deepest confusion. For six months he continued firm in his resolution never to accept the proffered honor, and doubtless his determination would have remained unshaken to the end did he not receive a positive command from the Pope, obliging him to undertake the office. He was finally consecrated Archbishop of Toledo, near the end of the year 1495.

The new prelate had determined, however, that the change in his official position should not affect his ordinary mode of life. Indeed, it must be said that it created in him a desire for newer and more severe austerities than before. Some idea of his extreme mortifications may be gathered from the fact that every day he made it a point to feed thirty poor men, sometimes even waiting upon them himself. He divided his resources into two parts, giving one-half to the poor and expending the rest upon the maintenance of his household, and for public works. Such was his desire to imitate his Divine Master in abjectness of apparel, and neglect of self, that he at last forced upon himself a reproof from the Pope, who desired him to change his habits so as to accord better with the decorum due to his ecclesiastical dignity. A wish from the Holy Father was a command to the humble Archbishop, who thenceforth appeared in public at least to the satisfaction of his friends.

Archbishop Ximenes began the administration of his see, the primacy of Spain, with the good will of all with whom his offices brought him into contact. His prosperous and happy course was, however, quickly embittered by an unfortunate event. He had made it one of the loftiest ambitions of his life to bring into the fold of the church the many Moors still dwelling in Castile, and as yet tolerated in the practice of Mahometanism. The principal stronghold of the sect was in the city of Granada, wherein a certain district, called the Albaycin, was allotted as their exclusive habitation. To Granada accordingly the new primate directed his principal efforts. Taking up his residence in that city he began at once a series of vigorous measures for the extirpation of Mahometanism, so much so as to call down upon his head the most vindictive oburgations, not only from the Moorish population, but from many Christians of the place, to whom the saintly life of the primate was cause for reproach. The dissatisfaction was brought to an extremity on



INTERIOR OF THE MISSION CHURCH, ROXBURY.

(Reproduced by courtesy of The Boston Herald.)

a certain day when three of Ximenes' servants, engaged upon some errand which brought them within the limits of the Albaycin, contrived to stir up a dispute with some of the inhabitants of the quarter. The disputants at last came to blows, two of the servants were massacred on the spot and their comrade escaped with difficulty from the infuriated mob. The unfortunate affair became the signal for insurrection. The populace sprang to arms, barricaded the gates of the quarter, and defied the Spanish authorities. The following night the Moors besieged the palace of the primate, regarding him as the principal author of the Mahometan misfortunes, and as instigator of the troubles of the preceding day. A host of friends gathered around the Archbishop of Toledo beseeching him to fly from the palace and take refuge in the Alhambra a stronghold of the city, and remain there until the settlement of the riot. But the intrepid prelate, too magnanimous to abandon his post, replied: "God forbid I should think of my own safety when so many of the faithful are imperilling theirs! No, I will stand to my post and wait there, if Heaven wills it, the crown of martyrdom." The rebellion lasted ten days, during which, the name and credit of the Archbishop commenced sensibly to decrease among the people, and even with the king and queen, who had labored for many years and in many hard fought battles to wrest the city from Moorish domination. Rumor, as usual, exaggerated the state of affairs, and hence it became reported at Seville, where the king and queen were staying, that Granada had again fallen into the hands of the Moors, and that Archbishop Ximenes was the cause of it from his too great solicitude for the conversion of the infidels to Christianity. The queen astounded at the sad news, yet unwilling to acknowledge any fault in her grand minister, at first endeavored to defend his action. It was useless, however, as the efforts of envy and jealousy had already diffused the alarm in all quarters. She wrote to the archbishop demanding an explanation. The latter hastened to send a messenger to Seville with a satisfactory reply; but the latter was maliciously delayed; his letter could not reach its destination. Another reply was despatched in the charge of a trusty Franciscan, announcing that the archbishop would repair at once to the court to answer for his conduct. Ximenes accordingly set out for Seville and on reaching the queen explained the affair so lucidly that all blame was removed from him. Indeed he soon convinced his royal masters of the great advantage accruing to Granada from this outbreak, inasmuch as it had for its result the total abolition of the Mahometan sect in Spain.

As a mark of appreciation for his

eminent services to the Spanish Church; Pope Julius II, in 1507, created Ximenes a cardinal of the Holy Roman Church. The new cardinal was able to repay this mark of pontifical kindness by bringing to the aid of the Pope in his difficulties the wealth and resources that lay in his power.

In 1509, the aged cardinal undertook for the cause of Spain and of the church a task difficult and daring enough to discourage even younger ambition. Oran, a rich and well fortified city in Algeria ever offered itself as a menace to the safety of Spain. Cardinal Ximenes determined to put an end at once to its dangerous prominence by conquest and by reducing it to a dependency of the Spanish crown. In May of that year the great minister arming himself and arrayed as a military general set forth at the head of an army of 10,000 infantry and 4000 horsemen. The city yielded at the first assault, with a loss to the Moors of 9,000 men, while only 30 remained on the field from the Catholic forces. At the happy news of this great victory the Cardinal was filled with joy, and unable to sleep passed the whole night in thanksgiving to the Lord of Hosts. On the following day he made his triumphal entry into Oran, repeating continually the verse of David: "Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam." On returning to Spain he met the king who descended from his carriage to embrace the victor, and Leo X on learning of the conquest broke into expressions of admiration for the great cardinal, qualifying him as defender of the Church and protector of Italy.

One of the most noteworthy works of this celebrated cardinal was certainly the new edition of the Polyglott Bible, in four languages. Begun almost in the very infancy of the art of printing and pursued with indefatigable zeal for fifteen years, it employed the resources of the most learned and erudite men of the times, and was published in 1515 at an expense of fifty thousand scudi. This gigantic work would in itself have been sufficient for the glory of one man, were there nothing else in him to compel admiration.

Ferdinand died in 1516 and on his deathbed deputed Cardinal Ximenes as governor of the kingdom of Castile and regent of Spain for his nephew and heir, Charles V. In this capacity he made strenuous efforts to remove the oppressive behavior of the Spaniard toward the newly conquered Americans. Invested with absolute power he sustained intrepidly a severe struggle against the pretensions of the grandees, overawed them into submission, and by his vigor and determination quelled an incipient insurrection in Navarre. For the better consolidation of the Spanish dominions Ximenes

[CONTINUED ON FIFTH PAGE.]

DAFFODILS.

Golden chalice of gladness
Gleaming in the woodland ways,
Exorcising winter's sadness,
Fledge of promised golden days—
Hope awakes, sweet daffodils,
When ye shine upon the hills.

Sure I am some spell is hidden
In thee, flower of lowly birth,
Lifting thy glad face unhidden
O'er the yet scarce stirring earth
Ere spring comes—a spell to move
All that see thee to love.

Not alone the pale gold rays
Round thy deep gold heart between,
Nor thy slender form's soft swaying,
Nor thy bodyguard in green,
Midst thy bodyguard in green,
Something in thee more than this
Fills the poet's heart with bliss.

In the tale swift memory's bringing
Does thy fascination lie,
How of old amid their singing
Facts loved to see thee nigh,
And how they would fain rehearse
Thy delights in deathless verse!

He, in savage Devon dwelling,
Beauty loving, poet priest,
Of thy singers out the least,
Smiled to greet thee by the way
As he duly passed to pray.

And a greater bard, once wandering
Thoughtful o'er vales and hills,
Bidden counsel his penance pondering
As a host of daffodils
Flashed upon his sight a joy
Time nor change could ever destroy.

Many another has extolled thee,
Daffodil, since earth was young,
Glories of great song unfold thee,
Favored theme of honored tongue.
Yet 'tis not the poet's art
Gives thee power to touch the heart.

'Tis the subtle suggestion
Thou canst wake of springs long past;
Childhood's playtime, youth's affection,
Joy's foregone, with the linked fast—
These live ever. Thou art here
In the springtime every year.

—Dora Cave in Academy.

LITTLE PIPPO.

Little Pippo was only an accordion player in the streets of London, but yet a fearless lad, who might have been trained for good, only he belonged to the padrone, Marco Ferrati, who owned several other children, upon whose earnings he threw and grew fat and made their little lives a hell to them.

Thus it happened one day and when the mellow autumn hung over the city that Mr. Arnold Ingram and his wife saw him playing his uncertain little tunes in Bond street. Ingram was a man not much past 30, a philanthropist—not one of the ostentatious sort, for let us be thankful that there are some few whose ideas of goodness do not begin and end with the heading of subscription lists. There was something in the boy's face—his soft, black eyes, perhaps—that interested him, so he asked:

"Where do you come from, my little man?"

"Safron hill, signor."

"Oh, I guessed that," said Mr. Ingram, smiling. "I mean where in Italy?"

"Varenna."

"Varenna, on the lake of Como?"

"Si, signor; lago di Como," and the little fellow's countenance brightened up. These other two faces, so strange contrasted with his, also brightened.

"Mona, you remember Varenna and the rainy week?"

To be sure she did. You could tell by the soft light which came into her eyes. Arnold Ingram was staying at the Hotel Varenna with some friends a certain memorable rainy week, when even Como's lake was dark and misty, so that the party was kept much indoors, and there it was that he had worked and won the lovely girl who now stood by his side, his wife.

"I daresay you would like to go back there?" he said to the boy.

"I should think so, signor. We lived in a little cabin on the hill where the vines grow. I used to be happy then. But the padrone came and told my father and mother that he would make my fortune in England, and they let him take me away."

"And ever since then he has taken your earnings and beaten and starved you?"

"You know him, signor?"

"There are plenty like him, unfortunately. Goodby, my little lad," and he moved away.

"You did not give him anything, did you?" said half reproachfully.

"What is the use? It does more harm than good. The poor urchin would have to give it up. My dear, I have been among them. I have been in the loathsome dens where the padrones keep these boys and girls huddled with men and women. He belongs body and soul to the padrone, who, like the vampire that he is, lives upon him."

"Can nothing be done for them?"

"Yes, English people could, with one accord, abstain from giving them money. Then the ruffians' source of income would cease and at the same time the poor little creatures' sufferings."

It so happened just then that Mr. Ferrati was prowling along on the opposite side of the street. He found blows and starvation excellent methods of collecting the boy's contributions, but he thought a little personal supervision now and then did no harm. So he crossed over and asked:

"Well, Pippo, how much did they give you?"

"Nothing, padrone."

"You little liar and thief! You can't tell me. I know these gentle-

folks. They have given you big silver, perhaps gold. If you do not give it up this instant, I'll thrash you within an inch of your life."

"I have nothing to give up, and you dare not strike me now," the boy answered fearlessly.

He was quite right, he dared not, for there within a few yards, at the corner of Conduit street, stood a helmeted guardian of the peace. But what he escaped then he had a double dose of that night at home, for as the padrone only in exceptional cases told the truth, he was utterly incapable of understanding that little Pippo scorned to tell a lie.

Pippo's knowledge of London was as varied and extensive as the late Mr. Sam Weller's. Some time after this he found himself drowning out "La Domme e Mobile" upon his accordion in a street of large houses in Kensington. A lady stood at a drawing room window. It was Mona Ingram. She took an interest in him because of the place he came from—the village where the low vine bushes grew on the hillside above the waters of Como. She knew him at once and beckoned him in.

That day he was in clover. She was mindful of what her husband had said and gave him no money, but some clothes and plenty to eat and kind words.

He was there so long that he earned but little that day, and he was saluted with a blow and a curse from Ferrati when he got home to Safron hill. But he did not seem to mind so much now, for once in his life there was the memory of kind words to treasure up in his little heart.

That evening there was a conference between Arnold Ingram and his wife, in which they determined to rescue at least one suffering soul. They resolved to find out Pippo and send him home to his native village. But man proposes.

One day Pippo was told by the padrone that he would take him to a friend of his who had some work for him to do. He was ordered to leave his accordion at home this time. He knew that extra work did not mean money—no, nor even food in his case. If he could not do what was expected of him, there would be blows—a few more or less. What difference did it make? So he took no interest in the matter.

He had come home late after a long day in the streets, during which he had earned only a few coppers; but, strange to say, this time Marco Ferrati did not swear at or strike him.

As soon as he had swallowed his supper, consisting of bread and water, which he partook of with the other unfortunate boys and girls, Marco came in and bade Pippo follow him.

They went straight to Holborn circus, down Fetter lane into Fleet street and then turned westward.

Pippo had been out all day. The little feet were weary and could hardly keep up with the padrone's rapid striding. The latter was walking quicker than he had ever done, for he delighted in inflicting suffering of every kind upon his little charges out of sheer wanton cruelty.

He need not have made such haste. The later the better to do the work for which Pippo was engaged.

"Quicker!" cried Ferrati. "Come on, you little snail, curse you, or I'll break every bone in your carcass."

It may be mentioned parenthetically that little Pippo was running just then as fast as his legs would carry him.

As they passed along the Strand it was a few minutes after 11. The theater patrons were crowding the streets. How gay and brilliant and happy those crowds looked. Yes, I suppose so, but in the boy's benumbed, broken life there was no comprehension of happiness.

If he had a yearning for anything, it was for the vine clad hills of Varenna, on the shores of Como, which he could just dimly remember before he was taken away from his mother's knee—taken away through filthy greed, because they had been told that he should make a fortune in England and keep them in their old age.

But still they are speeding along. They have crossed Trafalgar square and are still proceeding westward—a long way west, for they do not stop till they reach a public house in the Fulham road. Here the man is greeted by two rough looking men, whose begrimed clothes bespeak them to be working as navvies.

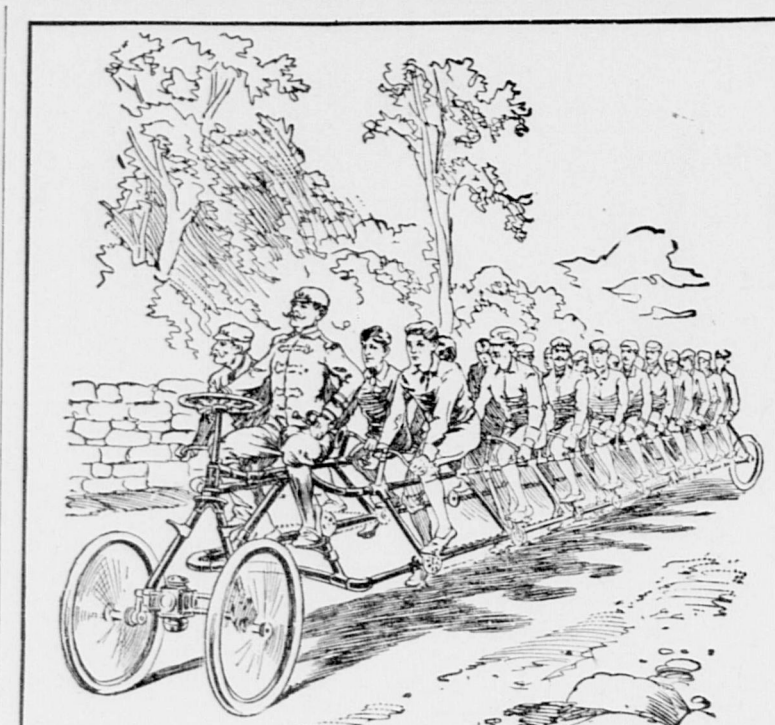
"Ferrati, the merchant!" exclaimed one of them, whose language was redolent of oaths and sanguinary epithets, as was the air of bad spirits and rank tobacco.

"You've been a bloomin' long time, and no mistake."

"It's a long way. I come direct by sea by bus home. Pippo, these are gentlemen you go via. You come back to me ven sey tell you to go."

Pippo said nothing. One fate was much the same as another, and, tired out as he was, amid the noise and the close, reeking atmosphere of the gin palace, he hardly knew whether he stood on his head or his heels.

They stayed on till 12:30, closing



THE LARGEST CYCLE IN THE WORLD.
A Brooklyn club of twenty members is desirous of making its club run on masee, and an Ohio firm is building a wheel large enough to seat all the members of the organization. They will doubtless create a great sensation when they first appear upon the road.

time. The padrone seemed bent upon getting drunk, and royally "boozed" he became, until it took the combined efforts of two barnens to eject him.

To the other two seemed very careful how much they imbibed and were quite sober when they came out.

The streets were very quiet as they walked along in silence.

Marco Ferrati had now left them, and they betook themselves toward the better parts of Kensington. They went down a narrow lane, on one side of which were the garden walls of gentlemen's houses. The elder of the men, whom the other called Jim Sicket, counted his steps from the corner to about the center of the lane. The walls were not high, and Sicket clambered up.

"Now then, Bill!" he cried. "Give us the kid."

Poor little Pippo's heart went cold as ice. Brought face to face with poverty and crime all his young life, although his better instincts had rebelled, he knew exactly what was going to be done.

"No, no!" he cried. "Let me go! I won't do that!"

"Now then," said Jim, "shut up yer row, ye young imp, or it'll be the worse for yer."

He saw the gleam of a revolver in Sicket's hand, and, almost dead with fright, he was dragged over. There were broken bottles on top of the walls, and the poor little fellow's hands and legs were mercilessly cut and torn.

But once in the garden he thought surely he knew the place. He had never been in more than one grand house, and this was it, the home of Mr. Ingram, where the beautiful lady had received him so kindly.

"Now," said the man addressed as Bill, "we're going to 'oist yer up to that there window. Ye've got to push it open and get round to this yer door, wot yer got to open for us. Mind, if yer make any bloomin' mistakes, we'll put a bullet in yer. Do yer understand?"

This was all whispered, of course, but he did understand, and he had made up his mind too. Yes, he would go in. If he did not help them, some one else would, and it was better he should do so.

He easily pushed up the small staircase window, which was unlatched, and was once more within that house, where his feet sank into the costly carpets and where there was such a sense of luxury and rest, but tonight the place seemed cold and dark and still.

He was hesitating what he should do to awake the household, when, to his relief, he perceived a light on the stairs. A gentleman in evening dress was coming down. It was Arnold Ingram.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, starting. "Who is this?"

"It is I—Pippo. You are in danger, signor. I come to warn you. The garden—look!"

"Burglars for a certainty. There's a brave little man," said Mr. Ingram, and to the boy's surprise he blew out his candle. "Are you afraid?"

"No, signor, not with you."

"Then go and open that door."

"Do as I bid you."

It was the very door the thieves had told him to open.

But he did so, and the stealthy footsteps of Jim Sicket could be heard creeping in. Then there was a sound of the bolts being shot again.

Mr. Ingram struck a match, quickly lit the gas, and the burglar stood revealed in the passage.

He hardly realized what had happened and made a dash for the door, but it was locked, and there he turned at bay, with the master of the house upon him.

He was prepared to sell his liberty dearly, however. The revolver was up and aimed at Ingram.

Pippo was prepared for that. He was only a little boy. He could not intercept it, but he made a tremendous bound up at the ruffian's hand, and the shot went off in the air, bringing down a great piece of the ceiling.

"Oh, curse you for a little sneak," he cried, and down came the butt end of the pistol, crashing upon Pippo's skull, who fell senseless to the ground.

"You coward!" said Ingram. "I'd have let you off for the burglary, but when it comes to the poor boy, who only stopped you from making it a hanging matter for yourself, by heaven you shall have no mercy."

The menservants, startled by the noise, had by this time come down and with some difficulty succeeded in overpowering Jim Sicket.

There was a white figure there, too, with a scared face, who took in the situation at a glance and knew that little Pippo had probably saved her husband's life. It was she who took him up tenderly and laid him upon a couch in the drawing room and sent for a doctor for him.

The boy opened his eyes and turned them feebly upon her.

"Ah," he said, "it is you, the good signora. Will you do something for me?"

"Anything, Pippo."

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"Don't let them put that man in prison. The padrone gave me to him. They would all get into trouble, and it was my fault he was caught."

So it came about that Jim Sicket was set free and told he would not be charged.

It is to be hoped he attempted no more burglaries, since the "quality of mercy" had indeed "dropped as the gentle rain from heaven" upon the bosom of this little ragged boy.

He lay quite still for some time and then turned toward his benefactress and spoke:

"Oh, you have been so kind, so good to me. I wish I was good."

"Nay, you are good. You have saved him for me. I have done nothing, but I will try to make you strong and well again."

But it was too late. Just as the gray dawn was peeping through the windows his poor little harassed and weary soul passed away to the land of the spirits.

Tears rose unbidden to her eyes when she knew it.

"It is better so," said Arnold Ingram, who had just entered on tip-toe, "while there is yet the spark of truth and purity and goodness in his heart. Ill usage, poverty, degradation, would surely lead on to sin and crime, and it would be at the door of those who brought him to it. They have much to answer for. But it is best to die before that."

So his eyes were closed by loving hands, he who had known naught but hard blows and hard words. Poor little Pippo—Spare Moments.

Out of the Question.

The happiness as well as the devotion of a man to his hobby is instanced by a little story told of Lord Walsingham, the well known English entomologist. Asked why he did not go to Asot for the great race, he replied earnestly: "How could I? It was out of the question. I was expecting 20 or 30 moths and butterflies to arrive at any moment."

—New York Times.

Needs Be Particular.

"Mrs. Cash is very exclusive, isn't she?"

"Yes, but she has to be. Only women of established social position can afford to affiliate with everybody."

—Chicago Record.

The Phenix Pharmacy,

CORNER SCHOOL AND FRANKLIN STS.

L. J. PASTOR, PH. C.

Birds and Pokeberries.

Dr. George B. Hart thinks that birds eat pokeberries in preference to other kinds when they wish to cut down their weight so as to fly well. Some of the antiflat remedies contain pokeberry juice.

A DISASTROUS BET.

How Joseph Westlake Lost His Wealth Through a Wager.

There is a man in Benton Harbor who long ago made a bet which ruined him. Now he is pointed out by the residents as one of the sights of the town.

"Do you see that man?" said a driver to a party he was taking about the place one day not long ago. He pointed over his shoulder to a stooping figure that was ambling along.

There was nothing at all striking about the man. Indeed, so far as appearances go, he was of such decided mediocrity that he did not lack much of coming under the head of inferiority, and at that distance a physiognomist or a psychologist would have pronounced him on the same plane mentally.

"That man doesn't cut much of a figure in the world nowadays," said the driver, "but the time was when he could buy and sell anybody in this part of Michigan and still have money to throw at the birds. His name is Joseph Westlake. Back in the seventies, when the manufacturing and fruit industries of Benton Harbor were in their infancy, he started a basket and box factory."

It was run on a small scale at first, but as fruit raising attained greater importance he increased his facilities for turning out baskets, and within a couple of years the business was not only on a paying basis, but yielded a pretty fat income to the manipulator.

About that time another factory was put in operation down by the river, and so great was the demand for their wares that both concerns could have become rich by sticking to legitimate business. But right there Westlake's inborn propensity for dabbling in things that did not belong to him broke out after a suppression of three years or more.

"He was a born gambler. From the time he was old enough to talk he was happiest when making a bet of some kind, and it seemed that the bad luck that had generally attended all his hazards of fortune only served as a stimulus for further experiments in that line. To be sure, his betting had never been done on a very extensive scale up to the time of his investment in the factory, for what property he had was in his mother's name, and the only way he could get a it was by first obtaining her consent, and as the old lady was aware of I great fault and strove to guard against the gratification of his desires that was not such an easy thing to do."

"His basket making business was in the third year of its existence when the mania attacked him. Both factories were going at full tilt, and there was considerable rivalry between the two capitalists as to which could turn out the greater product. One evening Westlake met his competitor in a drug store, and, as usual, they stopped and interchanged a few remarks relative to their work."

"I'll bet you," said Westlake, "that I can turn out more baskets than you can between now and the 1st of September. So confident am I that I am willing to stake my factory on it."

"His rival had just put in some new machinery and had taken on several additional hands, and he knew that the capacity of his plant had not yet been fully tested. Westlake spoke in all earnestness, and after considering the proposition for a few moments the former said:

"I'll take you up on that. Let's make it out in black and white."

"They went to a notary the next day and had a contract drawn up whereby it was agreed that the one who manufactured the smallest number of baskets should forfeit his factory to the other."

"On the 1st day of September they took an account of stock, and the figures showed that Westlake had made 4,360 baskets less than the rival firm. Westlake's friends wanted him to fight the claim, but his disappointment had taken all the life out of him, and he turned over his entire factory without the least show of resistance. That one disastrous bet was practically the end of his career, and from then on he has been what you see him now, a dead weight on his mother's hands."

—Chicago Tribune.

Alluring Signs In New York.

"Hats cleaned while you wait, 5 cents." "Shoes soled while you wait, 50 cents." "Buttons sewed while you wait, 5 cents each." "Patches inserted in clothing while you wait, 10 cents each." These signs are seen all over town, particularly along the Bowery. The combination of signs can be found in one block. There a man may go into the place a veritable Weary Waggles and by expending a dollar may emerge up to date dude. —New York World.

Birds and Pokeberries.

Dr. George B. Hart thinks that birds eat pokeberries in preference to other kinds when they wish to cut down their weight so as to fly well. Some of the antiflat remedies contain pokeberry juice.

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STRANGE PLANTS.

Some of the Curious Growths That the Clero Have Noted.

Early travelers in China and the tary speak of a "plant of flesh and blood, with the shape and appearance of a lamb, having feet, tail and head distinctly formed, and its skin covered with soft down." The lamb is said to grow upon a stalk three feet in height and to turn about and bend to the herbage that serves for its food, and when the grass fails dries up and withers away.

There is some foundation for this queer story in the existence of a singularly shaped plant recently discovered which has a sort of woolly covering, and in order to heighten the general effect the natives trim the plant and adjust the long light silky hairs that cover it in such a style as to give it the appearance of a wool clad animal. It is natural to suppose that this plant would wither when the grass begins to fail, but even if it did not subsist upon the grass as reported the same drought that served to kill the grass would naturally destroy the plant.

The value of the plant would be only in furnishing the pulpy material of which paper is manufactured, but also in supplying the paper itself outright, may not be fully appreciated by those who have not investigated the subject. It is well known that the Egyptian papyrus in early days was the main source from which anything like our modern paper was derived. This was a reed that grew by the brooks, with a stem six to ten feet in height and about an inch in diameter. These were peeled, and the pith was cut into thin slices, which were then laid side by side, with the edges touching one another. After being sprinkled with water, a heavy pressure was applied, and they were thus united into one piece.

It may not be so generally known that there now grows in Asia a tree the bark of which is made into sheets about a yard square, and these are used for all the ordinary purposes of paper, being very tough and durable. The soft and durable Chinese rice paper is not the product of any part of the rice plant, but is the pith of a tree, which, by the aid of a lathe and a sharp instrument, is cut into very thin and delicate rolls.

The lighting materials furnished by trees is another thing worth noting, among which may be mentioned the Japanese wax tree, which bears bunches of fruit growing like grapes and containing a species of wax used in making candles. Another tree is found in the Pacific islands known as the candle tree, which yields a large quantity of oil, the kernels being strung together on a stick and lighted as a candle.

We may also mention the candle tree, the fruit of which is three or four feet in length and about an inch in diameter and of a yellowish color, "hanging from the tree so as to present the appearance of wax candles, and in such abundance as to give the idea of a chandelier's shop."

A slender, erect shrub grows in India to which the name of the telegraph plant has been given, because of a resemblance to railway telegraph signals in the motion of the trifoliate leaves, the two side ones rising and falling alternately first time and then resting for a period, and again starting into motion.

They are most active in the early morning. Sometimes many of the leaves may be seen in action at once, and then again only a few seem to be inspired with motion, which shows that their action does not depend upon the wind. —Philadelphia Times.

Fanning.

Outside of Spain and the orient fanning is not a graceful art, but a manual labor. It is not soothing, but heating. The only persons to whom fanning is a real relief are those who follow the oriental fashion and wave their generous palm leaves with the same sang froid with which Cleopatra's slaves on her immortal barge swung theirs to and fro. Fans are as old as history, and the ancient Egyptians well knew their use, but it is not possible to imagine those stately queens of ancient days permitting in their presence anything so vigorously undignified as the modern method of fanning. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Bullets Less Fatal.

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Bullets Less Fatal.
Strange to say, the improvement in firearms has not increased the murderous results of battles. The battles which have been fought in the South American wars since 1880 show that only 1 out of each 79 men engaged was killed. In the Franco-German war of 1870-1, 1 in each 33 men died, while in the Crimean war 1 in each 35 of the effective force was left dead on the field.

No Ribbons.
"I must get a new ribbon for my typewriter," said the baldheaded lawyer just as his wife entered the office.
"What you'll get is a new typewriter," she screamed as she hustled the fair incumbent of that position out of the office.—Detroit Free Press.

FOR CASH OR STAMPS.

THIEVES WHO MAKE A SPECIALTY OF ROBBING POSTOFFICES.

A Great Increase in Such Burglaries, Which May Be Due to Hard Times. Postmasters Must Make Such Losses Good Unless Relieved by Congress.

[Special Correspondence.]
WASHINGTON, Oct. 6.—About 1,500 postoffices are burglarized every year. There are more than 70,000 offices, and the percentage of crimes of this class would be small if applied to any other class of business establishments. But when you consider the safeguards thrown around postoffices the number is very great.

The increase in ten years has been enormous. In 1886 only 487 postoffices were robbed, and 79 burglars were arrested. In 1896 there were 1,474 offices robbed and 470 burglars arrested. The increase cannot be charged to lack of efficiency in the secret service. In 1886 a little less than one-sixth of the criminals were arrested; in 1896 nearly one-third. Judging by these figures, the secret service is twice as efficient as it was ten years ago, yet crime has increased more than threefold.

The banner year for postoffice burglaries was 1894. In that year the crimes were 1,621 against 1,195 for the year before. The number of thefts in each of the past years has been much greater than in any of the years preceding. No doubt the hard times have had something to do with it. The more men want the more criminals are there, and the more the suppression of crime. There was a steady and large increase in postoffice robberies between 1886 and 1893, and the authorities were puzzled to explain it. The chief of the secret service in 1892 thought it might be due to the increased safeguards thrown around banks and business houses in the cities and large towns. The chief in his report that year offered lively encouragement to burglars when he said that postoffices "in most cases are connected with stores, especially in smaller places, and are sure to yield to the successful burglar some return for his unlawful enterprise."

The chief return which a burglar can expect from postoffice robbery is in stamps, and they are not very desirable plunder. Any man offering to sell stamps or trying to use them in trade is open to suspicion. The burglar, therefore, must get rid of this class of plunder at a considerable discount and to persons who know or can guess that he is a thief. He may find a man no more honest than himself to buy the stamps, or he may offer them to an honest man who will cause his arrest. Most men are not willing to be receivers of stolen goods, so the postoffice thief runs a great risk in offering stamps for sale.

There has been a decrease in the number of postoffice burglaries under Fourth Assistant R. A. Maxwell, due in part, no doubt, to the fact that congress in 1894 appropriated money to be used in offering rewards for the arrest of postoffice burglars. The postmaster general has a standing offer of \$1,000 for the capture of train mail robbers and \$500 for a thief who steals mail in transit by any other than a rail route. The entire appropriation for rewards until 1894 was \$10,000 a year, and all this was needed in train and stagecoach cases. Congress, at the suggestion of Mr. Maxwell, increased this appropriation to \$25,000, and Mr. Maxwell, classifying the postoffice burglars under four heads, made up a schedule of rewards ranging from \$100 to \$200. The effect of this system was remarkable. There had been an increase in postoffice burglaries in 1894 of 35 per cent. In 1895 there was a decrease of 2 per cent and at the same time an increase in the number of arrests from 351 to 453.

"I think," said Mr. Maxwell recently, "that the action of the department in offering standing rewards for the apprehension of criminals has impressed the professional criminals with a wholesome respect for the laws and their penalties. The varied duties required of postoffice inspectors prevent them giving their attention specially to the apprehension of postoffice burglars, and it is a fact that the police authorities appear to have a general opinion that the robbery of a United States postoffice is no concern of theirs and that such matters come properly under the jurisdiction of United States officials."

Another cause, Mr. Maxwell says, which has made local authorities less vigilant than they might be is the belief that the government and not the postmaster suffers the loss in a case of burglary. The fact is the postmaster is responsible for all losses in his office, and he has to make good the amount of a burglar's haul unless congress relieves him of that necessity by a special law. Congress always does this if it appears to the satisfaction of the committees of house and senate that the postmaster used all reasonable precautions in protecting the government's property.

The safety of the stamps and money order funds intrusted to postmasters is guaranteed by bonds aggregating \$120,000,000, which are on file in the postoffice department here. These bonds are perpetual. If a shortage, whether through theft or through embezzlement, occurred in a postoffice today and was not discovered until 12 years hence, though the postmaster had been dead 10 years, the surties could be held for the shortage. The policy of the postoffice department in the matter of bonds is peculiar. Though congress passed a law in 1894 giving the postmaster general the right to accept surety companies on bonds, the department refuses to accept any but a local bondsman from postmasters at small offices, known as fourth class offices, and insists that at large offices one of the bondsmen shall be a resident and a patron of the local postoffice. In this way the department has agents all over the country exercising a supervision over its postmasters.

GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

A WOMAN IN THE PULPIT.

Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley Is a Successful and Popular Preacher.

Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley, who has been installed as pastor of the Independent Liberal church of Chicago, is a thoroughly progressive and up to date woman. She is not a stranger in the pulpit by any means, as this is the second pastorate which she has held. She is a native of Ohio and was married in Toledo to Dr. Woolley, a dentist. In 1876 they removed to Chicago and have lived there ever since, with the exception of the last three years, during which Mrs. Woolley has been pastor of the Unitarian church of Geneva, Ills. As a young woman Mrs. Woolley began to contribute articles to religious papers, and her name became a familiar one to the readers of those publications.

In 1889 she accepted a position as assistant editor of Unity, the principal Chicago periodical of the Unitarians. Previous to this she had made a bolder effort in the literary field and had published several novels. "Love and Theology" was one of these. It attracted considerable attention when it first came out, although it did not make her fortune. In succeeding books she discussed theological and moral problems in a liberal and broad minded manner.

Mrs. Woolley's transition from the editorial desk to the pulpit was one which caused no surprise to her friends. She had often given lectures which lacked nothing but texts to be sermons, and so one day when there was a congregation but no pastor present at her church she was asked to preside. She did so with so much success that it was not long before she was called to take regular charge of the congregation. Her church in Elgin became so popular that many of her congregation came all the way from Chicago to hear her sermons, which were generally on some topic of the day.

The charge which Mrs. Woolley has recently taken in Chicago is a small and struggling congregation with no home, but she expects to remedy this state of affairs before long, and there is not much doubt but she will do it, for she is a woman of great earnestness and popularity.

TO RAISE \$1,000,000.
The Big Task Undertaken by Mrs. Matilda B. Carse.

Mrs. Matilda B. Carse has started out on a lecturing tour, and she does not propose to stop talking until she has raised the round sum of \$1,000,000 with which to purchase the entire outside interest in the Woman's Temple.

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THE ELECTRIC FARM.

PROMISES TO BE A FEATURE OF THE FUTURE.

With a Dynamo Run by a Windmill the Farmer Can Have Electric Lights and Electric Plows, Electric Churns and Electric Almost Everything Else.

If the electric farm is not to be a feature of the near future, it is not the fault of the inventors. They have already done a good share of their part of the work. Now, it only remains for the farmer to do his.

You may look a long time in almost any part of the country before you will find a farmer who is making much use of electricity in his work. He has heard about electric plows, but when he wants to break up the cornfield he hires up his mules or his horses and does it in the good old way without the intervention of dynamos or wires. But a glance at the recent inventions sent to the national patent office will show that hundreds of ingenious appliances of a more or less practicable nature have been designed for the special use of the farmer in utilizing electricity in his daily toil.

There are electric churns, electric spading machines, electric tree fellers, electric sheep shears, electric forcing frames, electric irrigators, and there is doubtless under process of construction somewhere in the country an electric bootjack. The great multitude of these electrical devices have never been put into practical operation, but still there are a few cases in which electricity is used in farming.

Several electric plows have been successfully operated in Europe. In one of the western states electricity is operating a 15 blade gangplow which cuts a furrow 6 feet wide. The blades

revolve like the blades of a propeller in the water. The plow is attached to a big cable, which winds around a drum and drags the huge plow with resistless force across the field. It is a powerful disturber of the soil, you may be sure, though it lacks the picturesque qualities of a ten ox team driven ahead by a sun browned son of toil with a large vocabulary of profanity ever at his command.

A trolley plow is in operation in New York state. Wires are stretched around the sides of the field and cross it at regular intervals. In this case the motor is attached to the axle of the plow and revolves big wheels, which carry the plowshare forward and force it through the ground. But this, of course, makes plowing rather a complicated and costly pastime.

An electric plow was recently tested near Chicago which will run in any direction at any speed. It consists of a two wheeled platform, upon which the motor is carried, and a plow. The power is obtained from a nearby trolley line and conducted to the motor by a flexible wire, which is wound up or unrolled on a drum, as the movements of the plow require. The merry plowman, instead of trudging wearily behind in the furrow, rides upon the platform and regulates the movements of the plow by means of a lever and a steering wheel.

It is entirely possible that when electric farming appliances are so perfected that they are practicable and moderately cheap the owners of our big farms will utilize the power extensively. In the first place, electric power can be obtained by almost any farmer, and its great advantage lies in the fact that it is so easily transmitted. Every rapid stream of water represents just so much energy, which may be made to till the land if converted into electricity by means of a water wheel connected with a dynamo.

If water power is not to be had, let the farmer set up a windmill and make the winds of heaven furnish him with the force to push his plow. It is estimated that there are more than 1,000,000 windmills now in operation in the United States. Much of the time they veer idly in the wind, but if they were attached to dynamos countless volts of electric power would be generated each day. This power could be stored by means of storage batteries and used when it was wanted. This is a wholly feasible plan, as has been demonstrated by Professor Brush of Arc light fame. His residence near Cleveland he lights all the year round with electric light from power furnished by a windmill. A wind of no greater velocity than 16 miles an hour will, through the medium of 16 foot sails, produce a continuous current of 1½ horsepower. There is one private lighting plant in existence for which a windmill supplies the power for 127 lamps.

In applying electric power the initial cost of installing the plant is the chief one. Once let a farmer invest in a dynamo, attach it to a good windmill, and he can forever after dispense with the tallow dip and the kerosene lamp. He could even afford the luxury of putting an incandescent lamp in the hired man's room, and he would have the satisfaction of knowing that the high winds which lodged his standing wheat would also store up for him electricity enough to do the week's churning, plow the acre lot and split his winter's wood. Oh, the possibilities of electric farming are many!

CLARENCE P. SKINNER.

"Fie, For Shame!"
The word "fie," or its equivalent in sound, exists in all languages, and in every one is expressive of disgust.

Coal! Coal! Coal!

AT BOSTON PRICES FOR CASH.

Everyone should take advantage of the present time in which to put in their winter's supply of Coal. We offer you the best quality, and at the lowest quoted cash Boston prices. The present price and Patch's quality should prompt you to order at once.

Here are the Prices:

Franklin Coal,	-	-	\$7.00
Red Ash Egg,	-	-	6.50
Red Ash Stove,	-	-	6.75
Red Ash Nut,	-	-	6.75
Shamokin Egg and Stove,	-	-	6.25
White Ash Broken,	-	-	5.50
White Ash Egg,	-	-	5.75
White Ash Stove,	-	-	6.00
Lehigh Broken,	-	-	5.75
Lehigh Egg,	-	-	6.00
Lehigh Stove,	-	-	6.25
Webster Nut,	-	-	7.00

C. PATCH & SON

FRANK S. PATCH.

Office and Wharves at Quincy Point. Branch Office at Crane's, Chestnut Street. Telephone.

EXTREMES OF STYLE.

PLENTY TO CHOOSE FROM FOR THOSE WHOSE TASTE RUNS THAT WAY.

Box Coat That Is Quite Mannish—Advanced Style in Jackets—An Endless Lot of Toques and Flat Bonnets—A Handsome Tailor's Gown.

[Special Correspondence.]
NEW YORK, Oct. 6.—There always will be some ladies whose tastes run to wardrobe extremes in style. These are generally mentioned as belonging to the "smart set," but, however much we may dislike the pace they set, we soon begin to follow it more or less closely. There is a large enough number of things to choose from this season in the way



NEW JACKETS.

of wrappings to keep us warm, from capes to deep, long cloaks and the big, stylish blanket shawl, but there are lots of times and places when a more modest and practical garment is needed, and therefore the jackets I shall now do my best to describe. First let me say that these were all imported by a famous London ladies' tailor.

There was a box coat reaching an inch below the waist line. This was cut with the most uncompromising squareness, and three rows of stitching bordered it all around. There were two square pockets stitched on outside and set exactly at the edge at the bottom, and they were five inches deep. The upper edges were turned down and stitched. The back was perfectly straight and smooth. The sleeves were in bishop shape, with brown velvet cuffs, bound with the biscuit melton cloth and stitched three times around. There was a square pocket watch or handkerchief pocket at the left side. The collar was an immense flaring thing of the cloth, with slashes of the brown velvet laid out on the inner surface.

A NEW GOWN.
The stuff was very pretty. There was a light design in black soutache along the bottom of the front breadth and up the side seams for several inches. The

The coat was certainly stylish, particularly so when the saleslady put on a drab silk beaver hat, with its bell crown and rolling brim. In front there was a large rosette of satin ribbon in the exact shade of the coat, while brown velvet encircled the crown. One of the weeping willow plumes added its curious effect.

Another of the quaint jackets was made of fine ladies' cloth to match the gown, and the color was that always elegant French gray. The bottom of the skirt was slashed in tabs over a band of black velvet cut on the bias. At the waist there was a swathed girdle of the cloth and above that a full front of surah of exactly the same shade. The jacket did not reach to the waist line and was cut somewhat flaring, with a simulated yoke. This was made by laying a narrow plait and stitching it in that form. The back was exactly like the front, save that down the front were two flat lapels of fine black velvet, with emerald and gold buttons on the upper part. The stock was of surah, and outside of that stood a row of turret points of the black velvet, forming a picturesque frame for a pretty face. There was a hat in keeping to go with this. The wide, flat brim was of black velvet and the high bell crown of silver gray plush. Around the crown a very rich black velvet ribbon passed, ending in a close bow, with a backing of some black stuff feathers. The sleeves were not so very ugly, having, as they did, reasonable gulls and slender, slashed wrists. This jacket, or whatever it might be called, was chiefly remarkable for its lack of grace, I think.

A third novelty in the way of jackets of advanced style was a whole suit in mixed homespun chevrot in black and

THEY TRADED.

And Two Loving Hearts Were Thereby Joined Together.

"I witnessed a novel marriage in Virginia a few days ago," said a traveling salesman to a Star reporter.

"A couple on a giant, bony horse rode up to the hotel where I was stopping. The swain dismounted and took half a dozen chickens into the house to sell them to the landlady. He was not in need of chickens, and the man said: 'Tain't no use, sal. We'll hev ter cum agin tomorrow.'"

"The next morning they rode into town again and made the round of the stores. I watched them, and finally the man went to the country clerk's office. I followed and heard the colloquy.

"'Mister, me an' my gal wants ter git married. We brought in chickens ter git money for a license, but no one won't give us no money for 'em. Kin sell 'em in trade over hyar, an' of you uns 'll take th' trade, I'll buy a license.'"

"The deal was made, and the couple rode home, looking as happy as though the course of true love had always run smoothly."—Washington Star.

MONITOR ADS. PAY.

The Quincy Monitor.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
By the St. John's C. L. and A. A.

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Single Copies 5 Cents

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All articles and correspondence intended for THE MONITOR should be addressed to the Editor of THE QUINCY MONITOR, Quincy, Mass. All in possession of news of interest to MONITOR readers are requested to send it to the Editor. Secretaries of Catholic societies should furnish the paper with news concerning their respective societies, and promptly send copy of resolutions.

OCTOBER, 1896.

Mr. Hammond is reported to have left the convention hall when Mr. Barrows entered. Quite complimentary to Mr. Barrows.

If Mr. John Shaw ever expects to go to Congress he must change his tactics. A candidate that relies on the backing that he had is not a commendable sight in these parts.

The Dowager Empress of Germany draws \$400,000 a year from the British treasury as a British princess. This is the beneficent system under which the plegmatic Britain lives.

Mr. Bryan's visit to Boston gave the people of that hospitable town an opportunity to hear the sincere and manly young orator from Nebraska. The audience in Music Hall was one of the most creditable of recent days, and tendered the presidential candidate a most magnificent reception.

The general health of school children should be of as much concern to parents as it is to the School Committee or Board of Health, and every parent should fulfill all requirements regarding attendance at school as scrupulously as possible. The precautionary measures insisted upon by the health authorities are of generally recognized merit, and we cannot understand the action of some parents in allowing their little ones to attend school without being vaccinated.

We would advise those Democrats who have attended Republican caucuses this year and helped prop up the rotten structure of latter-day Republicanism, that they remain in such congenial company. The Democratic party of Quincy, with all its shortcomings, has no place for the pedler of votes, and has no use for the man who can be led around by the nose by selfish politicians. The Democrat that has year and year out subscribed to the anti-proscription plank in his party's platform, must be shamed when he realized that he was a party to the election of many men of the A. P. A. stamp, particularly on the congressional and county delegations.

In the selection of councilmen this year we would ask the Republicans that they spare the name of the city by the choice of sensible and animate men. The policy of sending a man to the Council because he is a good fellow and the consequences following such a course are aggravatingly apparent in the present body. It is a deplorable fact out of the twenty-three members only about one-third are considered as bright or clever men, or who show any semblance of intelligence or sanity in dealing with a public question. The others seem to take turns at moving to adjourn. Perhaps it would be better if their adjournment was *sine die*.

Despite the fact that such competent men as Prof. Babcock, Dr. Padula and Dr. Welch regarded Durgin's malt extract as a medicine, the jury returned a verdict against the progressive Quincy druggist. This case was a most peculiar one and interested many people outside of this city. Mr. Durgin offered his malt extract as a medicine, but stopped the sale when warned that it contained a prohibitive amount of alcohol. The complaint was not brought against him until some time afterward, and to the minds of all fair people was a piece of reprehensible malignity. We desire the enforcement of the law as much as others, perhaps, but dispise the meanness that was at the bottom of this act against Mr. Durgin.

THE POLICE DEPARTMENT.

In the February issue of THE MONITOR Mayor Adams was advised to investigate the police department. We stated at that time that the department was run for the benefit of families and cliques, and with a view to making political friendships. Deserving men in the department were passed by, and conspicuous place given to those whom the public would never pick as fit for this recognition. Superior offices were created and filled, in defiance of the rules of civil service, with-

DRAFTS on IRELAND.

Passage Tickets

to and from the

OLD COUNTRY

for sale by

JOHN O. HOLDEN,

154 Hancock St., Quincy Centre.

out a competitive examination and without the authority of the Council. The special work has been all given to one or two men, as the city book will show. The recent trouble in the department gave us promise that these shortcomings would all come to the surface, but the officer who was arraigned was either compromised in his testimony, or else he did not state all that he wanted to state. Mayor Adams has now a good opportunity to delve deeper into the doings of this department and to give an anxious public some light on the peculiar conditions existing.

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, ESQUIRE.

That monstrosity of English politics, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, has been visiting his father-in-law at Danvers, recently. The famous devotee of the monocle married into the wealthy Endicott family, and of course it is only proper that he should come here occasionally to see the old folks, and incidentally to disport himself. Joseph has but just recovered from a sound wallop, administered by President Kreuger of the Transvaal, and no doubt he felt safe on this side of the Atlantic from the rude criticisms and jeers of his countrymen. While here he was interviewed by the alert American reporter, just as a diversion, and it must be confessed that most of his views on important matters were weally laughable. He gave one the impression of being a very superior sort of a person—in his own estimation—and as being desperately in love with Old England, that is Tory England. The cowardly upstart was also menaced by the fear that the dreaded Fenians, a very active body, too, were after him, but up to the time of his departure his person was not disturbed, and in our opinion was not likely to be while he remained in staid old Massachusetts. Joseph was quite successful as a leader of the smart set, and the cheap college fadists are now engaged in the very onerous work of getting the right poise of the monocle. The candid American public, though, is not yet agog over the colonial secretary, and he probably realizes by this time that he would cut but a small figure in public life here. Exit, Joseph, and make room for better and worthier men.

A MONSTROUS FRAUD.

The biennial election amendment to be submitted to the voters on November 3 is one of the most consequential measures submitted in recent times, and which if settled to the pleasure of the politicians who propose the change will result in an incalculable injury to the people of Massachusetts. The frequency of elections, the many opportunities given to change the public officials, are the most powerful correctives in our whole governmental system. Further, as has been amply proven by past experience, the machinery of government and the men delegated to operate it, need the most vigilant supervision. The measure was prompted and succored by the most unscrupulous politicians in the State, the most conspicuous among the number being Senator Hutchinson of Boston. The public does not demand that this measure be enacted as a part of the organic law. The duties of citizenship are not burdensome; the liberal spirit of the Constitution has never been ignored or unappreciated, and we believe never will be rebuked by the adoption of the biennial resolve. The friends of biennials are those interested in special, and many times dangerous, legislation; the opponents of biennials are those who can approach public servants only by way of the ballot box. The duty of every one interested in safeguarding the multitudinous interests of Massachusetts should be to record a decisive negative against this dangerous proposition.

A PLAIN DUTY.

The November election must not be allowed to obscure another contest of far more importance to Quincy and more keenly affecting her than the consequences of the national or state elections. The question of whom shall be the next mayor of Quincy should be at this time uppermost in the minds of those who desire a change in the management of municipal affairs. The impotent, but arrogant holders of positions must be relegated to unpretentious obscurity, and their policies placed in some museum of antiques

that future citizens may gaze upon them as the relics of a distant age and as a sample of the most incomprehensible imbecility.

We believe that the majority of our best people desire a change and they also desire that the change be made to their advantage. The machinations of politicians may cheat this purpose, but not if those who are most interested in the election of an efficient administrator now begin the work of selecting some suitable man. The probable nominee of the Republican party is wholly unfit for any office of responsibility, and even if he himself was satisfactory in the most meagre measure, the persons who are backing him, and are most zealous for his election, are repugnant in the sight of every honest and well-meaning voter. The Democrats, on the other hand, are at sea as regards their nominee, and with so many factions menacing the party's organization, small success can be hoped for if a strict party man should be nominated.

The most strategic move, therefore, to our mind, would be the nomination of some tried man, a man of business, and also a man of visible and honorable employment, and such a man would receive the endorsement of the better elements in the Republican and Democratic parties. There are many reputable men in this city, and it is our firm belief that any one of them could be induced to lead the fight against incompetency on one side and blackguardism and dishonest political methods on the other.

STEVENSON—GOLDEN.

Mr. George H. Stevens of Wollaston and Miss Margaret Golden, daughter of Mrs. James Golden of Atlantic, were married on Wednesday evening Sept. 23, at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Atlantic, by Rev. John P. Cuffe. Miss Mamie Forbes was bride-maid and Mr. Timothy J. Golden was best man. Mr. Charles Duggan, Miss Josie Golden and Miss Sadie Forbes acted as ushers. At the conclusion of the marriage ceremony a reception was held at the residence of Mrs. Golden on Newbury avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Stevens spent their honeymoon at Niagara Falls and other interesting points, and are now pleasantly domiciled at Atlantic. The wedding presents were very beautiful and numerous.

CHAPMAN—KENNEDY.

Mr. Reuben Chapman, formerly of the firm of Kelley & Chapman, and Miss Nora Kennedy, both of this city, were united in marriage at St. John's church, on Tuesday, September 25, by Rev. Francis A. Cunningham.

After the services at the church Mr. and Mrs. Chapman were driven to the residence of Mr. M. Kelly, Chubbuck street, where they received the congratulations and best wishes of those assembled, and a wedding breakfast was served.

Mr. and Mrs. Chapman will reside in Boston.



"Can't Go Higher"

in the matter of merit on BOOTS and SHOES than right here. In price, you can easily go several points higher without being a bit better off.

Our new styles of Shoes for fall and winter wear are simply perfection of the shoe-maker's art.

GEO. W. JONES,

Adams Building, - Quincy.

PERSONAL—IMPERSONAL.

William Carroll was granted a pension on Wednesday, September 16.

Miss Margaret Walsh is now in charge of Hodges' Centre bakery.

Officer Thomas F. Ferguson enjoyed a respite from duty the past month.

Timothy J. Golden, clerk for Thomas Gurney, Atlantic, "vacationized" the last week of September.

John W. Doherty has been appointed janitor of the Massachusetts Fields school at Wollaston Park.

Donohoe's magazine has an illustrated article on Cardinal Taschereau of Quebec in the October issue.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Hearn of Hancock street spent part of September and October visiting in New York state.

The many friends and patrons of Mr. Stephen A. Pierce are pleased to see him back to his store, after a short vacation.

Joseph W. McGrath, a cadet on the ship Enterprise returned home Tuesday, September 29, after a four months' cruise.

Miss Theresa Cahill, formerly clerk for Mr. Hodges, is now bookkeeper at the Boston Branch store, succeeding Mrs. Howard.

Edward Colbert and John McCarthy, popular young men of Atlantic, rested from their duties during the first week in October.

William Walsh, Samuel Donovan and Michael Duffy arrived safe and sound in Alleghany, Penn. Fr. Cuffe accompanied the boys.

Mr. William F. Powers is conspicuously successful as an organizer of the best feature at the hospital festival,—firemen's day.

L. J. Pastor, the South Quincy druggist, was unable to attend to his duties during the latter part of September, owing to sickness.

John Sweeney and Timothy Sullivan of Main street are taking a six months' course in bookkeeping and shorthand at Comer's college, Boston.

Miss Mary Keliher of Quincy avenue, bookkeeper at John Curtis's store, East Milton, enjoyed her vacation the early part of September.

Frank Lynch, formerly clerk at Edward J. Murphy's drug store, West Quincy, is now employed at the store of William Welch, Jamaica Plain.

Mrs. Strahan, widow of Col. Strahan of the Ninth regiment, M. V. M., is soon to be a resident of this city. She is having a house erected on Hancock street.

Frank Garbarino of Newcomb street, who was so badly injured by the cars of the Quincy & Boston street railway, is able to be out again. Dr. T. F. Padula attended him.

Mr. Frank S. Patch, with his usual generosity, furnished the coal, wood and ice used at the hospital festival. J. B. Rhines & Co., of Weymouth, gave 4,000 feet of lumber.

Mr. James Collins of South street has the sympathy of MONITOR readers in his sickness. No improvement is noted in his condition, but it is the hope of all that he may successfully battle against his sickness.

Mr. John J. Riordan of West Quincy was recently elected Norfolk county director of the Catholic Total Abstinence society. Miss Gertrude Boyd is a member of the committee having in charge the lecture and concert to be given in Boston.

THE MONITOR is pleased to welcome Dr. Joseph M. Sheahan back to Quincy, after a month's visit in Paris and suburbs. Paris is not a new place to the doctor, since it was in the French capital that he received part of his professional training. Master George M., his eldest son, accompanied him.

Opening of Fall and Winter MILLINERY

Miss Belle J. Patterson's
MILLINERY PARLORS,
Oct. 8, 9, 10.

All are cordially invited to call. A large assortment of trimmed goods and all the latest novelties. Order work a specialty.

112 Hancock Street, Quincy.

RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

PIANOS TUNED

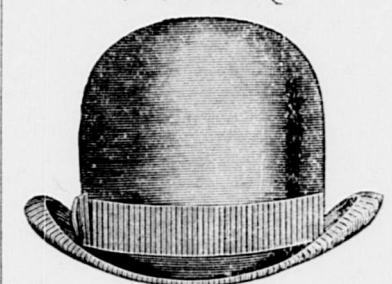
By FRANK A. LOCKE.

Expert Piano and Organ Tuner and Repairer. 24 years' practical experience. Boston office, Hallet & Davis' Piano Rooms, 179 Tremont Street, near Boylston street. Quincy office at J. O. Holden's Jewelry Store. Squares, \$2.00; Uprights, \$2.50; Grands, \$3.00. All work GUARANTEED. Best of references.

Hats! Hats!! Hats!!!

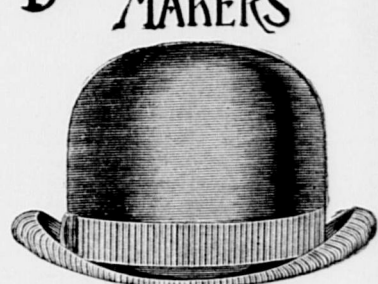
Our line of Fall Hats have arrived and we are showing a larger assortment than ever. Our line of WILCOX and BOSTON Derbys are very nobly and are the best hats made. We are showing all the other makes, LAMSON & HUBBARD, COLLINS & FAIRBANKS.

DAVID WILCOX & CO.
BOSTON
MAKERS



THE WILCOX.
AN UP-TO-DATE HAT
FOR
FALL & WINTER

DAVID WILCOX & CO.
BOSTON
MAKERS



THE BOSTON DERBY.
AN UP-TO-DATE HAT
FOR
FALL & WINTER

Prices, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00.

Men's and Boys' Suitings for Fall and Winter. Children's School Suits. A complete line of Men's Furnishings.

C. F. DERBY,
ADAMS BUILDING.

J. C. DORCAN, Manager.

\$10 On Time. \$10



If you always want to be on time—if you always want to be sure of the correct time—get one of our \$10 watches. For good, honest works without any fooling, they can't be equalled at the price. They will last as long as you will if you treat them properly. Heavy solid silver case, Waltham or Elgin movement, stem-wind.

We are headquarters for Watches, as a visit to our store will prove.

WILLIAMS,
104 HANCOCK STREET, - QUINCY.
\$10 \$10

U. S. P.

To the Druggist means United States Pharmacopoeia—the book which sets the standard of strength, quality and purity of all drugs used as medicines. To the public it means

Uniformity, Safety, Purity.

Every drug used or sold at The Phoenix Pharmacy is U. S. P. standard. Every prescription filled by us is full strength, made from pure and fresh drugs, by a skilled and careful Pharmaceutical chemist. We give prompt service at all hours.

The only Ph. G. (graduate in pharmacy) in the city.

L. J. PASTOR, Ph. G.,
27 SCHOOL STREET.

RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

MISSSES FLYNN

HAVE THE LATEST STYLES

IN :

Shirt Waists.

Also in Belts and Ties.

Have you seen the

Wrappers

they are selling so cheap? If not please give them a call.

12 Hancock St., Quincy.

An Epicure

is not the only person who delights in feasting upon OYSTERS. Every person in Quincy experiences the same delight, and much more so when they are assured that they came from the

Temple St. Market,
JOHN L. GIBBS, Prop.

Fresh and Salt Fish always on hand, and always at the most reasonable prices for cash.

SWITHIN BROS., REAL ESTATE.

Having opened a Real Estate office in Durgin & Merrill's Block, we are prepared to show plans and give prices on some of the finest house lots offered for sale in this city in recent years. These lots are embraced in the following tracts of land:

President's Hill,
Cranch Hill,
Deli Estate,
WEST QUINCY,
Hillside Terrace,
GROVE STREET,
Wollaston,
BATES AVENUE.

Will be on land at President's Hill every afternoon from 2 to 4. Parties desiring lots or any information on the above properties, please call at Room 12, Durgin & Merrill's Block.

COMFORT AND STYLE!

These two don't always travel together, but you'll find them in one of our made-to-order Suits, for

\$25

We try to give satisfaction to every one in every case. If we knew you would never come back to us, we would do as good work as though you had ordered two or three years' supply of clothing.

WILLIAM PARSONS & CO.,
114 Hancock Street,
QUINCY.

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BUSINESS HOUSES.

PIANOS TUNED—

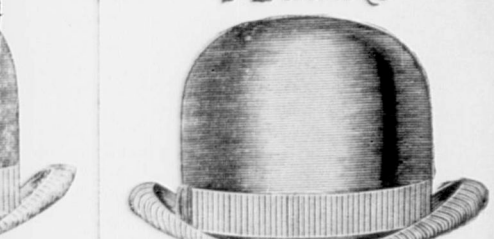
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Hats!! Hats!!!

Arrived and we are showing a larger assortment of OX and BOSTON Derbys are very nobby and are showing all the other makes, LAMSON & AIRBANKS.

DAVID WILCOX & CO.
BOSTON
MAKERS



THE BOSTON DERBY.
AN UP-TO-DATE HAT
FOR
FALL & WINTER
\$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00.

Fall and Winter. Children's School Suits.
Complete line of Men's Furnishings.

DERBY,
HAMS BUILDING.
J. C. DORCAN, Manager.

\$10
Time.



Time—if you always want to be sure of the correct time—get good, honest works without any fooling, they can't be lost as long as you will if you treat them properly. Heavy iron movement, stem-wind.
Prices, as a visit to our store will prove.

WILLIAMS,
STREET, - QUINCY.
\$10

S. P.

Druggist means United States Pharmacopoeia—the book which sets standard of strength, quality and of all drugs used as medicines. public it means

Safety, Purity.

Drug used or sold at The Pharmacy is U. S. P. standard. Prescription filled by us is full made from pure and fresh by a skilled and careful Pharmaceutical chemist. We give prompt at all hours.

only Ph. C. (graduate in city) in the city.

ASTOR, Ph. G.,
SCHOOL STREET.

RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

MISSISS FLYNN

HAVE THE LATEST STYLES

Shirt Waists.

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PATENTS

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Patent Practitioners 20 years, 180 Broadway, New York, will send Free upon request of the readers of this paper, our "Hints to Inventors," also Patent Guide and a selected "List of Valuable Inventions Wanted."
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CARDINAL XIMENES.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

urged Charles V to set out from Flanders and return to Spain. The young emperor accorded at first with the views of the cardinal, but on the way to Madrid the enmity of those who had suffered defeat at the hands of Ximenes contrived to stir up feelings of envy and suspicions in the mind of Charles. The result of this unfortunate influence was the dismissal of the faithful, but too powerful premier.

Cardinal Ximenes learning of the approach of Charles V had set out to meet him when overcome by fever, and recognizing his approaching end, he prepared himself for death, full of confidence in the merits of Christ. He passed away peacefully at Aranda, November 6, 1517, in the eighty-first year of his age. The Church in recognition of his holiness of life has later decorated his name with the title of Venerable.

AT THE HOSPITAL FESTIVAL.

The entertainment given by the St. John's society at the hospital festival was very satisfactory, being much appreciated by the audience. Every part was creditably performed, and the society is much indebted to the young men and women who kindly gave their services. The programme was as follows:

Piano Solo.....Miss Nora O'Connor
Song, "Put Me Off at Buffalo".....John Phelan
Slack Wire Exhibition.....Bernard Smith
Dancing and Dumb Bell Drill.....Mabel McCloskey
Club Juggling.....Eddie Von Dono
Duet.....Misses Eleanor and Annie Roche
Dance.....Miss Lillian Wilson
Recitations, "The Sailor Man," "O'Houlihan's Address".....Daniel J. Ring
Solo.....Miss Grace McCarthy
Song, "The Three Old Spies".....Messrs. Phelan, Gray and Cahill
Bag Punching.....Prof. John Robertson
Acrobatic Performance.....Donovan and Anderson

The accompanists were Misses Garrity, Cahill and O'Connor.
Revs. J. P. Cuffe, Francis A. Cunningham and Fr. McCarthy, O. S. F., were interested listeners at the entertainment.

This is the way the *Ledger* speaks of three of the participants at the festival:

"But in justice to Messrs. Phelan, Gray and Cahill it must be stated that they made the 'hit' of the evening in their character piece. Their 'get-up' was immense, their mannerisms typical, and their easy self-satisfied way as they recounted their experiences and told their tale of woe with the help of their native idiosyncrasies caused all to hold sides. The piece must be heard to be appreciated, and it was with reluctance that the management forbade a repetition."

PERSONAL—IMPERSONAL.

Edward J. Powers and family are now in their Presidents' Hill home.

Mr. Richard J. Larkin has moved into his new house on Hancock street.

Philip McGrath of West Quincy, who was seriously sick with typhoid fever, is able to be out again.

Thomas J. Lamb and John Cashman returned from the mining sections of the West the latter part of last month.

A young man's embarrassments are soon to be increased. The Young Ladies' auxiliary are to give a leap year ball in early November.

Mr. Thomas Foley, employed in the Boston custom house, is suffering from the fracture of three ribs, caused by falling in the elevator well.

Masters Matthew F. and Thomas C., sons of Mr. Thomas McDonnell of Bridge street, entered St. Laurence's college, Montreal, in September.

Mellen C. Bray of West Newton, the owner of the rivet works at Wollaston, donated \$25.00 to the Quincy hospital. Rather a magnanimous act on the part of a non-resident.

Maurice P. Spillane of Brackett place was recently admitted, after a most rigorous examination, to the ranks of barristers, by Judge Allen of the Supreme court.

THE MONITOR tenders to Mr. and Mrs. James P. Clare its full measure of sympathy in their bereavement over the loss of their eldest son, William J., a cadet on the training ship Enterprise. The circumstances of the trip abroad, the negligence and incompetency of the ship's officers, and the poor fare furnished the boys are all well-known to the public, and only serve at this time to augment the grief of the stricken parents.

Mrs. Alice Higman, a well known former Quincy lady, was surprised at her South Braintree home on Monday evening, September 21, by many of her Quincy friends, by the presentation of a silver-mounted dressing case and gold thimble. The presentation was made by Mr. William A. Kingstree. The evening was spent by the company most enjoyably in singing and dancing. Songs were given by Messrs. Kingstree, Knowles, McCormick and Parker. The party left for home about midnight, after singing "Auld Lang Syne."

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

Bishop John Joseph Keane has resigned the rectorship of the Catholic university at the instance of the Holy Father.

The Celtic chair in the Catholic university, for which the Hibernians generously provided the endowment fund, is not, it seems, to be occupied the present year, as the directors of the university have thought it best that Rev. Fr. Henneby, who is to fill the chair, should spend a year in special studies in Europe. It is stated that Dr. Henneby will pass most of the coming year at Leipzig, where there is a valuable collection of ancient Irish manuscripts, which he will examine and study.

Chief Justice Russell of England does not leave his faith behind him when he goes travelling. The ubiquitous reporters have discovered that he makes it an especial point of hearing mass on Sundays wherever he may be on those days. On his first Sunday in this country on his present trip he went to mass at a little country church and when he reached Niagara Falls at 6 o'clock one Sunday morning, after an all-night ride, his first visit was to a neighboring church, where he attended an early mass.

One of the most successful addresses delivered at the recent Dublin convention seems to have been that of Rev. Denis O'Callaghan, pastor of St. Augustine's Church, South Boston, who told the delegates that he had been commissioned by Archbishop Williams to bring the convention his blessing, and urge it to work for Irish unity. Father O'Callaghan has always shown a warm and practical sympathy with the Irish cause, and his services are always at the disposal of the associations that aim at promoting Ireland's interests and welfare.

The German Emperor evidently does not forget readily. When he was in Rome last he had an interview with Cardinal San Felice, now the archbishop of Naples, and was very much impressed with that prelate's benignity and learning. The cardinal has been in very poor health of late days—in fact, his recovery is even yet doubtful—and the other day an affectionate message came to him from Kaiser William, who wanted the latest news of his condition, and expressed an ardent hope that his eminence would soon regain his former health and vigor.

It appears that, notwithstanding contrary statements, no reply has as yet been received at the Vatican from King Menelik of Abyssinia, to whom the Pope sent an embassy asking for the release of the Italian soldiers held prisoners in that land. Monsignor Macarios, the Papal representative, has, however, arrived at Shoa, and an answer to the Sovereign Pontiff's request is soon to be expected, consequently. Should the Abyssinian King demand a sum of money as ransom for the prisoners he holds, Leo XIII. has declared his intention of appealing to Italy for the money.

A contemporary in the Argentine Republic, the Southern Cross, published at Buenos Ayres, gives evidence that the Catholic people of that land are progressive and energetic. "We have not been able," says the editor in a late issue, "to afford enough space to accommodate the advertisements sent to us for publication. As there are nearly two columns of advertisements standing over as we go to press, and as many of them have been sent with urgent requests to have them appear in this issue, we feel that we must apologize to our good friends and beg of them to have a little patience with us." This little note indicates that in South America the people are not so far behind the times as the Protestant missionaries would have us believe they are. It does not seem that a country where the business men are so eager to advertise has been ruined by the Catholic Church.

Although the government of France is in the hands of the enemies of the Catholic Church, the nation does not fail to recognize the debt it owes to heroic priests of the Church. In the lists of those decorated in the Legion of Honor on the occasion of the French national festival appear the names of Monsignor Angouard, bishop of Sinetta and vicar-apostolic of Ubangi, who for nineteen years has exercised his ministry on the Gaboon and Congo. The roll of the Legion of Honor contains five tonsured knights, viz: Monsignor Caspard, bishop of Hue and Annam; Monsignor Van Camelbeke, whose labors in Cochinchina have extended over three and thirty years; Monsignor Potron, bishop of Jericho; Father Schmitt, resident in Siam since 1863, whose knowledge of the country and the language proved very useful to the Delimitation Commission on the Upper Mekong; and Father Dupuy, of Antananarivo, without whom the French residents would have found it difficult to escape from the Malagasy capital on the outbreak of hostilities.

At it stands at present, the college of cardinals has sixty-three members, of whom thirty-one are Italian prelates. A good deal has been written concerning the intention of the present Pope to make the Italian prelates a minority in the college; but these figures show that they still constitute a majority, and in all probability their strength will be increased in the next consistory. Not that it matters much whether the Italian cardinals outnumber all others, for were a conclave held to-day very many of the foreign cardinals, as the non-Italian ones are called, would vote only for an Italian cardinal to be the successor of Leo XIII.

The corner stone of St. Philip's church, Dorchester, was laid with great ceremony on Sunday afternoon, September 20, before an assemblage of 5,000 persons. The stone was put in place by the Most Reverend Archbishop Williams, assisted by the following clergymen: The Very Reverend William Byrne, vicar general of Boston, and the Very Reverend John E. Barry of Manchester, N. H., assistant priests; the Rev. John J. Gilday of Lowell, cross bearer; the Revs. M. E. Begley of East Weymouth and John W. Galligan of Boston, acolytes; the Rev. E. J. Dolan of Lynn, mitre bearer; the Revs. H. J. Mulligan of Chelsea and James Gilday of Woburn, chanters; the Revs. Stephen S. O'Brien of old St. Patrick's church and Louis S. Walsh of St. John's seminary, masters of ceremonies. The stone bore the inscription "1896", and the box laid within contained the papers of the day, parchment, a brief history of old St. Patrick's church, the names of the clergy participating in the ceremonies and several coins.

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MARRIED.

CHAPMAN—KENNEDY—In Quincy, Sept. 25, by Rev. F. A. Cunningham, Mr. Rueben Chapman to Miss Nora A. Kennedy, both of Quincy.

PURPORA—DINDREA—In Quincy, Sept. 16, by Rev. F. A. Cunningham, Mr. Francesco Purpora to Miss Fortunata Dindrea, both of Quincy.

CONRAD—REMINGTON—In Hingham, Sept. 9, by Rev. A. F. Roche, Mr. James Conrad of Quincy to Miss Agnes E. Remington of Hingham.

SULLIVAN—MC CARTHY—In Melrose, Sept. 1, by Rev. F. J. Glynn, Mr. Timothy J. Sullivan of Braintree, to Miss Margaret E. McCarthy of Melrose.

DONOHUE—MORRISSEY—In Boston, Sept. 2, by Rev. David J. Power, Mr. Michael Donohue of Quincy to Miss Mary A. Morrissey of Dorchester.

STEVENS—GOLDEN—In Quincy, Sept. 23, by Rev. John P. Cuffe, Mr. George H. Stevens to Miss Margaret Golden, both of Quincy.

BENNETT—TOOMEY—In Quincy, Sept. 22, Rev. Julian Johnstone, Mr. James Bennett to Miss Bridget Toomey, both of Quincy.

DIED.

CURRAN—In Quincy, Sept. 30, Mr. George Curran, aged 21 years, 8 months and 9 days.

FORD—In Quincy, Sept. 29, Catherine M., daughter of Mr. Patrick and Mrs. Catherine Ford, aged 14 years and 1 day.

BAZZUCHI—In Quincy, Sept. 27, Frederick, son of Mr. Daniel and Mrs. Mary Bazzuchi, aged 2 months and 8 days.

GRIFFIN—In Atlantic, Oct. 1, Martha, daughter of Mr. Thomas P. and Mrs. Martha Griffin, aged 1 year, 2 months and 13 days.

WELSH—In Quincy, Sept. 5, Edward Welsh, Jr., aged 23 years.

KEEGAN—In Quincy, Sept. 9, Helen A., daughter of Mr. John F. and Mrs. Louise F. Keegan, aged 15 days.

QUINN—In East Braintree, Sept. 7, Mr. Michael Quinn, aged 58 years.

GILCOINE—In Quincy, Sept. 20, Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. James and Mrs. Mary Gilcoine, aged 1 year, 2 months and 28 days.

BURLEY—In Quincy, Sept. 29, Miss Mary F. Hurley, aged 28 years.

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REV. D. J. STAFFORD, D. D.,

Of Washington, D. C., who preached the sermon at the laying of the corner stone of St. Philip's church, on Sunday afternoon, September 20.

WORLD'S FOOD FAIR.

On Monday, Oct. 5, at 10 A. M., the mammoth Mechanics' Building, Boston, opened its doors to the public and for five weeks the biggest and best Exposition ever held in New England will welcome visitors in large numbers. At 3 P. M. on that day the Fair will be formally opened with addresses by Gov. Wolcott, Mayor Quincy and other prominent citizens. Reeves' and other leading bands will be in attendance. Just as the 1891 Boston Food Fair excelled in every way any ever before held in this country; just as the 1894 Fair excelled that of 1891, and seemed to reach the acme of excellence, so will the World's Food Fair of 1896, mark the crowning effort in this line. Mechanics' Building, with its six acres of floor space, is all too small for this Exposition, and Cotillion Hall has been secured for the entire five weeks. Not only this, but the basement will be devoted to the purposes of this Fair; to secure more room the entire restaurant section in Exhibition Hall has been arranged for the convenience of exhibitors; the band stand has been transferred to the "bridge," or centre of the hall; large exhibition space has also been obtained in the portion heretofore partitioned off for Art Gallery conveniences, the Mechanics' Association expending this summer \$10,000 on this section of the building, securing to exhibitors and the public better light, better ventilation and improved conveniences.

Every day at 3 P. M. Mrs. Sarah Tyson Rorer, of Philadelphia, will lecture on Therapeutics of Diet. In place of the cooking lectures ordinarily given at Food Fairs, the people are to have scientific lessons. Five "Centurion" Bicycles will be given away to most popular teacher, pupil, employee in mercantile or manufacturing establishment, letter carrier, street or steam railway employee. It costs nothing to vote. Four hundred Souvenir Silver Spoons will be given away every day to first four hundred women purchasing tickets of admission. Two Hundred Dealers in Food Products will distribute Samples to the People. The musical features will include the New York Seventh Regiment, Reeves' Salem Cadet, Lafreain's Naval Brigade, St. Augustine, and Boyle O'Reilly Bands; also the Fadettes, Mendelssohn Club, and Allen & Knowlton's Singing Orchestra. Nothing like it since Peace Jubilee. Four concerts daily.

Bazane's painting of Niagara Falls has been secured at great outlay, and will be on free exhibition in Exhibition Hall gallery. It is the largest water color painting in the world, and framed, is 12 by 36 feet. It is the work of Artist Bazane, a Dane, for whom is claimed a fine reputation. It is not one of those sketches in gouache, but a genuine transparent water color. It is valued at \$10,000. The wonderful Zooscope is on exhibition in the Art Gallery, and the finest X Ray machine in the world will photograph your interior. The consul of Costa Rica, stationed at Philadelphia has cabled his Government and will make a fine exhibition of that Nation's products at the Fair. There will also be a fine Alabama agricultural exhibit. The courtesy and enterprise of B. F. Keith, proprietor of Keith's New Theatre, Boston, has erected at the Fair a magnificent booth, in which will be given (daily) sample performances (such as are given in his handsome theatre) by well-known vaudeville performers. It will be a noticeable feature of the Fair. In the basement is the "Subway Pleasure," where you can bowl, play pool and billiards, ride the merry-go-round, shoot the target, and indulge in the many pleasures incident to Pleasureville. All in all the World's Food Fair for 1896 caps the climax in exhibition annals.

If you desire a first-class job on your piano call or write Mr. Frank A. Locke. Mr. Locke has too good a reputation to do anything but the best work.

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PROUD OLD PRINCETON.

To Celebrate Her Sesquicentennial
With Imposing Ceremonies.

THE BEGINNING OF A NEW ERA.

After One Hundred and Fifty Years as a
College Princeton Becomes a University.
Interesting History of Nassau Hall—Al-
ways Famed For Patriotism and Learning

One hundred and fifty years ago
Princeton became incorporated as a col-
lege. That was when New Jersey was
a province and while our country was
still under the reign of King George.
Since then the nation has been born and
grown to its present importance. Prince-
ton has grown with it, and on Oct. 22,
the anniversary of the day on which its
charter was signed, will close a three



OLD NASSAU HALL.
days' celebration of the sesquicentennial
anniversary with fitting ceremonies and
patriotic exultation.

For many months preparations have
been making to end Princeton's year of
jubilee with an observance which shall
do justice to the dignity and importance
of the event and at the same time give
room for the display of whatever coked
up enthusiasm the reunited alumni may
wish to show for their alma mater.
These preparations are now complete.
A three days' programme has been ar-
ranged, including all varieties of exer-
cises appropriate to mark a college birth-
day anniversary, from the exchange of
classical lore in the lecture room to a
practical illustration of the most ap-
proved modern style of "kicking the
center" on the football gridiron.

From the four corners of the earth
the sons of Old Nassau will gather.
Those who have become spectators and
silvery haired professors will be there
robed in all the dignity and crowned
with all the honors which they have
achieved in the world of letters. Those
who have become statesmen and gained
a wider renown will also attend. The
men who have gone from the classroom
to the pulpit, as well as those who en-
tered counting rooms and other trades
and professions, will gather once more
on the familiar college green, join
hands in fellowship again, sing the old
college songs with the old time vigor
and unite in reviving their pride in
Princeton and her glorious history.

The first day, Tuesday, Oct. 20, will
be devoted largely to receptions, but a
brief programme has been arranged. A
commemorative religious service, at
which President Patton will deliver an
address, will begin at 11 a. m. In the
afternoon there will be a general recep-
tion and introduction of delegates and
distinguished visitors from other col-
leges. The evening will be given over
to music, and it is probable that some
historically famous classic will be pro-
duced. The reception will be the main
feature. For the first time in American
college history Oxford and Cambridge
will respond to an invitation to be pre-
sent at a scholastic celebration. Learned
doctors from almost every foreign uni-
versity of importance will attend, as
well as many home guests of importance,
including President Cleveland.

Wednesday, the second day, will be
distinctively an alumni day. It is esti-
mated that fully 5,000 men who have
been graduated from Princeton will be
present. Class secretaries for months
past have been bringing their class men
into line and by brisk correspondence
have planned their own special festivi-
ties. There will be reunions of every



class in existence. From the west will
come special trains loaded with enthu-
siastic collegiates, and other trainloads
will come from nearer points. The an-
cient town of Princeton will be too
small to hold them all, so many of them
will lodge in Philadelphia and New
York, from which cities special trains
will bring them back and forth. Almost
every Princeton home will be open to
guests, and all who can be accommodated
will be welcomed.

Wednesday forenoon there will be lit-
erary exercises at which a specially pre-
pared oration and poem will be deliv-
ered. There will also be a reception by
President and Mrs. Patton. In the after-
noon the undergraduates have ar-
ranged for a series of athletic events.
On Thursday, the third day, the ac-
tual sesquicentennial will be celebra-
ted. In the morning there will be a pro-
cession to Alexander hall, where ap-
propriate ceremonies will be held. At
this time the announcement will be
formally made of the change of title

from college to university, the amount
of endowments received and the degrees
to be conferred. In the evening there
will be a thumping big banquet, when
goodwills will be said and the sesqui-
centennial wound up with a roar of col-
lege songs.

Of course every event in college his-
tory will be revived during the celebra-
tion. No Princeton man but knows the
whole story from the time of the log
college down to date. And what a pride
these alumni take in it! It is a story to
thrill the blood of a patriotic Ameri-
can, young or old, the record of this
college, loyal through two wars. Prince-
ton has ever been the home of patriots,
they will tell you and prove it by his-
torical facts.

Princeton had its real beginning
early in the eighteenth century when
the Rev. William Tennent opened on
the banks of the Neshaunim river what
was called in Princeton "the log college."
As an outgrowth of this, 20 years after,
Princeton was incorporated as a state
college. In 1754 was laid the corner-
stone of Nassau hall, that tree inclosed,
ivy crowned structure which is the
chief pride of the Princeton of today.
What a history the old building has
had! On the velvet grass under its old
elms have lounged many generations of
college students, scores of whom have
occupied high places in public esteem
and confidence and have helped to make
the history of the nation. Around Old
Nassau hall raged some of the fiercest
struggles of the Revolution, and its
walls were more than once pierced by
British cannon balls. They were built
to stand, though, and since then have
withstood other tests than those of
time. Twice the hall has been gutted
by fire, once in 1805 and again in 1855.

Then, in 1814, came the famous stu-
dents' revolt and the "big cracker" in-
cidents. A number of disaffected under-
graduates filled a hollow log with gun-
powder and exploded the novel bomb by
means of a fuse. The walls of the hall
were cracked from top to bottom, but
the general structure was not materially
weakened and stands today, long after
most of the conspirators have passed
away.

Succeeding political events have left
their record in the history of Nassau
hall. Although New Jersey was not one
of the most loyal states during the
struggle for national liberty, the conti-



ENTRANCE TO THE NEW LIBRARY.
nental soldiers found a hearty welcome
at Princeton. In 1783 the continental
congress held its sessions in old Nassau
hall, and it is one of the first things that
a Princeton freshman learns that in that
year the congress was adjourned in or-
der to attend in a body the college com-
mencement exercises. General Wash-
ington was present and made the college
a gift of 50 guineas from his private
purse. Although the college was sadly
in need of the money for other purposes,
the loyal trustees immediately expended
the sum in purchasing a full length
painting of the donor and hung it in
place of a portrait of George III, whose
painted head had been pierced by a can-
non ball as the picture hung on the
walls.

At the opening of the civil war the
Union flag was pulled down by some
southern students, but it was promptly
hauled up again and remained there un-
til 1865 without ever having been low-
ered again.

When Nassau hall was completed, in
1756, it was the largest building in the
country. Today it is almost dwarfed by
some of the new buildings which have
been erected around it. The front and
sides are covered with ivy which each
succeeding class has planted. It is from
Nassau hall that the college colors were
derived, for it was named for that great
champion of Protestant liberty, King
William, third prince of Orange and
Nassau. So orange has been made the
official color of the college. It appears
on everything the Princeton man owns,
from his diploma to his football sweater
or his rowing rig. It is combined with
black merely for the harmonious con-
trast which is produced.

The one hundred and fiftieth anni-
versary, which is soon to be celebrated,
is to mark not only the closing of an
old era, but the beginning of a new one
for Princeton. From now on the insti-
tution will be a university, and the
work will be extended to meet the ad-
vanced dignity. It is the aim of the trustees
to make Princeton the great American
center for pure learning in distinction
from places of technical instruction.
Endowments amounting to nearly \$2-
000,000 have been promised, and it is
expected that this sum will be exceeded.
These will be used in establishing new
chairs and fellowships, and in erecting
new buildings to add to the magnificent
group which already clusters around
old Nassau hall.

One of the most notable of these new
structures will be the new library which
is to be erected on the site of the old
chapel. That historic old structure has
been torn down, and the corner of the
tampus on which it once stood is now a
scene of disorder. The new library will
be a four story building of the English
collegiate Gothic, 180 by 190 feet. It is
to cost \$600,000, and the name of the
donor who has given this sum will be
announced at the sesquicentennial cele-
bration. Truly Princeton's future seems
as bright as her glorious past.

JOHN F. WILCOX.

AMERICAN WOMEN ABROAD.

Gertrude Atherton Stirs Up Her English
Cousins by Invitations Comparisons.

A nice kettle of fish has Gertrude
Atherton stirred up in "dear old Lan-
don." She has boldly asserted in an
English paper that American women
and girls were crowding the English
women out of the matrimonial market.
"At the present moment," she says,



GERTRUDE ATHERTON.
"American women practically own
London. They set the fashions, they
have five admirers to every English
woman's one, and they have the pick
of the best men."

Of course there was a wave of indig-
nant protest, and now Miss Atherton is
being heartily denounced from one end
of the United Kingdom to the other. It
is just what might be expected of Miss
Atherton. She was ever a disturbing
element in society, but the high place
which she has gained in the world of
letters gives her a standing which she is
in no danger of losing, no matter how
many eccentric theories she may put
forth. The American public still re-
member the witty and highly interest-
ing war which was waged between Miss
Atherton and Ella Wheeler Wilcox
some years ago. It was over a question
of personal beauty, each eminent no-
velist admitting that she herself was the
most beautiful. Miss Atherton finally
gained a victory by having her dress-
maker interviewed and giving to the
world the exact figures of her bust,
waist and arm measurements. Since
that time Mrs. Wilcox has scornfully
referred to Miss Atherton as "the Ath-
erton."

Miss Atherton claims the bluest kind
of blood, her grandfather having been a
nephew of Benjamin Franklin. She
was born in California and at an early
age developed literary tendencies. At
the age of 15 she wrote a play which
had the honor of being produced. She
has written many novels which have
met with wide sale. Perhaps her most
famous story was "The Doomsday."
She has been married, but was left a
widow when quite young and resumed
her maiden name.

"THE ORIGINAL MUGWUMP."

Interesting Political Career of George
Fred Williams.

George Fred Williams, the Demo-
cratic nominee for governor of Massa-
chusetts, is one of the most interesting
characters in New England politics. He
has always been an active and ag-
gressive factor in the state campaigns,
and his recent fight for the nomination
is only another chapter in his somewhat
sensational political career.

Mr. Williams was born in Dedham,
July 10, 1852. His father was of Ger-
man birth, but was educated and
brought up in New England. He be-
came a sailor and was lost at sea when
young George Fred was but 9 years old.
After leaving Dedham high school Mr.
Williams went to Dartmouth college,
where he was graduated in 1872. Sub-
sequently he studied at the Universities
of Heidelberg and Berlin. While a uni-
versity student he saw something of the
Franco-Prussian war, being at the bat-
tle of Metz in the capacity of a field
surgeon.

Returning to America, he was ad-
mitted to the Massachusetts bar in 1875
and became prominent in his profession.
He is the author of several lawbooks



GEORGE FRED WILLIAMS.

which are accepted authorities. Not un-
til 1884 did he take any very active part
in politics, but in that year he attracted
attention by leaving the Republican
party, because of his opposition to Blaine,
and supporting Cleveland. This gave
him the title of "the original Mug-
wump." In 1889 he was elected to the
state legislature, and the following
year he defeated John W. Chandler for
congress. In 1892 Mr. Williams was an
unsuccessful candidate for congress, and
in 1895 he was the Democratic nominee
for governor, but was defeated.

Mr. Williams is a vigorous cam-
paigner and is regarded as a very tal-
ented platform orator. Personally he is
a man of fine appearance and always
dresses with extremely good taste.

The gold Democrats of the Palmer and
Buckner faction in Massachusetts have
nominated F. O. Prince of Boston for
governor.

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Passage Tickets to Ireland \$16 and upwards.

THE TOBOGGAN.

She's in front; I'm behind; we are off and
away.
O'er the edge of the world in our tiny, trim
sleds.
See that little red flag on the plain far below,
Like a gleam of fire in the midst of the
snow?
'Tis the goal of our flight on the perilous
slide.
One in ten yards of fall and a thousand to
glide.

Now we speed to a climax; the banks spin up
hill;
From the dim gulf beneath blows a breeze sil-
ver shrill;
The winding swift track whirls up out of the
gloom;
The fir trees sit upward like ghosts from the
tomb;
Through the glistening silence we pass like a
star
Down the sheer slope of heaven that falleth
afar.

She flies, and I follow; intense and sublime
Is the first of arrest; out of space, out of time,
She is rapt, and I follow; though countless
her wings.
Yet the life of all winged and passionate things
Flashes bright on her cheek, flashes light from
her eyes.
On the white wings of fancy I follow, she flies!
Forty feet to the river! Our runners bite deep,
Then flash in midair as we take the great leap;
Earth reels like a drunkard; the depths of the
gloom;
Torn swift as a whirlpool; the sun from on
high
Is cast from her feet, and the edge of the wind
Cuts keen—a bright scimitar swing from be-
hind.

Then backward she leans, and, with sweet lips
ajar,
Droops her head to my shoulder, and heart
beats to heart.
Like a rose in the dark is the heart of my
secret,
And the rebound deep river roars under our
feet
Till we rock o'er a snowdrift and find the full
stop.
Whoso climeth life's hill shall find wings at the
top.
—Black and White.

THE TORPEDO BOAT.

One morning as Jack Delafield
was breakfasting on board the cruiser
Idaho a telegram was handed
him which he calmly proceeded to
open, but after glancing over its
contents the placid serenity of his
countenance gave way to a look of
excitement. Jumping up, he shouted
to his lazier messmates, who had not
yet emerged from their staterooms,
"Boys, the war is on!"

In a second heads were thrust
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But Delafield's telegram was of so
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officers crowded round him, clamor-
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"Listen," said the lieutenant; "I'll
read it to you:
"WASHINGTON, Oct. 20, 189-
"To Lieutenant John Delafield, U. S. N., U. S.
S. Idaho, San Francisco Harbor:
"Regard yourself detached from Idaho. Pro-
ceed immediately to the Mare Island navy yard.
Take command of the Bainbridge and pre-
pare for active service at earliest possible mo-
ment. Commandant ordered to place at your
disposal every available means to hasten work."
—HULBERT, Secretary.

"What do you fellows think of
that?" said Jack.
"Lucky dog."
"Wish I were in your place."
They all seemed pleased at Dela-
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truly smiling on him, for he had
been selected for this hazardous and
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He had been chosen by the secre-
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Meanwhile the work of fitting her
for sea had been pushed at the navy
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submarine, magnetic torpedo boats,
these marvels of American ingenuity
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gives evidence of courage, firmness
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THE TOBOGGAN.

She's in front; I'm behind; we are off and
away.
O'er the edge of the world in our tiny, trim
sleigh.
See that little red flag on the plain far below,
Like a clear flame of fire in the midst of the
snow?
'Tis the goal of our flight on the perilous
slide—
One in ten odds of fall and a thousand to
glide.

Now we speed to a climax; the banks spin up
hill;
From the dim gulf beneath blows a breeze sil-
ver shrill;
The winding swift track whirls up out of the
gloom;
The fir trees flit upward like ghosts from the
tomb;
Through the glistening silence we pass like a
star.
Down the sheer slope of heaven that falleth
afar.

She flies, and I follow; intense and sublime
Is the rest of unrest; out of space, out of time,
She is rapt, and I follow; though powerless
her wings.
Yet the life of all winged and past-mate things
Flashes bright on her cheek, flashes light from
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On the white wings of fancy I follow, she flies!

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Then dash in mid-air to take the great leap;
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"H. B. BROWN, Secretary."

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On his way down to the wharf where the Bainbridge lay he passed groups of officers eagerly discussing the latest news. All had some friendly or congratulatory remark for him:

but, scarcely stopping to reply, he hurried on board his new command. The Bainbridge was one of the latest additions to our fleet, and while it was anticipated that she would accomplish great things the only real test had come sooner than any one would have prophesied. Workmen were swarming over her in such numbers that she resembled a human beehive. Her length was probably in the neighborhood of 150 feet, but her narrow beam and sharply sloping sides made her appear like a needle floating on the water. She was painted an olive green, to secure invisibility at night. The most prominent objects in sight on her deck were a low conning tower and two elongated hatches, one forward and one aft. These were for the disappearing magnetic torpedo guns and were arranged to protect the torpedoes until they were needed, at which time the guns were elevated by electricity, trained on the enemy and fired, the whole operation requiring but a few seconds. The motive power of the craft was also electricity, obtained from improved Tesla storage batteries of the latest type, giving the boat a speed of 40 knots an hour.

Within two days Lieutenant Delafield had completed the outfit of the Bainbridge and had stored on board four of those terrible engines of destruction, the magnetic torpedoes, which were of the ordinary cigar shape, having the energy for propulsion stored in a heavy flywheel revolving in a longitudinal, vertical plane at a rate of 10,000 revolutions a minute. This application of the principle of the gyroscope gave them an almost unerring directness of path under water, but, besides this, within the secret chambers were concealed magnets of great strength which drew the torpedoes straight onward toward their prey. No maneuvering, however skillful, on the part of the commander of a ship attacked could avail against the relentless power of these magnets, and once a torpedo was launched fairly in the direction of an enemy's vessel her doom was only a matter of seconds. When the intended target was struck, the explosion of 150 pounds of gun cotton would fulfill the mission of the torpedo and cause the proud battleship, stricken in some vital part, to reel back under the shock, then perhaps make a feeble effort to escape, but in vain. In a moment only a seething, bubbling spot covered with wreckage in the midst of the ocean would mark the grave of a Goliath of the deep, done to death by this marine David.

Little wonder, then, that Delafield had every confidence in the Bainbridge. But his spirits fell when he read in the newspapers, a few mornings after, that a large fleet of the enemy had left its rendezvous and was proceeding in the direction of San Francisco. This fleet consisted of 8 first class battleships, 10 armored cruisers, together with 20 protected cruisers and smaller vessels. Against this array the United States could only bring the battleships Oregon (flag), Iowa, Massachusetts, Indiana and Texas; the armored cruisers Idaho, New York, Maine and Brooklyn; the protected cruisers Olympia, Charleston, Columbia, Newark, Minneapolis, Philadelphia and San Francisco, as well as several gunboats. This fleet was anchored in the bay, cleared for action and ready to proceed to sea as soon as carrier pigeons from the scouts should bring the news of the approach of the hostile vessels. Near by were the coast defense monitors Monterey, Puritan, Terror, Amphitrite and Miantonomah, and also Delafield's torpedo boat, the Bainbridge. Jack had gone on board the flagship Oregon as soon as he had anchored after his run down from the navy yard, in order to report to Admiral Woodbridge and to receive his orders. The admiral told him that it was his intention to go outside, meet the enemy, and, if possible, cripple him to such an extent as to prevent the bombardment of the city and that the Bainbridge and coast defense vessels were to be held in readiness to guard the entrance to the harbor and cover the retreat of the fleet in case it might be compelled to withdraw.

When Jack left the admiral's cabin, he was confident he would have an opportunity to add fame to his own name and fresh laurels to the long list of daring naval achievements accomplished by John Paul Jones, Decatur, Proble, Bainbridge (for whom his little vessel was named), Biddle, Rodgers, Farragut, Cushing and a host of others. Throughout the fleet that day there was an expectant hush, as of a gladiator resting previous to some mighty effort. All preparations were completed, final letters written and farewells said, for, though each officer and man hoped for a favorable outcome, every one, even to the meaneast powder boy, knew that the morrow would most probably bring a struggle so terrible and deadly that many of them would never return.

During the early morning twilight of the next day a pigeon fluttered wearily down to the cot on the flagship, and in alighting set a shrill electric bell to ringing. The faithful

little messenger had arrived with its momentous tidings in the shape of a tiny note in a quill secured firmly under its wing. This was soon detached and conveyed to the admiral. In less than it takes to tell it the red and white signal lights were flashing out the order to get under way. Soon the rattle of chains was heard as the anchors were hove up, and when daylight broke the fleet was seen steaming majestically out through the Golden Gate, the Oregon leading. Everything was ready for action except opening the magazines and loading the guns. All hands were intently scanning the horizon ahead and on each bow to catch the first glimpse of the smoke of the enemy's fleet. The silence, punctuated only by the rhythmic throb of the engines, was at last broken by "Sail ho!" from the upper fighting top.

"Where away?" replied the officer of the deck.

"One point and a half on the port bow, sir—smoke!"

"Beat to general quarters!" is instantly ordered. The men spring to the guns, which are at once loaded; the turrets are trained from side to side and the guns elevated and depressed to see that everything is working smoothly. The alarm proves to be a false one, for the vessel is made out to be the San Francisco, one of the scouts, steaming in at full speed. She runs close to the flagship, while the admiral questions her commanding officer regarding the number and course of the enemy for the purpose of verifying the pigeon message. The hostile fleet is not more than 20 miles ahead! Again the watching is resumed, and within an hour the smoke of a large number of vessels is made out. The fires are forced by powerful fans, and the increased speed of the fleet rapidly lessens the intervening distance. The supreme struggle is at hand. Our ships steam on in column, ready for the bloody fray.

To recount in detail the action of that day would be to chronicle daring deeds, heroic acts and bravery akin to rashness, but all of it avail against such overwhelming odds.

As night fell, Delafield, from the Bainbridge, and the officers on the coast defense vessels inside the bar sighted the remnant of our fleet standing in, still stubbornly fighting and protecting the weaker or more disabled ships. Shortly the enemy was uncovered, and the monitors opened fire, compelling an abandonment of the harassing pursuit. The enemy remained just out of range, while the fearful wreck of what remained of Admiral Woodbridge's forces crawled slowly into the harbor.

As the Oregon, guarding the rear, passed the Bainbridge, the admiral signaled briefly, but significantly, "Do your duty!"

The night is dark and windy. An ominous stillness in the air presages an oncoming gale. No moon or stars are shining to aid the enemy, but instead the sky is covered with hard, leaden gray clouds, and a low bank of fog is sweeping in from the westward.

The conditions are propitious, and Delafield prepares for his dash. He takes the Bainbridge close inshore through Bonita channel and barely escapes being caught by one of the enemy's gunboats; but, turning on more current, he rushes silently ahead and clear of danger. When almost within hearing of the breakers on Duxbury reef, he makes a wide detour in order to approach from seaward, for from this direction an attack is hardly to be expected. Nevertheless, he has to go a considerable distance out to reach a favorable position.

He reaches his station at a quarter past 11 o'clock, and in another quarter of an hour the monitors will open fire toward that flank of the enemy opposite to which is Delafield. They will keep up this cannonade for ten minutes to effect a diversion. As soon as this firing has ceased Jack's work will begin.

Boom, bang! go the great 10 inch and 12 inch guns. It is a trying time for Jack, but he sees the effect of the ruse and is again congratulating himself on his luck. The searchlights are all playing inshore of him, the enemy entirely oblivious of the fact that danger is lurking in their rear. Half-past 11! As suddenly as it began the firing ceases, and Delafield, taking his stand in the little conning tower, orders the crew to their stations.

Slowly the Bainbridge starts ahead; then faster and faster she goes, until, fairly flying, she brings into view the weaker vessels forming the outer line. But Jack disdains such pigmy prey. Safely he dies past the gunboats, but not quickly enough to avoid discovery. On he goes, fearlessly taking the Bainbridge straight toward the battleships.

"Stand by!" he sings out down the voice tubes to the torpedo compartments, and back comes the hearty answer, "All ready, sir."

Now he is but a short distance from the nearest ship. He turns

two electric switches and sees the torpedo guns elevated and trained. Then, amid a shower of shells, he presses a firing key, and the forward torpedo is launched and speeds on its errand of destruction. No need to watch the effect. The magnet is as sure as fate.

Meantime the Bainbridge's course is changed, so that she may run parallel to the column of battleships, and the empty gun is lowered. A second later the after torpedo is on its way for the next battleship, and Delafield has done half his work.

Long ere this the brave little craft has been the center of a smother of foaming water, lashed into impotent fury by the crashing, bursting shells. But her great speed saves her from annihilation. She tears along, with searchlights flashing on her like an aurora and with the waves dashing wildly over her.

Two more of the enemy's most powerful ships sent to the bottom complete her errand. The only damage on the Bainbridge has happened to Delafield himself. A piece of shell has inflicted an ugly wound in his shoulder, and, though exhausted by the intense strain and weak from loss of blood, he steers his victorious vessel into the protection of the harbor, then falls senseless to the deck.

Not long after, while recovering his strength, Jack received a very official looking document covered with formidable seals. It contained the information that he had received the thanks of congress and that he had been promoted to the rank of captain for his gallantry in sinking four of the enemy's ships, thereby causing a withdrawal of their fleet and preventing the bombardment of the city of San Francisco.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Vanishing of the Raven.

The wide domains, the large timber and the ancient families survive, but the raven has vanished. It occasionally takes a young rabbit. But the human ravens of Somerset—to wit, the men and boys who have as little right to the rabbits—do the same. I do not suppose that in this way fewer than 10,000 to 20,000 rabbits are annually "picked up," or "poached"—if any one likes that word better—in the county; probably a larger number. The existence of a pair of rabbits on an estate of 10,000, 20,000 or 40,000 acres would not add much to the loss. No doubt the raven kills other creatures that are preserved for sport, but it does not appear that its extermination has improved things in Somerset.

Thirty years ago, when black game was more plentiful than it is now, the raven was to be met with throughout the county, and was abundant on Exmoor and the Quantocks. The old head keeper on the forest of Exmoor told me that when he took the place, 25 years ago, ravens, carrion crows, buzzards and hawks of various kinds were very abundant, and that the war he had waged against them for a quarter of a century had well nigh extirpated all these species. He had kept a careful record of all birds killed, noting the species in every case, as he was paid for all, but the reward varied, the largest sum being given for the largest birds—ravens and buzzards. His book shows that one year, 23 years ago, he was paid for 52 ravens shot and trapped. After that the number annually diminished rapidly, and for several years past not one raven has been killed.—Longman's Magazine.

The Jury Soon Agreed.

The late Judge Amasa J. Parker of Albany was as waggish as he was learned. Having had a five days' trial of a breach of promise case, the jury disagreed and averred that a verdict was impossible. Said Judge Parker: "This is unfortunate, and I am sorry for the uncomfortable night you have passed, but I have a circuit term to hold in New York which cannot take longer than a fortnight, when I shall return to receive your verdict, if by that time you have reached one. Meanwhile I shall direct the sheriff to make you as comfortable as circumstances will permit." The foreman glared at him, and they glared at him, but the foreman, recovering his presence of mind, scurried up and down the row of double sixes and in a few minutes announced a verdict for the defendant. But the fair plaintiff obtained from the appellate court a new trial on the novel ground that the judge had coerced the jury.—Green Bag.

A Big Kite.

The largest kite ever made in England was one owned by Mr. George Pocock of Bristol, grandfather of W. G. Grace, for the purpose of drawing a carriage along the roads. It was 12 feet by 15 feet and proved the feasibility of such a mode of conveyance.

Shaky.

The Doctor—"You'll come around all right, judge. Any physician would tell you the same thing. The Judge—"Yes, doctor, but I've heard so much expert testimony.—Brooklyn Life.

UP A STEEP MOUNTAIN.

Sit In a Trolley Car and See the Alpine View Go By.

The famous views of the Swiss mountains are rapidly being opened up to all classes and conditions of men. They are no longer only for the sturdy mountain climbing youth, but any aged or feeble person with only agility enough to climb into a trolley car can now have a panoramic view of the wildest mountain scenery pass in review before his eyes as he sits at the window of his car. Where the grades are too steep for the trolley car to mount the power is turned from the wheels to a rack work construction between the tracks, and thus equipped a car can almost surmount a perpendicular cliff.

The manner in which the loftiest peaks have been attacked by electrical engineers with the object of building roads to their summits is one of the most striking features in the present electrical development of Switzerland. In this connection the national exposition of Geneva, just held, has given special prominence to the road, described in The Electrical Engineer, that has recently been carried up and around Mount Saleve, a huge mass towering above Geneva to a height of 4,000 feet and giving from its plateau at the top a magnificent view of the whole pile of Valais Alps, beginning with Mount Blanc and ending with the Dent du Midi.

The electric road is about four miles in length, built of single track construction and provided with turnouts. It is particularly interesting from an engineering standpoint in that the third rail system is employed, the contact apparatus with the trolley shoe being placed outside the track, the current carrying rail being placed a few inches above the ground, supported on short wooden posts. This third rail takes the place of the overhead trolley wire and trolley pole construction so generally used in American cities. The gauge of the road is one meter. Between the rails, which are solidly laid on a well ballasted track, runs a track rail, and where the grade is extreme the track is double, the teeth being set so as to give the car a twofold grip.

Additional security is furnished by airbrakes, but even then the experience is found quite exciting by the passengers, especially where the grade reaches 25 per cent and where curves at not much less are taken on a 35 meter radius. Current is supplied to the line at a potential of 600 volts and is brought to the road across the mountain sides by aerial cables connected about midway with two 25 horsepower motors. The source of power is a waterfall in the valley.

As may be imagined, the view is extremely fine all the way up, and this is rendered particularly so by the otherwise inaccessible points reached by some striking engineering work for so small a venture.

The visitor leaves Geneva by the ordinary trolley line to the outskirts of the city, then exchanges to a clumsy steam tramway, and afterward he embarks on the mountain electric road. The lower portions of the line are in constant operation, but the travel over the upper section to "Trieze Arbres, or Thirteen Trees, on top of Mount Saleve is limited between June 1 and Sept. 15, and even then some of the dispatches are not made unless the weather is fine, for there is nothing more dismal, melancholy and dangerous than a Swiss mountain in bad weather.

On top of Mount Saleve is a large restaurant, from whose balcony and windows on any clear day Mount Blanc is in full evidence, while, if the day is not clear, one may be lucky enough to see tremendous effects of light and shade and of storm and cloud rolling over the eternal snowy peaks. It is needless to say that the road is well patronized, and as good rates of fare are charged there is no reason why the owners should not be well satisfied with their investment.

Little Real Sympathy Among Africans.

The sick man's brother is with us also, and although a good worker, is absolutely indifferent to his brother's illness. There is no sympathy for another's pains in the soul of the African. When a chief dies, there is a lot of bellowing and assumed grief. The tears are not real, but only part of the ceremony attending death. Upon the death of a young child the mother does actually feel grief most keenly, and is for some days inconsolable, refuses meat and drink, rolls on the ground, tears her hair and lacerates herself in her despair.—The Late E. J. Glave in Century.

A Resurrectionist.

"I wonder what makes that man so anxious to get old newspaper files," said the dealer in second hand literature.

"Do you know who he is?" asked his clerk.

"No."

"He's the well known after dinner speaker. I suppose he wants the old papers to get new stories from."—Strand Magazine.

AN ICELAND FARM.

A Woman's Notes on One of the Best in the Island.

In approaching an Icelandic farm certain formalities must be observed. You should not descend from the pony, even though you know quite well that you are to remain, nor should the packs be taken off. The proper thing is to wait until your guide finds some one in authority, and proffers a request for shelter. For a single night this cannot be refused, though the farmer may, if he chooses, decline to keep you for several days. Permission having been granted, you can alight and enter the guestroom, which is rarely absent even in the poorest farms.

Opposite the church stand the house buildings. Facing the path are five small wooden gables, connected by thick walls of turf and stone. The central one is the entrance to the main body of the house, and the others serve as post-office, guestroom, wool and store rooms and for harness and tools. We pass under the low entrance and through a long, dark passage, with earth doors and walls. On either side of this tunnel open storerooms for milk and provisions and the eldhus, where cooking, washing and churning are done. This room is lighted only by a hole in the roof, which serves also as a chimney for the central fireplace. Quite at the end of the passage the general living room is usually found, where men, women and children sleep in open banks around the room. But this farm has separate rooms for the men and women servants, a small kitchen, and chambers overhead for the pastor and his family, and in addition is a cozy little room, half library, half dining room, for guests, where I saw a bookcase well filled with Icelandic sagas, German and Danish books and translations from standard English works.

Above all is the turf roof, with its many curves and peaks. Little windows peep out from among the grasses, and over the earthen walls slope so gradually to the ground that it is hard to tell where the house ends and the turf or home grass lands begin. Indeed one story is told of a traveler who rode up on top of a house one dark night and only discovered his mistake by his horse putting a leg down one of the chimneys. Damp these houses usually are, but the temperature is equable like that of a cave, and they are certainly well adapted to resist the sudden, fierce storms which sweep over the country.

This farm is an exceptionally fine one; you will hardly find a score like it in Iceland. There was an air of life and bustle about the place, and the farm work went on with a swing and energy not often seen in these leisurely Icelanders. Night and morning 120 sheep trotted down from their rocky pastures to be milked, and the making of skyr went on diligently. Skyr is one of the great staples of Icelandic food. It is made by heating the milk slowly, curdling it with rennet and drawing off the whey. When done, it is stored away in hogheads for use during the year.

I had come in a busy time for the farm people; not only was there the skyr and butter making, but the wool had to be cleaned and sent on ponies to market, and then the haying began. This is a long two months' affair. From the grandfather to the babies, all were at work; first the turf was mowed, then the "out hay," or distant meadows, then the walls, roofs—every place that afforded a wisp of hay; for on the scanty grass crop the lives of the flocks depend, and they are the Icelandic chief dependence. From the wool clothes for men and women are made, blankets, harness, ropes, gloves, stockings and heavy scarfs, while the surplus wool is bartered for groceries and other necessities.

The Icelandic pastor is really a farmer, and must work hard on the land which accompanies every church living; in order to eke out his small stipend. Usually he has three churches in his charge, the head church and two "annexes," and he holds one noonday service in each once in three weeks.—New York Independent.

Apparent Size of the Moon.

When a nobleman at the court of Louis XIV once assured his friends that in his country home, at Landerneau, the moon looked considerably larger than at Paris or Versailles, everybody had a good laugh at his expense; and he was called a fibber. It seemed that the man was right, however. A short time ago Mr. Le Briere made careful observations at Port-Launay, near Ennis-tore, the westernmost point of Brittany, and stated authoritatively that the apparent diameter of the full moon is decidedly larger as seen from that part of the country than in other parts of France. He ascribes this difference to the larger quantity of humidity in the air in that section, which to the eye would determine that increase in the size of the moon.—Exchange.

ROYAL DRUNKARDS.

EUROPEAN MONARCHS WHO HAVE
TAKEN TO THEIR CUPS.

Rumors Concerning King Oscar of Sweden—Good Example of the Prince of Wales—Emperor William and the Rulers of Austria.

[Special Correspondence.]
LONDON, Sept. 26.—As even the Norwegian papers do not hesitate to ascribe to inebriety the extraordinary conduct of their monarch in marching up to a peasant at Trondhjem and roughly pitching into the mud the hat which the man through ignorance and boorishness had omitted to doff, as well as in angrily flinging back the bouquets of flowers that had been thrown into his carriage by loyal citizens, there seems to be some foundation for the persistent reports current for some time past to the effect that King Oscar had taken to drink. And this impression is further confirmed by the inconceivable extravagance of his utterances against his own Swedish and Norwegian subjects in an interview which he accorded to a number of foreign newspaper correspondents who had come to Norway for the purpose of witnessing the return home of the explorer Nansen. Until a couple of years ago Oscar was regarded as the most sagacious, benevolent, and, above all, the most accomplished monarch that had ever reigned over Scandinavia. But of late he has entirely changed, and many of his actions have been characterized by so much eccentricity as to give rise to the belief that often he is not altogether accountable for what he does or says.

If it be really true that this irresponsibility is ascribable to an abuse of stimulants, there will be much sorrow



KING OSCAR.

among the members of his family, for his favorite son, that Prince Oscar who surrendered his rights of succession to the throne to wed the lowly born maiden whom he loved, is the active president of the temperance society of Scandinavia, while the queen herself has insisted upon placing her name upon the roster of the association. The latter has a very uphill work in Norway and Sweden, where heavy drinking is well nigh universal and huge potatoes of arrack punch are indispensable features of every entertainment and convivial gathering.

As a general rule the anointed of the Lord are an abstemious lot of men, one of the most notable in this respect being, contrary to a general belief, the Prince of Wales, to whose influence is attributable the fact that hard drinking has gone out of fashion among gentlemen and is no longer considered good form. But there are some very conspicuous exceptions. Thus the late Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria to all intents and purposes crazed himself by means of heavy drinking prior to the tragedy at Meyerling. His favorite tipple was a mixture of cognac and champagne. And I have known the Prince of Wales on the last occasion when he visited Vienna prior to the archduke's death to remonstrate with him upon the subject in a most kindly and affectionate manner and as his best friend. But it was of no avail, and it is doubtful that if Rudolph had any correct notion of what he was doing on the memorable night when he first of all shot the Baroness Marie Vetsera and then killed himself.

His cousin, the Archduke Otto, who has now been definitely designated by Emperor Francis Joseph as heir apparent to the Austria-Hungarian throne, is renowned for his love of stimulants, most of the disgraceful actions which are laid to his charge and which have caused his name to be execrated both at home and abroad having been committed under the influence of drink. Indeed it was in the midst of an orgy of this kind that, while stationed at Pressburg, he attempted one night to conduct a large party of equally inebriated companions, male and female, up to his wife's apartments and into her bedroom in order that they "might see what an archduchess looked like when she was in bed." It was only in the very nick of time that a gallant young officer attached to the archducal household arrived upon the scene, posted himself outside the door of the archduchess's room and, having drawn his sword, threatened to run through the body any one, except the archduke himself, who dared to enter. Thanks to his presence of mind, the party retreated in the company of their imperial entertainer, whose conduct in connection with the affair was subsequently denounced not only in the press, but in the national legislature and severely punished by the emperor.

The late King Louis of Bavaria shattered not only his nerves but also his magnificent constitution and his reason by the potatoes in which he indulged during the last few years preceding his death. He is known to have killed at least a couple of his attendants in moments of drunken frenzy before he was finally deprived of the reins of government, that were intrusted to his uncle, the present regent, and there is no

doubt that he was crazed with liquor at the moment when he deliberately murdered the eminent physician who was walking with him in the grounds of the castle in which he was confined on the shores of the Starnberg lake in the Bavarian Tyrol, subsequently drowning himself in a vain effort to escape from his jailers by swimming clear across the lake to the opposite shore. Drink, too, is the origin of the incurable lunacy with which his younger brother and successor, King Otto, has been afflicted since quite five years prior to his accession to the throne. Otto's madness takes the form of a delusion—that is to say, like Nebuchadnezzar in olden times, he imagines himself to be either an animal or a bird, generally the latter, his favorite role being that of a stork.

Many of the utterances of young Emperor William have been so wildly extravagant and indiscreet that they have been excused even by his greatest admirers on the plea that they had been delivered after partaking of a hearty dinner or lunch. This would appear to indicate that William has inherited the weakness of his granduncle, King Frederick William IV, for strong wines, and that he is not always accountable for his speech or for his behavior after his meals. King Frederick William's drunken habits were the talk of all Europe, and at the time of the Paris conference, after the close of the Crimean war, when Prussia clamored in vain for admittance to the congress, the comic newspapers of the old world—London Punch in particular—scurrilously caricatured King Frederick William as a drooling drunkard, with an empty bottle in his hand and his crown all awry, staggering against the closed door of the room in which the congress was held and endeavoring in vain to get in. This king, it may be remembered, died as a raving maniac, the result in a great measure of too much brandy and champagne. In fact, he used to get drunk nearly every night, and the scenes at the court dinners were frequently beyond description.

King Victor Emmanuel, father of the present king of Italy, used to get very violent when in his cups, and graphic stories are told of the manner in which at such times as these he and his morganatic wife, the gamekeeper's daughter, Rosina, whom he created Countess of Miraflore, would fling the crockery at one another's heads. The late King William of Holland was a notorious drunkard, while his son, the late Prince of Orange, who was known as the French boulevard by the nickname of Citron, used night after night to be picked up dead drunk in the gutters of the French metropolis by the Parisian police.

On the other hand, the present rulers of Austria, of Italy, of Russia, of Saxony, of Belgium and of Portugal are all renowned for their abstinence and may be said to teach by example the advantages of temperance. No one, however, has accomplished quite so much in this direction as the Prince of Wales, who may be said to have frowned out of existence the so-called "bottle men" who constituted the pillars of English society 30 and 40 years ago, when it was considered a piece of bad breeding and of ungentelemanly conduct to retire to bed sober.

O. M. GILSON.

MINING MATTERS.

A Few Facts Concerning Business From the Far West.

[Special Correspondence.]
SIDNEY, C. B., Oct. 6.—American capital has been seeking investment recently in Nova Scotia plumbago mines. Two excellent deposits have been opened up recently by Boston people.

It is surprising that so little local capital is interested in the mining industries of Cape Breton island. Local capitalists seem afraid to take risks. They have little business tact, and they are overtimid. When opportunities to subscribe to local enterprises offer, they are backward about putting up their money, and when they have a chance to obtain stock in a company in exchange for a lease of mining land which they own they prefer to take a small rental or a royalty. On one of the plumbago deposits just opened the owner of the land is working as a laborer at \$1 a day and receiving the absurd royalty of 5 cents a ton on the product of the mine.

There are some fine gypsum quarries along the Bras d'Or lakes, leased by American capitalists, but the necessity of building wharves and railroads has prevented the losses opening more than one of the deposits. The product is shipped to Philadelphia by water.

The coal mines of Nova Scotia, which produce about 2,000,000 tons a year, are almost all owned by a Boston syndicate, of which Henry M. Whitney is the head. The chief sales of Nova Scotia coal once were to the United States. The duty on coal has cut down that trade, and now the Pennsylvania coal mines are shipping their products to Montreal via the strait of Canso and the St. Lawrence river and underselling the Nova Scotia mines 10 cents a ton. It may be amusing to the people of New York city, who pay for their anthracite coal whatever the coal railroads agree to charge to know that a Nova Scotian told me he had bought Pennsylvania hard coal, delivered to him, at \$5 a ton when New Yorkers were paying \$5.25. There is no protective duty on hard coal, because there are no deposits of hard coal in Canada.

An effort is being made to renew the interest of the people of the province in some gold mines which have not been worked for some time. Of course there are shares for sale, and the prospects are glittering. What mining prospects ever were commonplace? But the fact remains that there is only one gold mine being worked profitably in the province, and that is owned by a small local syndicate. GRANT HAMILTON.

Defining His Position.

Waiter—Soup, sir?

Thespian—No, confound your impudence. I'm a star.—Harlem Life.



ARCHBISHOP SEBASTIAN MARTINELLI.

Archbishop Martinelli, the successor of Cardinal Sotoli, as Apostolic Delegate, was born in Borgo, St. Anne, near Lucca, Italy, on August 20, 1848. Sabastiano entered the order of Augustinians in his sixteenth year on December 6, 1863, and made his solemn profession on January 6, 1865, being ordained to the priesthood on March 4, 1871. He spent several years as a teacher in the convent of the Irish Augustinians at Rome. In speaking of that period of his career, a priest who knew him well at the time, writes of him as follows from Rome to the *Baltimore Sun*:

"Many of the young students, since priests, who came to that quaint, old-fashioned house—a palace before it was a convent, with its three fine arches opening on the Tiber and charming views of St. Peter's the Castle St. Angelo and the castle meadows, then unbuilt on and picturesque in their sylvan beauty—many of these students owe much of their development in intellect and virtue to the lessons of young Father Martinelli. It was here I, a visitor to the general prior of the house, the well-known Prior Glynn, became first acquainted with Father Martinelli. Then he was a quiet, retiring young man, whose voice was scarcely heard and who was but rarely seen, yet ever gracious and kindly in his greeting. Here also his brother, the Cardinal, lived, as here he found himself among his brethren of the same order. Living here it was but natural that he should learn English, and he has acquired that language thoroughly. 'He speaks it exquisitely,' says the official account of him I have referred to. He certainly does speak it sufficiently well to convey to others in all clearness and precision the thoughts which he has in his mind, and if he ever hesitates for a word it is not that he cannot find one, but that he wants to select the most suitable for the expression of his thought."

While he was still only a master in theology, and without passing, as is customary through the offices of Prior and Provincial, he was nominated Prior-General of the Augustinian order in 1889, and was re-confirmed for six years in 1895.

"I remember well in the fall of 1889," says the friend already quoted, "when he was first elected to the dignity of General. He lived in the house of the Irish Augustinians, then situated at San Carlo, in the Corso. When the news was brought to him he was like one who is overburdened with sorrow, and to the congratulations offered him he had but a sad smile to return. It reminded me forcibly of the tales they tell of religious merit and bright intellect raising even a swineherd to the Papal throne."

He manifested the same disposition when the Pope offered him the office of Apostolic Delegate. He declined it twice, and it was only when the Pope called upon him to exercise the virtue of obedience that he finally accepted it. Two years ago, in 1894, Archbishop Martinelli visited this country, and presided over the Chapter of the Augustinian Order which was held at that time in Bryn Mawr, Pa. He met a number of prominent Catholics while in this country, all of whom formed a favorable opinion of him. In speaking of him a member of the order at Bryn Mawr said:

"He is a man of affable manner. In demeanor he is very quiet. He is about 5 feet 7 inches in height, with dark eyes and dark hair. His countenance is indicative of great intellectuality. He is a very learned man. His work at Rome has been of an important character. Besides being the head of the Augustinians, he has been what is known as a consultant in the Congregation of the Holy Office, which has to do with the affairs of the Church all over the world."

The London Tablet says that nearly all the younger Augustinian fathers in

Ireland, where they are in charge of many missions, studied theology under the new Delegate. Moreover, he visited Dublin in 1891, to preside over the Chapter of the Irish Province which was held in that year in the Church of Saints Augustine and John. He also made a visitation of the Irish Province at that time.

"It is fair to suppose," says the Tablet, "that his Irish associations have developed in Monsignor Martinelli a sympathy with the country and people that gave birth to the Church where now his lot is cast, and that as his influence in the Church increases it will be the influence of a prelate who knows Ireland and Irish-Americans."

The Order of Hermits of St. Augustine, commonly known as the Augustinian Order, is one of the four great mendicant orders of the Catholic Church. It took its rise in A. D. 1256, when Pope Alexander VI. compelled eight small bodies of Italian monks to unite in one order under the rule of St. Augustine, exempting them from the jurisdiction of bishops. The order was formerly much stronger than it is now. They have about 200 houses.

Two habits are prescribed for the members, one of black, which is worn ordinarily, and another consisting of a white cowl and robe and a leather cincture. This last habit was suggested by that worn by St. Augustine when he was baptised by St. Ambrose at Milan. Many Catholics, indeed, trace the order back to the great Bishop of Hippo. In this country the members wear the black habit only. They live a common life and their bedrooms, which are called "cells," are devoid of carpets and all other luxuries. The order in this country is known as the Augustinian Province of St. Thomas of Villanova. Its house is at Bryn Mawr, Pa. Its Provincial is the Very Rev. Charles M. Driscoll, and it has sixty-one fathers, ten professed clerics, three novice clerics, five professed lay brothers, twelve novice lay brothers, one novitiate, sixteen convents and houses, sixteen parish schools, twelve missions and stations, and twenty-seven churches. It may be added that the members of the order are popularly known as "Black Friars," from the color of their habit.

The late Cardinal Tomaso Maria Martinelli, was a brother of the new delegate, and like him also was a member of the Augustinian order.

A Clever Boy.

A smart boy of 8 years whose home is in the extreme east end has a fondness for two things. He likes to use big words, and he is very fond of visiting the Wade park zoo. The monkeys being his especial delight, he wanders about their cages at least once a day and sometimes oftener. His father rather encourages this harmless fad and says the boy will either be a great naturalist or a dime museum lecturer.

A day or two ago the little fellow came home from the park and said that there were very few people about the cages.

"Do you think, mamma," he inquired, "that it's owing to the hard times?"

"I guess not," said his mother. "When we have hard times, a great many people haven't anything to do but wander in the parks."

The little chap was silent for a moment.

"I thought maybe," he presently said, "that it might be caused by what papa calls a stringency in the monkey market."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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THE EMPEROR CONSTANTINE

Maxentius, the Terrible, Destroyed by the Christian's Defender.

The Mysterious Apparition and the Acceptance of the Advice Contained Therein by Constantine Portends the Peace of the World—The Cross Borne in Triumph and Away From the Scourge and Desecration.

BY REV. F. A. CUNNINGHAM.

For three centuries the emperors as the personifications of enmity towards the Church, had wielded a sword never at rest from its bloody work. They had seen all that was holiest and dearest to the Christian heart sacrificed to the demands of uncontrollable passion. The streets of the Eternal City had bathed in the sanguinary streams flowing from the arteries of innumerable martyrs. The hearthstone of their homes made desolate, the glorious privileges of liberty denied, the Christians had learned to accept in silence the inevitable penalties of revolt against the kingdom of the world. While the empire was hostile to Religion every means was adopted to conquer and annihilate the Spouse of Christ; but its day was now at its close; the time was at hand when kings and princes of the earth should learn to recognize and attest the divine power of the church. The Cross was no longer to be reputed a scandal to the Jews and foolishness to the gentiles; its place should henceforth at the summit of imperial crowns, upon the standards of kings and blazing forth in gilded glory from the pinnacles of temple and palace.

The year, 312, was ushered in with many presentiments of great coming events. Galerius the persecutor was no more, having ended his unhappy life with his own hand. The government of the world lay in the hands of Constantine, Licinius, Maximinus and Maxentius. A mighty struggle was about to be inaugurated the result of which should determine to which of these contestants should finally belong to the dominating power of the world.

For some time past Constantine had beheld with indignation the cruelty and tyranny with which the emperor Maxentius had afflicted Rome and Italy. He desired nothing better than complete liberty of his native land. The ferocity of the tyrant, his unnatural life, his unbridled passions, his avarice and his pride had kept the world in a state of continual terror and oppressed by innumerable evils and cruel tribulations. The Church and the Christians under such a prince were persecuted to such an extent that after God, their only comfort was in the hope of speedy death.

Constantine, however, had no desire to be the first in lighting the fires of civil war; but that did not prevent his ardent soul from watching eagerly for the first possible opportunity of liberating the world from its unnatural burden. Nor did divine Providence leave him long in expectation. Maxentius confiding in his immense army, in the wealth gathered together by robbery and plunder, and in the favor of the evil spirits, with whom he pretended to hold familiar converse; and looking with a jealous eye upon the growing power of the young and amiable Constantine, conceived the idea of driving the latter from the throne, and for this end began, himself, the first movements of war. He opened up his campaign by overthrowing the statues of his rival, by effacing his image wherever found, and finally by loud boasts that he would bring the career of the son of Constantius Chlorus to a speedy end. The declaration of war was accepted eagerly by Constantine who immediately began extensive preparations towards the coming meeting with his adversary.

Constantine had inherited from his father an esteem and affection for the Christians, so much so that, scarcely had he donned the imperial purple, than he granted to them complete liberty in the exercise of their religion, which he himself often deliberated seriously upon embracing. Divine Mercy provided an opportunity for the obtaining of this grace through the mysterious events of a single day. Having determined upon a systematic opposition to Maxentius, Constantine began to implore aid from on high. His mind was not yet so clearly enlightened as to perceive all the absurdities of idolry. Yet the events of past history had demonstrated clearly that the omnipotence of the supernatural world lay in the person of one only God. He vacillated for a time in the uncertainty as to which God deserved most his complete adoration, Jove and Venus, Saturn, Bacchus or Diana? Had not the old emperors followed their guidance with no better result than continual misfortune in life and eternal infamy after unhappy death? Constantius Chlorus, his father, who knew the errors of the false gods and the duty of adoring the one God of the Christians had been prosperous in all his undertakings and had died in peace and with glory. The slight beginning of faith inspired by these reflections induced Constantine to have recourse to the true God in a spirit of humble prayer. He prostrated himself before God and with a trusting heart prayed that he might know the divine will, and what he should do to gain the victory over the tyrant, promising, at the same time, to observe all that he should be commanded. The prayer of Constantine was heard and the Lord, by a miraculous intervention of his goodness placed in his possession the secret of victory.

One day as Constantine and his army were resting in a pleasant valley of Switzerland preparatory to crossing the Alps for the invasion of Italy, there was seen upon the disc of the noonday sun, formed from out its brilliant rays, a cross of the most resplendent beauty and bearing, in letters of gold, the legend: "In hoc signo vinces," i. e. "By this sign you will conquer." This amazing spectacle was witnessed not only by Constantine but by the whole army who gazed upon it in dumbfounded wonder, not knowing what it might mean.

The emperor no less at a loss than his soldiers to understand its import spent the day in meditating upon its different features but the slumbers of the night had overtaken him before any light broke in upon his mind. In his dreams, during the night there appeared to him the figure of Christ the Lord, bearing in his hand the sign displayed that day in the heavens, and commanding him that he should fashion on similar to this and that this new standard should be borne before the army in battle as a sure pledge of victory. On arising in the morning Constantine related to his officers his dream and the command of Our Lord. He called before him his gold and silversmiths and workers in precious stones and bade them proceed at once to make the cross. A gigantic lance was brought covered with plates of solid gold, to which at a distance of a foot from the point was attached a crossbar. The point of the spear was decorated with a crown of gold adorned with jewels forming the letters of the monogram of Christ: X P. From the crossbar hung a long veil of richest silk embroidered with gold and precious stones. This was the standard which under the name of the *Labarum* led the hosts of Constantine to the first grand victory of Christendom.

Jesus Christ, in the same vision, had also commanded the emperor that he should arm his troops with the same mystic sign, which he therefore caused to be engraved upon the shields and helmets of all his soldiers. Then, when all was in readiness, Constantine led his forces confidently into Italy to begin the march against the tyrant Maxentius, nor did he rest from his arduous advance until he beheld his troops near the Milvian Bridges a few miles from Rome.

It was the 28th of October, 312. Maxentius knowing the numerical superiority of his forces was giving but little thought to the enemy encamped without his gates. In the forenoon of the day he could be found deeply interested in the athletic games of the Circus ordered by him in observance of the sixth anniversary of his accession. The populace, who already hated the tyrant and his oppression, and indignant that he should thus pass his time in pleasure while the state was in danger, began to rise up in the Circus, calling upon him as a traitor

and crying out that he was a coward in the face of the invincible Constantine. Maxentius was filled with consternation at this sudden uproar and left the Circus in a transport of fear. He consulted the Sybils to learn what fortune might come from the war, and received as answer that if he should leave Rome that day he should die. Still another oracle of the Sybils informed him that day would perish the enemy of Rome. The tyrant interpreted this last oracle in his own favor, believing that Constantine was in reality the enemy of Rome. Assured by this thought he gathered his army about him and forgetful of the first oracle left Rome for place of battle.

The two armies came together in the farther side of the Tiber and entered into a very short and decisive struggle. Almost from the beginning the fortunes of the tyrant seemed to have abandoned him. The Romans and the other Italians of his army, who desired nothing better than the discomfiture of Maxentius and his ultimate overthrow, after a slight resistance fled from the field; and only the higher officers and the pretorian guard who besides being gifted with the spirit of valor were hopeless of any clemency from Constantine remained with their commander to the last. The victory for a while hung in the balance. At length, however, when the bravery of Constantine's army had broken the ranks of the enemy, and put them to flight, Maxentius yielded, hurrying back to the Tiber in the hope of crossing safely and recovering himself in Rome.

He had provided for the possibility of retreat by building across the river a bridge of boats. He had designed it not only as a means of passage for his own followers but more especially, as a trap for Constantine should the latter in the event of victory endeavor to follow up the retreat. It was so constructed that, at a given signal, the two central boats could be detached from each other and the bridge thus destroyed would cast its human burden into the yellow waters. Maxentius himself fell into the trap he had prepared for his rival. His flying troops hurried in wild terror upon the flimsy structure which in a few moments bended and wavered hither and thither and before the tyrant had gained the middle of the stream the whole ingenious contrivance was broken into several parts casting horse and man in one confused rabble into the river. In the terrible melee the thought of each one was for his own safety; the tyrant was forgotten and sank into the waves carrying with him to death the torments of an evil conscience and the execrations of a burdened people. His body was found, a few days after encumbered with its heavy armour; his head was stricken off and fixed upon the point of a spear and borne by the victorious army to Rome as the most glorious trophy of the battle.

The fugitives who had succeeded in crossing the river bore to the city the news of the discomfiture, and told in words of anxious fear how Constantine with his triumphant army was hastening to the gates. The senate and people assured of the overthrow of the tyrant broke forth into cries of jubilation that made the very heavens echo. The gates were thrown open and the populace crowned with olive and bearing green branches in their hands went out to meet the victor. The air resounded with cheers, with blessings and words of admiration. Constantine was hailed as the savior of his country, the father of the Roman people, the author of public happiness. The emperor passed on horseback through the surging crowds, answering their wild acclamations with bowing head and smiles of recognition. The people of Rome flung themselves upon the victorious troops, embraced them as brothers, as liberators, congratulating themselves at the same time, upon so auspicious a victory. There was no distinction of victor or vanquished, as all took to themselves the glory of a conquest which secured the peace and safety of the common country.

Thus, amid the cheers of triumph, upon the imperial *Labarum*, upon the shield of the emperor and upon the arms of thirty thousand soldiers gleamed the cross of Jesus Christ. It was the first time from the beginning of the world that, in pagan Rome, in the

home of Jupiter and Venus, the knees of that proud people were bended in adoration before the cross; the gibbet of the crucified God.

After the cross, the honors, the affection and the gratitude of Rome were poured out upon Constantine. To him these glad people knelt kissing his feet, embracing his knees, blessing him and begging his protection. At the sight of the head of Maxentius borne aloft upon the point of a spear the joyous acclamations were changed into groans and hisses full of contempt and hatred.

The first actions of the conqueror were entirely in accord with his magnanimous soul. The prisons in which Christians had long languished were thrown open. The Christian name was honored in public ceremony. The enemy, those who had borne arms for the defence of the tyrant were for the most part pardoned. The instigators of the former cruelties of Maxentius alone were delivered to the death they had so often brought upon others. The soldiers of the tyrant were disarmed and sent to distant countries to combat the barbarians. The pretorian guard, the instrument of innumerable atrocities in the past, was disbanded. The senate was reinstated to its former dignity and power. The whole system of government was reformed and harmonized. The people were made to feel that peace had at last come upon earth and that the blessing of the true God had descended upon mankind.

For these many signal achievements the senate of Rome at once conferred upon Constantine the title of First and Greatest Emperor, unworthily and illegitimately usurped by Maxentius. They then erected a magnificent triumphal arch, which stands even to this day, bearing the inscription: "To the Emperor Caesar Flavius Constantine, Maximianus, Pius Felix Augustus; for having through the inspiration of Divinity, and the grandeur of his mind, with his army and with the justice of his cause, liberated in one single battle the Republic from the oppression of the Tyrant and of all his faction, the Senate and the People of Rome have erected and dedicated this triumphal arch to the Liberator of the City and to the Founder of Peace."

TO VISIT IRELAND.

A number of the patriotic Irish-American citizens of Boston and vicinity are preparing for a pilgrimage to dear Old Erin in 1898, in commemoration of the memorable year of 1798. The party will visit the most notable places concerned in the uprising of a hundred years ago, and to live again in the memory of the dark days of the last century. The matter is in the hands of the following executive committee:

Colonel R. F. Scannell, Dr. W. F. Brown, W. J. Walsh, the well-known lecturer, Boston; W. E. Cronin, president of the A. O. H., East Boston; Thomas W. Arthur, East Boston; the Hon. J. F. Merrill, South Boston; Dr. John F. Couch, Somerville; ex-Mayor Sullivan, Postmaster Griffin, Holyoke; John W. Glynn, Springfield; J. J. O'Sullivan, Lowell; E. F. Dillon, Fall River; Thomas Howard, P. J. Reilly, P. Desmond, Malden; E. J. Sheehan, New Haven; John V. Murphy, Norwich, Conn.; R. M. Hayes, Manchester, N. H.; Captain M. Burke, P. J. Kelly, Providence, and the Hon. John E. Fitzgerald, New York.

One of the finest ocean boats has been engaged for the conveyance of the pilgrims. The Boston contingent will be quartered in the city of Dublin as the guests of ex-Mayor Shanks.

THE MONITOR gives below a short story of the famous struggle, now beyond the memory of man, but still fresh in the minds of all loyal friends of Ireland, through the efforts of the historian and the poet.

The Irish rebellion of 1798, that stands as one of the leading events in the history of that people, was the culmination of feeling and conditions that had existed for years. The situation between Ireland and England had grown more and more strained, both politically, socially and religiously. As long before as 1785 the Dublin Parliament made propositions to Great Britain looking to a settlement of existing evils affecting commerce. But England refused to accept them, in-

[CONTINUED ON FIFTH PAGE.]

THE VOWS OF MEN.

Write on the sands when the tide is low,
Seek the spot where the waters flow,
Whisper a name when the storm is heard,
Pause that echo may breathe the word.
If what you wrote on the sands should last,
And echo is heard 'mid the tempest blast,
Then believe, and not till then,
That there is truth in the vows of men.

Throw a rose on a stream at morn,
Watch at eve for the flower's return,
Drop in the ocean a golden grain,
Hope 'twill shine on the shore again.
If the rose you again behold,
If you gaze on your grain of gold,
Then believe, and not till then,
That there is truth in the vows of men.

—Bagley.

"MADE IN GERMANY."

Anthony Alexander was a woman hater. He was also a student of philosophy—very comfortably off. A bachelor, of course, and at 40 the despair of determined mothers and dutiful daughters, who, when he came in their way—he did it as little as possible—scarcely had heart for an attack.

Alexander made up his mind to learn German, because he desired to read in the original the works of Kant, Hegel, etc. In a weekly paper he came on the following advertisement:

"The German tongue taught on a new and speedy system. Apply Herr Schwab, 3 May street, Pimlico."

"Air Squalp!" said the short, grimy maid of the tall, grimy lodging-house. "Fifth floor, first door to the left. Mind your feet when you get near the top, the carpet's gave."

Alexander climbed to the door indicated and knocked. A sweet treble voice with a strong foreign accent said:

"Come in."

"What a fool man is!" thought Alexander. "The less he can afford a female appearance the more sure he is to have one."

He entered. The little room was neatness itself. A girl in a brown dress and black apron stood up to receive him. She had a pretty figure, rosy cheeks, large blue eyes and an immense quantity of fair hair rolled into a tight ball.

Alexander bowed stiffly and said that, having seen the advertisement of a Herr Schwab—

"Yes," said the girl quickly. "He is my father, at all. You want to learn German, sir?"

Alexander replied in the affirmative and added that he hadn't much time to spare. He would be glad to see Herr Schwab at once. He stood like a tower, one bristling with batlements. The girl gave him an anxious glance.

"My father cannot titch now," she said. "Since de notice appear he has a complaint. De troat of my father is ill, sir. He must not spik."

Alexander said he was sorry, and, with a second stiff bow, moved toward the door.

"But I, Hedwig Schwab, I know de seestem of my father," said the girl, with a bright blush. "I can titch. I have titched. It is a great seestem for de adults, at all."

She looked imploringly up into the face of the 6 foot 2 inch bearded quadrangularian. He shook his head. "I'm much obliged," he said. "Herr Schwab may be better soon. I'll wait."

Hedwig nearly let him go. Pride and filial love made a sad to do with in her. As Alexander got to the door he heard a choking voice.

"He will not be better soon if I earn no money to get him what he want. Will you try, sir? I am not young. I am 23, at all."

"At all!" This was one of the first phrases Hedwig had acquired on her arrival in England. She regarded it as an idiom of all work, and brought it in whenever she wanted to be particularly emphatic.

"Look here," she went on. "I shall give you two lessons, and if you are not contented you pay nothing—not a titch—and I beg your pardon of you; otherwise, I shall persevere till de troat of my father is good. Will you try?"

"I don't doubt your ability," said Alexander, "but—"

The expression of his face enlightened Hedwig.

"Is my womanliness an objection?" she cried.

"Er—ah—really!" stammered Alexander, feeling it must be confessed, a bit of an ass.

But Hedwig swept on.

"Belief rue, you will find no differences. I titch like my father. I titch not of my womanliness. I titch like he."

From an adjoining bedroom a door was pushed open, and a gaunt, leathery face with frenzied hair and glaring spectacles looked through. The girl nodded cheerfully to this apparition, which instantly vanished. The blue eyes sought Alexander's face again. Something glittered in them which was not allowed to fall.

"Oh, well, I don't mind!" said Alexander hurriedly. (To himself, "What a lie!") "Will 10 o'clock tomorrow suit you? And," he added, with more humanity than gallantry, "I trust Herr Schwab will soon be able to take your place."

"I trust," said Hedwig. The rosy face beamed.

Alexander's face, when he got

down into the street, did nothing of the kind.

"Beastly nuisance!" he said aloud.

Three weeks passed. Herr Schwab seemed nearly well again, but the doctor still forbade him to teach. Hedwig had given Alexander three lessons a week. He was growing strangely resigned to the situation. As long as the books were open Hedwig was stern, curt, dry. One seemed to see the spectacles of Herr Schwab on her nose. When the books were shut, she became a charming girl again, and the transformation having taken place, Alexander did not, after the first, make a point of leaving directly. On the Saturday morning which brought the tenth lesson, time being up, Hedwig looked gayly at her pupil, and said:

"Don't you think you proceed?"

"I'm astonished at myself," said Alexander.

Herr Schwab nodded blandly from his chair in the corner.

"Ah, I told you my womanliness was nothing," said Hedwig with a triumphant air.

Alexander looked at the sweet, modest figure in the shabby brown dress, at the round face, flushed with the July heat and with her pedagogic exertions on his behalf.

Her womanliness nothing! Well, poor little girl!

He asked if she had ever been to Hampton court. No? Would she like to go? Hedwig's eyes spoke. Would Herr Schwab trust Alexander to take her down on the noon-day coach and bring her back by 6 in the evening? Allerdings. Which meant she might go.

But how long would the fraulein take to get dressed?

Hedwig laughed, ran across the passage, and in five minutes reappeared, having pinned a lace collar on the brown dress, loosened the tight ball of shining hair and mounted a fresh little hat, like her face, one nest of roses.

"Oh, fairly day, happy, happy hours! The very sight of the great gates and great trees set Hedwig's heart dancing, and then the flaming flower beds and cool alleys and emerald grass and diamond fountains made her cry, 'Ach, heavens, heavens!'"

"Ah, heavens, heavens!" again and again. And Alexander conducted her through the rooms and courts of the famous old palace, and Hedwig chattered of Cardinal Wolsey as if he had been her uncle and of Henry VIII as if she had been his grandmother, and the next thing was to order tea in a queer little shop parlor looking on the park, and while they were at tea a beautiful tame deer with sad eyes came to the window and asked to be fed.

"Take care," said Alexander, as Hedwig leaned forward to touch the creature's head. He caught her by the hand and pulled her back.

"Hirsch—we call the animal so," said Hedwig, standing meekly by his side. "How do you call him at all?"

"Deer, fraulein," said Alexander. He had forgotten to let go of her hand, and he spoke very gently, and any ignorant intruder hearing what he said, seeing how close the simple, pretty little Rhine maiden and the woman hater stood together in the alcove of the parlor window, might have fancied—But it was time to go home.

Of course Alexander saw Hedwig safe to the door of 3 May street.

"I can enough tank you never," she said earnestly. "Gute nacht," she said earnestly. "Gute nacht."

"Gute nacht, fraulein; gute nacht." Turning away, he ran against an acquaintance—Jones.

Jones surveyed him with a twinkling eye.

"Changed your views?"

"Don't understand."

"I thought, according to you, the best woman that ever breathed was only to be tolerated. You seemed a trifle overflowing with toleration just now. Neat little article! Made in Germany. Hello, no offense, I say."

But Alexander, resisting the temptation to knock Jones, who was a small man, into the gutter, stalked away.

And after dinner in his luxurious study he sat solitary and thought—and thought.

He thought of the girl to whom he had given his heart in early days and who had deceived him.

He thought of the undisturbed, regular, independent life to which he was accustomed.

He thought of his 40 years.

And the end of these meditations was that he went to his writing table and penned a letter to Hedwig.

He thanked Fraulein Schwab for the pains she had taken with him and begged to inclose the sum due to her for the remaining lessons of the course. He much regretted being unable to receive them. He sent his best compliments to Herr Schwab and remained hers very sincerely, Anthony Alexander.

He went to Switzerland, intending to do a mountain or two. But in ridiculous defiance of the most elementary rules of physical geography mountains proved flat. So did other things when he tried them. A bloom-like face under a hat with roses, an

old brown dress, a happy girl's voice followed him everywhere.

At last, leaning dismally over a hotel balcony one fine evening in Chamounix, he heard a German lady below say to a friend, "Gute nacht!"

"Gute nacht." The words called him back to 3 May street, and he packed his traps that night, and to 3 May street he rushed as fast as train, boat, cab would take him.

The same maid, apparently with the same dirt on her face, answered the bell.

"Air Squalp. 'E's dead!"

"Dead?"

"Yes; 'e died. 'E got worse, and then 'e died."

"And—and—the young lady?"

"Left."

"Where's she gone?"

"Don't know."

A sovereign shone in her hand.

"I'm very sorry, sir," she said, staring, excited, "but the fraulein never said a word to nobody. She just paid and left."

"When?"

"Three weeks last Toosday."

"Do you think she was going to Germany?"

"I'm sure, sir, I haven't an idea. She paid the week and left. She seemed all of a daze."

Alexander knew what he had done. He had run away from his one chance of happiness—and now—where was Hedwig?

By night London looked to him like a couchant beast, stuck over with cruel eyes—a beast that swallowed lives down and kept the secret. By day the sunny streets mocked him with passing faces, with trim figures that in the distance looked like hers, with glimpses of yellow hair.

Or was she back in the fatherland? Safe with her friends, with a betrothed lover perhaps.

If it were so and he could but know of it, he thought he should have the manhood to thank heaven.

He had been returned to town four days. As he came in late from a weary stretch of walking his valet met him.

"A person to see you, sir."

"What sort of a person?"

"A woman, sir."

"A lady?"

"I think, sir, she's a nun."

Alexander walked into his study. Amazed, he saw rise before him a figure in black, with dapping sleeves and flowing skirts.

A calm, good face looked from under the white band and sable veil.

"Is it you," said the nun quietly, "who have been advertising to discover the address of Hedwig Schwab?"

His heart sank.

"Yes, yes."

"She is with us."

"Hedwig! A nun!"

She shook her head with a grave air.

"Nuns are not made so quickly. Our order has a chapel and infirmary near Soho. We work there. Two days ago I found the poor young woman lying on the chapel steps. I am Sister Frances."

His name was on her clothes. We could not find out anything about her. She has fever—it is on the brain—she doesn't speak sense. But we see she is a good girl and has been well cared for—innocent, refined. If you are a relative and wish to see her, you can come with me."

"Not a relative," gasped Alexander. "An old friend."

The nun bent her head.

"I am sorry to have to say it, but there is no time to lose if you want to see her alive."

Beds—narrow beds, white beds, sickbeds in rows. Walls—gray walls, silent walls, glimmering walls—with pictures. Lights—dim lights, kind lights, holy lights—like flowers. And on a pillow Hedwig's face, with the roundness and the roses and the splendid hair gone from it, and Hedwig's voice, babbling in German wildly.

"She won't know you," said Sister Frances.

But she did know him. He took her hand and bent over her, and she began talking English at once. A light came into the sunken face.

"It is you. I am so pleased to see you, at all. I was knowing you would come. What a fine day! What a blue sky! Happy, happy!" Her gaze wandered. "And look only—the beautiful tame deer! Can I give him bread? No, no! His eyes are too sad! Take him away! I am tired! Gute nacht!"

Perhaps Sister Frances had had a love story in her youth.

She turned her back when she saw how Alexander's tears rained down and how he held the poor delirious little girl in a passionate, yearning clasp.

Was it the warm tears, the warm clasp that brought Hedwig back to life's shores from which she had been fast drifting? Who can say? As soon as she was better, Alexander asked her very timidly if some day she would marry him.

In a whisper came Hedwig's reply: "I will—at all."—Answers.

THE OCEAN'S ATHLETES.

Fish That Make Mighty Leaps Far Up Out of the Water.

"Speaking of jumping," said an old seaman, "let me tell you of the greatest jump ever seen. It was many years ago, and we had experienced bad luck for several weeks, when one morning we sighted a big whale, and the two boats set off in a race to see who would get there first."

"Suddenly the whale rose not 100 yards away and headed directly for us. The mate gave orders to stop, and we sat still, expecting that the monster would rise near us. The harpooner stood with his iron ready to throw, while we grasped our oars nervously, prepared to jump at the word 'Stern all,' that nearly always came when a whale was harpooned. Not a word was spoken, and suddenly a mountain of black appeared, which seemed to shut off the entire horizon. Up it went until I distinctly saw a 70 foot whale over 20 feet in the air above us."

"The mate was the first to regain his senses and gave the command 'Stern all.' Just as we were ready to spring overboard the boat shot back several feet, and the next second the gigantic animal dived into the ocean, just grazing us, having completely passed over the boat."

Such gigantic jumps are rare. A similar one was recorded by a well known admiral in the British navy. A battleship was lying in the harbor of Bermuda, when all hands were attracted by the appearance of a very large whale suddenly showing itself in the harbor and appearing very much alarmed by the shallow water. The admiral, who was then only a midly, joined a boat's crew that started in pursuit, and just as they were about to strike the whale disappeared out of sight, leaving a deep whirlpool, round which the boat shot. Another moment, and the whale came up, having in all probability struck the bottom, and went into the air like a rocket.

"So complete was his enormous leap," says our authority, "that for an instant we saw him fairly up in the air, in a horizontal position, at a distance of at least 20 perpendicular feet over our heads. While in his progress upward there was in his spring some touch of vivacity with which a trout or salmon shoots out of the water."

Many of the inhabitants of the sea are good jumpers, and some have become famous. Among them should be mentioned the tarpon, or silver king, a huge fish with scales that gleam like silver, which constitutes the famous game fish of Florida.

In the Pacific waters the tuna, an ally of the horse mackerel, is noted for its leaps. Sometimes a school sweeps up the coast, and the powerful fish, often weighing 800 pounds, are seen in the air in every direction. They dart like an arrow, turn gracefully five or six feet in the air and come down, keeping the water for acres in a foam, and if not the greatest, they are certainly the most graceful of the jumpers of the sea.—Pearson's Magazine.

Light and Perfume.

A garden full of flowers is more fragrant when shadowed by a cloud than when bathed in sunshine—at least, that is the conclusion to which the recent experiments of M. Mesnard lead. He asserts that it is light, and not, as commonly believed, oxygen, which exerts the greatest influence in destroying odors. According to the same authority, the intensity of the perfume given off by a flower depends upon the relation between the pressure of water in the cells of the plant, which tends to drive out the essential oils that cause the odor, and the action of the sunlight, which tends to diminish the water pressure in the cells. Sprinkling the plant increases the turgescence in the cells and so augments the perfume. A cloud passing over the sun arrests the action of the light, thus permitting an increase of turgescence and as a consequence a more copious production of perfume. At night the air around a flower bed is heavy with odors, because then their emanation is not opposed by the sunlight.—Youth's Companion.

The Hudson Bay Company.

In 1670 Charles II granted a charter to the Hudson Bay company, giving to that association the whole and sole trade and commerce on the waters lying within the entrance of the Hudson strait and on the lands adjoining. After the cession of Canada to Great Britain, in 1763, the Northwest Fur company of Montreal sprang into existence and by its competition with the older corporation compelled an amalgamation in 1821.

Twentieth Century Is Dawning.

In a breach of promise suit an Indiana court has decided that it is not so bad to damage the affections of a widow as it is to trifle with the heart of a young woman who has never known true love. A Daniel came to judgment! The courts are getting more practical every day.—Buffalo Express.

Marrow With Cheese.

Beef marrow is appreciated by few cooks save the English, and still it may be put to various uses in making palatable dishes. Cut into slices, boil in salted water, drain and dip in grated cheese and bread crumbs, place on a tin plate and put in the oven until the cheese is melted. Serve on slices of toast or on heated plates with slices of lemon.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Hoxie's Defeat.

He Had Not Prepared For Such a Torrent of Questions.

Hoxie had never in his life been on the witness stand, but he made it his boast that if he ever chanced to be thus situated he'd just like to see the lawyer who could rattle him in his testimony. He fancied, did Hoxie, that he would prove more than a match for the lawyer who chanced to tackle him. The other day Hoxie had a chance to utterly rout and defeat one of these "little shyster lawyers," as he called them, for Hoxie was called to testify.

"What is your name, sir?" thundered the big, eagle eye lawyer who was to question Hoxie.

"William Henry Hoxie."

"What? Speak up so you can be heard four feet from the witness stand, can't you?"

"William Henry Hoxie."

"What is your business, sir?"

"I am a bookkeeper."

"A what?"

"Bookkeeper."

"Well, now, Mr. William Henry Hoxie, bookkeeper, I want to know what you know about this case. I want you—wait a moment. Have you ever served a sentence in the state prison?"

"No, sir."

"Well, are you the William Henry Hoxie who was tarred and feathered and run out of the state of Ohio six years ago next month? Now think before you answer. Be careful, be careful."

"No, sir; I'm not."

"Didn't you, William Henry Hoxie—didn't you elope from Indiana in the spring of 1890 with another man's wife?"

"I—I—tell you—"

"Be careful, be careful now. Remember that you're under oath and a stenographer is taking down every word you say. Have a care!"

"I never eloped with any man's wife," gasped old Hoxie.

"Didn't, eh? And you never served a sentence in the Iowa penitentiary for perjury? Be careful, careful! Just say yes or no."

"I—I—oh—I—"

"There, there, my good friend; don't lose your head. You didn't have to leave the town of Pokenville in Illinois in 1886 for beating your wife and cruelly abusing your children, did you? There, now; just keep cool. Will some one hand the witness a glass of water? He seems to be choking. Now, my good man, will you say yes or no to my last question, not forgetting that you are under oath to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth? Now, how is it about that wife beating business?"

"It ain't true, and I—"

"That will do, that will do. Now will you have the kindness, my good fellow, to face the jury and tell them if you were not arrested and convicted as a bigamist in the eastern part of Pennsylvania a few years ago? Remember that much depends on your reply and have a care, have a care. Perjury, my friend, is a very serious offense and you are under oath. Nothing but truth will do here. Be very careful or—why, the man has fainted. Could more conclusive evidence of his guilt be asked? And is the word of a confessed bigamist of any value in this or in any other court? I ask the court if this man's testimony is worthy of any weight whatever. No, it is not. And as he is the chief witness against my client, the defendant in this case, I ask and demand that the case be dismissed at once."—Detroit Free Press.

UNWELCOME.

What has waked you, Lady Mary, from your sound, sound sleep?

What has brought you, Lady Mary, from the grave we dug so deep?

You have done with mirth and laughter, with the tears that follow after,
And with us who laugh and weep,
We laid you out and west,
With your beads upon your breast,
Be content; take your rest,
Lady Mary.

We left the black earth lying on your lips and eyes,
We left your rose wreaths dying as love's rose dies,
And we bade you softly slumber through the days that none may number,
Till the last of days shall rise,
Round about in calm array
The dead await their day,
Be content; do as they,
Lady Mary.

Do you hear the church bells ringing as a marriage morn they ring?
Do you hear the children singing as to greet a bride they sing?
Never heed the merry measure, for you dream your fill of pleasure,
And the year has but one spring.
Very narrow is the bed
Where now you lay your head,
Let the dead suffer the dead,
Lady Mary.

—H. C. M. in Bookman.

Concerned.

But the sardineopolis of Brittany is Concerned, which lies ten miles south of Rosperden Junction, on the Orleans line from Landernau to Quimper.

It is one of the most interesting places in the country. The old walled town is completely surrounded by water at high tide and communicates by a bridge with the newer town built round the harbor. This harbor, when the boats are in, is a very beautiful sight. The sardine nets are all hanging from the masts to dry in the sun. They are so fine in texture that they look like silken gauze. Some of them are brown, others a delicate blue gray, and as they wave in the wind they give exquisite masses and blendings of color.

Sardine fishing and all the processes of preparing and packing the dainty little fish form a big industry which employs many thousands of men and women. It is a fine sight to see the fleet of boats go out or come in when the tide is up, but when the tide is down there are certain drawbacks to Concerned.

French harbors at low tide possess peculiar powers in the way of smells. Indeed they are absolutely unvalued in this respect. A harbor smell is large and powerful. Single handed it could put to flight all the small army of Cologne. It is something you can almost see, and you can certainly feel it. When you run up against it accidentally round a corner, you feel sad and go away and buy French caporal cigarettes to try and kill it. It's a sort of smell that you can hear trying to climb up the wall under your bedroom window at night, and you get out of bed hastily and try to push it off with a stick, and you shut your window and use swear words. But we must console ourselves with the reflection that sanitary science and picturesqueness of old walled towns and harbors do not go much together.—Westminster Gazette.

Peculiar Japan.

In some things the Japanese point of view is very different from that of other countries. The track of the Kama-Kura railway is not fenced in, and crossings rarely have gates. A boy, carrying a child on his back, straying on the line, was recently knocked down by an engine, and both boy and child were killed. Thereupon the railway company prosecuted the father for allowing his children to trespass, and he was fined 10 yen. Some time ago at Osaka a cow was run over, and the owner was fined 200 yen besides losing his cow.—New York Tribune.

There is a well attested instance in England in which a robin formed such an attachment for two ladies that he was in the habit of accompanying them in their country walks. When they went to reside in another district, he took his departure with them, flying along by the side of the carriage.

The wine cellar of the house of commons is capable of holding some £30,000 to £40,000 worth of wine. It is over 200 feet long, with innumerable small cellars branching from the main avenue. In this storehouse there is seldom less than £40,000 worth of wine.

A member of the expeditionary force on board Dr. Nansen's vessel, the Fram, has stated that in the highest latitude reached by this famous ship guillemots, fulmars and narwhals were seen, but no other organic life.

Shepherds say that the wool of the sheep furnishes an excellent indication of weather changes. When it is crisp, there will be no rain. When it is limp and feels very soft to the touch, a storm is imminent.

English convicts are to have "the monotony of their lives relieved" and their "moral tone raised" by lectures on "scientific and interesting subjects."

According to that well known naturalist, Howard Saunders, wild birds between the golden eye duck and the smew have been obtained.

THE AMATEUR BUTCHER

He Distinguishes Himself on Hog Killing Day.

THE AMATEUR BUTCHER

He Distinguishes Himself on Hog Killing Day.

A MOST IMPORTANT CEREMONY.

In Rural Communities the Slaughter of the Family Hog is an Event Looked Forward to With Great Eagerness—How the Job is Done.

The farmer doesn't look on the calendar to find out when hog killing day comes. He wouldn't find it if he did look, for it isn't there. But he doesn't need it. Hog killing time comes along about this time of year in almost every state in the Union, but no special day is set aside for the porcine massacre. Just two conditions fix the date. First, the farmer waits until the hogs are fat



enough to be killed, and then he waits until he is ready to kill them. They are simple, you see, but beyond the province of the almanac maker.

To any man who has ever lived on a farm the mere recollection of hog killing time summons to his mind more or less mixed emotions. There is no poetry about such an occasion. There is lots of hard work, though, not to mention some that is rather unpleasant. But to a healthy, vigorous farm boy there is the charm of excitement, an unusual element in his life, which makes up for it all and leads him to look forward to hog killing day with lively expectations.

It is only after due deliberation that the date is finally decided upon. For months the porkers have been fattening in the pen, the result of a daily meal of corn, with numerous lanches of sour milk and small boiled potatoes. Of course the neighbors are asked in to give their opinion as to the condition of the hogs. They—that is, the neighbors, not the hogs—would feel slighted if this custom were not observed.

"Yes, they're a fine lot, Zeke. I reckon that big feller'll dress nigh on to 500."

"Shouldn't wonder a bit, Sam. An say, do you know that feller wuz the runt of the lot up to the time he wuz 2 months old? 'Long about June he begun to pick up, an now, 'b'gosh, he can't hardly waddle an is 'most twice as big as that spotted one there."

"Goin' to stick 'em Monday, eh?"

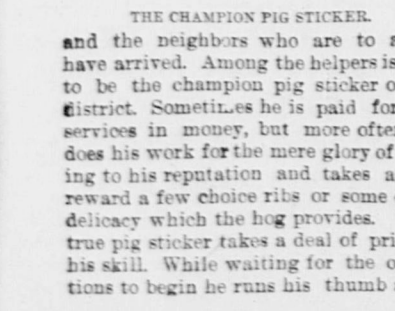
"Yep. Comin' round?"

"Guess I'll have ter, Zeke."

Such conversations mark the approach of the fatal day. When it comes, the whole household is up much before the usual early time for arising. By 4 o'clock there is a roaring fire in the kitchen stove, and long before daybreak the breakfast dishes have been cleared away. Out in the yard the numerous preparations for the slaughter have been made. A hoghead is two-thirds sunk in a pit which has been dug handy to the pen. Near it is a stout bench, and at no great distance the big soap kettle is suspended from a crane over a rude fireplace made of rocks.

The boys of the family are doing the hardest part of their work early, for they are taking turns bending their backs over the handle of the grindstone, while the farmer, with a formidable array of butcher knives beside him, bears down hard on the blade he is sharpening and encourages the victim by such remarks as: "Spin 'er round there, sonny! It'll make a man of you."

At last the knives are all sharpened, the big kettle is full of boiling water,



and the neighbors who are to assist have arrived. Among the helpers is sure to be the champion pig sticker of the district. Sometimes he is paid for his services in money, but more often he does his work for the mere glory of adding to his reputation and takes as his reward a few choice ribs or some other delicacy which the hog provides. Your true pig sticker takes a deal of pride in his skill. While waiting for the operations to begin he runs his thumb along

the keen edge of his knife with a critical air and tells of former feats of prowess. He is listened to with respect, too, for on this occasion his worth is recognized to the fullest extent.

When the fatted porker has been placed in the proper position, an operation which he superintends, but takes no hand in, the executioner advances and gives the fatal stroke. Each champion pig sticker has his favorite method and will explain at great length the exact point at which the knife should enter. It is just as well to state that no two "champions" will agree on the fine points of pig sticking, but this merely proves that each is a genius in his own way.

Long before the knife has touched his throat the hog lifts up his voice in vain protest, and as his lifeblood gushes out he increases the volume of his piercing squeals until they die away in a wailing shriek that makes the women and girls in the kitchen shudder and stuff their aprons in their ears if they be of nervous disposition.

While the crimson tide is still flowing from piggy's throat he is unceremoniously yanked to the partly sunken hoghead, which has been nearly filled with hot water. Into this he is dumped, with a great splash, and soused around for a few minutes. This process loosens the bristles, which are later removed when he is stretched out on the cleaning table. The scraping is a rather tedious process, but many hands make short work of it, and by the time the first victim has been given what a barber would call a close shave, which leaves his skin looking as clean and pink as a baby's, another steaming carcass is ready for the knives.

After the scraping the hog is bisected from snout to tail. "Unbuttoning his vest," the wags of hog killing time call this process. Next his interior economy is rudely jerked, smoking hot, out into the cold, crisp air. The man who does this part of the work has one brawny arm stripped to the shoulder, and, after the first half hour, presents a most gory appearance. Indeed a gang of hog killers, with their rough, blood stained clothes, their long boots and their sharp knives, might pass for a brutal pirate crew if placed on a ship's deck. Instead of in the peaceful surroundings of a barnyard.

One more little attention, and the piggy is left to cool. The gambrel stick, made of stout oak, is inserted between the tough tendons and bones of the hind legs, and then he is lifted to the stringer, where he hangs in a position which makes it easy to take out the great rolls of fat which line his ribs. When the solid white flakes are taken out, they are carried into the kitchen, where the women are ready to "try it out" into leaf lard, which every farmer's wife insists she must have for cooking.

The farmer's boys generally manage to have a good deal of fun out of the hog killing. They keep the fire going under the big kettle and sometimes heat rocks to throw into the hoghead when the water becomes cool. Even scraping off bristles is a fascinating sort of work, and they would do it gladly even if it were not for the promise of a pig's tail.



apiece. It takes the healthy appetite of a boy to appreciate a roasted pig's tail cooked in the coals and eaten while still hot and half covered with ashes.

When the killing is over and the last porker has been strung up, there is a row of white, silent bodies that are left to hang out all night in the frosty air so that they may be ready, in the course of a day or two, for the cutting up and packing. For weeks after the hog killing the farmer has rare delicacies on his table—pork tenderloins, spareribs, head cheese, scrapple, or cracklings, as it is sometimes called, and other tidbits.

The boys, of course, claim the hog bladders, which they blow up with a goose quill and keep inflated by tying a string around the neck. These are allowed to dry, and generally a few peas are put inside before the bladder is blown up. This makes a famous rattle, and the boy who carries one to school generally has lots of fun until the teacher confiscates it or the bladder bursts.

Of course hog killing day in the country is not what it was 25 years ago, before the great city pork packing houses began to monopolize all the business. Nowadays the farmer kills only what pork he wants for his own use, as a general rule, and if he has hogs for sale he ships them off alive to the city, on the outskirts of which there are great yards where it is hog killing time all the year round.

This is a wise change, for the American hog has become so popular abroad that he has to be sacrificed in large numbers every year. A bulky, red covered book issued by Uncle Sam contains a concise record of the extent to which foreign orders for our hogs were filled in 1895. In that year, it seems, the world in general bought of us 90,000,000 pounds of hams for breakfast, 382,000,000 pounds of bacon to cook with greens, 56,000,000 pounds of fresh and salted pork for dinner and other meals and 414,000,000 pounds of lard to fry their doughnuts in. Great is the American hog, and great is hog killing day.

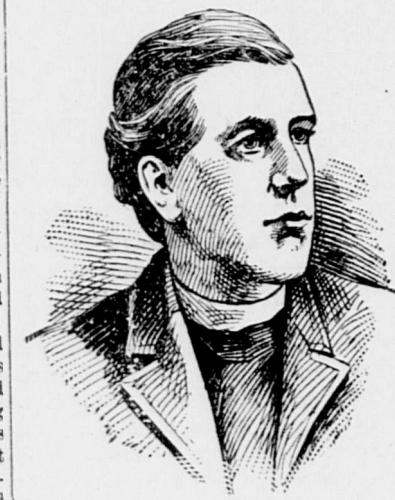
CYRUS SYLVESTER.

REV. DR. CONATY.

Probable Successor to Bishop Keane as Rector of the Catholic University.

Rev. Dr. T. J. Conaty, D. D., who is one of the three candidates selected to succeed Bishop Keane as rector of the Catholic university and who will probably be selected by the pope for the position, is pastor of the Church of the Sacred Heart of Mary at Worcester, Mass., and head of the Catholic summer school of Plattsburg, N. Y.

Dr. Conaty is understood to be the choice of both Cardinal Sotolli and Archbishop Corrigan. He belongs to the conservative branch of the Catholic



church and has been an ardent supporter of the parochial schools. His appointment will mean that the liberal Catholics, of whom Archbishop Ireland is a representative, have been ousted from the control of the university.

Dr. Conaty was born in Ireland about 40 years ago, but came to this country as a youth, was educated here and is an American citizen. He is a graduate of the College of the Holy Cross, conducted in Worcester by the Jesuits, and spent eight years in the Troy seminary of the archdiocese of New York. Since then he has been rector of his church in Worcester and has been the head of the Catholic summer school on Lake Champlain for several years.

Dr. Conaty publishes a weekly paper called The Catholic School Gazette, in which he expounds his ideas on the parochial school question with much force and frequency. He is a man of much learning, and in 1889 was given the degree of doctor of divinity by the Jesuit university of Georgetown. He is a deep thinker and is well fitted to take the important position as head of the university. While a strong and active conservative, whose frank announcements of his principles have occasionally gained for him the dislike of his opponents, he has always been on most friendly terms with Bishop Keane, and the latter has frequently lectured at his school. Dr. Conaty has also been active in the cause of temperance.

The other two candidates are Very Rev. Dr. Mooney, vicar general of New York, and the Rev. Dr. Riordan, who has been engaged in mission work at the Church of St. Elizabeth of Washington for about 20 years.

A TITLED NEWSMAN.

Baron von Sydow Sells Newspapers in Chicago.

Chicago: has the only titled newspaper in the country. He is a baron—a real German baron. There was a time when Chicago would have opened the doors of its most exclusive circles to a baron, but of late years foreign nobility has come such a drug in the Chicago market that they are set to waiting on tables and even selling papers. Richard von Sydow is the name of this particular baron, although he is engaged in such a humble occupation there is no doubt about the genuineness of his title.

About 61 years ago Baron von Sydow was born in the city of Stulp, Prussia. When he was old enough, he was placed in a German cadet school, from which he was graduated at the age of 18. He



entered the army and quickly rose to the rank of lieutenant in the Blucher hussars and saw service in the war with the Danes. He was promoted for bravery and became an aid-de-camp on the staff of Prince Frederick.

But he was of a roving disposition, and in spite of the distinction he had won he came to America in 1861 and enlisted in the Union army, becoming captain of Company B, Twelfth Illinois cavalry. After the war he settled in Chicago. His lack of business ability has made the latter part of his life a failure, and he lives only in the memory of the days that are gone.

The baron takes the greatest pride in the fact that he is distantly connected by marriage with Bismarck and that he was present at the wedding of the Iron Chancellor. He receives an occasional check from some of his titled relatives in the fatherland, but as likely as not he soon distributes the money among some of his tramp friends. He had a chance to return to Germany last summer, but refused to go and will probably end his days in Chicago.

C. PATCH & SON.

Local pride and the desire to encourage your local dealer should prompt every one to trade in Quincy. When this consideration is backed with honorable dealing and low prices, the obligation is doubly binding. The old-established firm of C. Patch & Son propose to deal honestly with all, and in return respectfully ask for a share of patronage.

Patch's Prices:

Franklin Coal,	-	-	-	\$7.00
Red Ash Egg,	-	-	-	6.50
Red Ash Stove,	-	-	-	6.75
Red Ash Nut,	-	-	-	6.75
Shamokin Egg and Stove,	-	-	-	6.25
White Ash Broken,	-	-	-	5.50
White Ash Egg,	-	-	-	5.75
White Ash Stove,	-	-	-	6.00
Lehigh Broken,	-	-	-	5.75
Lehigh Egg,	-	-	-	6.00
Lehigh Stove,	-	-	-	6.25
Webster Nut,	-	-	-	7.00

C. PATCH & SON

FRANK S. PATCH.

Office and Wharves at Quincy Point. Branch Office at Crane's, Chestnut Street. Telephone.

Playing Golf at Sea.

The game of golf is now played on board ships, and many a long sea voyage is pleasantly whiled away in chasing the eccentric ball over the courses laid out on deck. It might be supposed that bare boards were incapable of much change as to surface, but this is not so. Climatic conditions make tremendous differences, and a "green" so keen under bright sunshine that the shortest and lowest of puts goes too far while if there happens to be any spray coming aboard the difficulties increase, for in a wet place you never can tell whether the disk will "drag" or "slide." In putting, the danger of a foul shot is as great as in pushing at billiards, and rules have to be made regulating the contact of disk and club over strokes of a yard and less. Direction is everything in driving, but to it must be added plenty of patience to wait for the ship, if she is rolling. The wind is the great enemy of marine golf, and on many ships the pastime would certainly have other foes so numerous that to play it might prove wholly impossible. But, given good tempered passengers and officers who can behold a pound of holes chalked on the decks without indignation, then marine golf becomes a thing of beauty if not a joy forever.

More Sharkey Talk.

Tom Sharkey is rapidly learning the rudiments of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons game, as is shown by a letter he wrote to a friend recently: "I (Sharkey) never felt better. I am here in San Francisco waiting to hear from that big dog, Jim Corbett. I am feeling more and more every day that he is afraid to meet me and is not man enough to say so, but wants to sneak around and fight Fitzsimmons on paper. I can't tell what I'll do about it. Something may happen."

—New York Sun.

Sports Notes.

Baltimore has eight baseball batters in the first 40 in the League, all above .300.

The Georgetown University Athletic association has already commenced training a team for the intercollegiate championships of 1897.

Leland Stanford university students have grown quite enthusiastic over the game of lacrosse, and the varsity will be represented by a cracking team this fall.

There is every likelihood of basketball games being arranged between Harvard, Pennsylvania, Yale and Bucknell this winter.

Indoor athletic meetings will be of frequent occurrence during the winter.

Baseballist Tebeau's injury in the opening game of the Temple cup series at Baltimore is still giving him trouble.

MONITOR ADS. PAY.

AN EXPERT ANGLER.

Mrs. Mendenhall Tells How to Make a Successful Cast.

[Special Correspondence.] WASHINGTON, Oct. 6.—Although a woman, I have always taken the keenest interest in angling and even as a child would delight to sit on the bank of some stream near my home and make believe fish with a stick, a piece of string and a bent pin for a hook.

In 1870 I was an expert with the rod and fly and could make a cast with any man who whipped the streams for trout. I have always been successful in landing a good catch of the speckled beauties; but, unlike some fishermen of whom I have heard, I never take any of that peculiar bait with me when I go angling.

What women need in the beginning of their practice is a little special muscular training, not necessary so much for the casting, but for the strength required in playing the fish, once he is hooked, and keeping him on the line. That takes skill and very often endurance.

It is not unnatural that the throw of the average woman creates amusement. There is not one woman in a hundred who knows how to handle her arms. In casting a fly it is not strength but skill



MRS. WILLIAM MENDENHALL.

which counts. There are a peculiar knack and a twist of the wrist that send the fly whirling far out over the pool in which the trout is lurking.

I never raise my arm more than a few inches in casting. When the fly is just behind and above my shoulder, I bring the slender rod forward and downward, giving a kind of side throw which sends the fly over the desired spot.

It is difficult to describe just how this is done. It must come more by practice than by following any specific instructions. Then there are times when the overhanging branches of the trees, which border almost all streams, make the usual method of casting impossible, and then one must make a peculiar side cast, bringing the rod upward instead

of downward and sending the fly straight out in a horizontal line instead of in a long overhead swing.

In deep water fishing—that is, deep fresh water—for black bass, for instance, the skill and endurance of the angler are often put to the severest test. It is necessary to keep the line taut all the time and at the same time give the fish the required play. Once the line is allowed to slacken the chances are that the fish will be lost, and a clean hook will be the only reward of the fisherman. Even at the last moment, when the bass is alongside the boat and apparently won, if skill is not used in handling the net, or the line is allowed to give in the least, the fish is quick to take advantage of the opportunity and get away.

When I go fishing along trout streams and in shallow water, I usually wear a costume more serviceable than ornamental. It consists of a blouse of dark flannel, a short skirt and—well, bloomers—and thick soled shoes. One who wishes to be a successful angler must not mind a wetting. There is one thing which I have never caught, and that is a cold, although I never hesitate to walk into the water, though it may be knee deep, when not to do so would prevent my landing the fish.

That costume, however adaptable it may be for the woods, is hardly the one for sea or lake fishing, and on these occasions I wear an ordinary dress of some dark, closely woven material which will not be damaged if the fish happens to land on it.

If women would but have a little patience and take the trouble to learn the very rudiments of angling, I think I am safe in saying that they would not stop until they became experts at what I consider the most fascinating sport in the world.

MRS. WILLIAM MENDENHALL.

A Pair of Birds.



Phoebe—Does you love me? Rastus—'Deed I does, honey! "Let's fly!" "Yes, angel, let's fly!"—New York Sunday World.

On the tomb of Beni Hassen, supposed to date from 3000 B. C., there are representations of glass blowers.

DURGIN.

am well-known Quincy physician (J. A. Stearns, M.D.) by him in his practice for over 40 years. To order, 25 and 50 cents per bottle.

ness of the skin. 25 cents a bottle.

er upon my blanks or those of some other lately and promptly because we have the stock in Files, 1 to 54 529.

in Files, 1 to 16 992.

in Files, 1 to 78 500.

RELIABILITY.

all Clothing.

Men's Boys' and Children's was Never More Complete.

SUITS, \$8.00, \$10.00, \$12.00, \$15.00.

Cherries, Cashmeres and Worsteds.

VERCOATS.

and Jersey, all This Year's Make, Strap Seams.

\$10.00, \$12.00, \$15.00 and \$18.00.

Our \$10.00 Overcoat cannot be beat.

LINE OF CHILDREN'S SUITS, REEFERS and CAP COATS,

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Caps, Gloves and Furnishings.

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RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

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HAVE THE LATEST STYLES

Shirt Waists.

Also in Belts and Ties.

Have you seen the

Wrappers

they are selling so cheap? If not please give them a call.

12 Hancock St., Quincy.

Small, Little Store

WITH

A GREAT BIG STOCK.

Although our store is small, we have as

large an assortment as most of the stores and

we know we can suit you on price. We sell

Beef, Pork, Lamb, Hams, Smoked Shoulders,

Canned Shoulders, Sausages, Lard, Eggs,

Butter, Cheese, Flour, Tea, Coffee, Veget-

ables of all kinds, etc., etc.

South Quincy Market,

99 Water St., Quincy.

For that Head-Ache

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HEAD-EASE.

Made and Sold Only By

CHAS. C. HEARN,

DRUGGIST,

176 HANCOCK STREET, QUINCY.

The Guild of Good Fellows.

Probably no fraternity includes so

many good fellows as the Guild of Travel-

ling Salesmen. It will therefore be

of interest to all other good fellows to

know that the genial drummers are go-

ing to have a great fair, to last from

Dec. 15 to 28, at Madison Square Gar-

den, New York. The purpose is to raise

\$150,000 to complete the National Com-

mercial Travelers' home, now partly

built, at Binghamton, N. Y. A phase

of the drummers' work for the fair is

that this year they are going to cele-

brate Dec. 1, which is gradually be-

coming recognized as commercial trav-

elers' day, by sending some cash dona-

tion, however small, to the fair to help

build the home. The drummers are ask-

ing hotels, theaters and big retail stores

to swell their business on commercial

travelers' day and devote a percentage

of their receipts to the fair for the home.

—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Lawn Billiards.

A new outdoor game has been invent-

ed by the young Countess of Warwick.

It is called "lawn billiards" and is des-

tined to prove a formidable rival to

tennis at garden parties. The lawn is

laid out like an immense billiard table.

The balls are similar to croquet balls,

but are made of celluloid and are hol-

low; the cues are short handed mallets,

and the cushions are banks of sand. The

game is said to be interesting, but diffi-

cult.—London Athlete.

Pipe of Peace.

The inventor of the cornob pipe is

dead. Peace to his ashes.—Providence

News.

Will be on land at President's Hill every

afternoon from 2 to 4. Parties desiring

lots or any information on the above

properties, please call at Room 12, Durgin

Merrill's Block.

Fresh and Salt Fish always on hand, and

always at the most reasonable prices for cash.

TO VISIT IRELAND.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE]

creasing the dissatisfaction. The whole

country was becoming disturbed by

riots and local uprisings. The institu-

tion of Orange lodges then came into

existence and spread rapidly, while

among the educated classes a strong

revolutionary spirit, began to be mani-

fest. The feeling was encouraged by

sympathy with America and the

rising spirit of revolution in France.

In 1898 the long-suppressed un-

easiness broke out. England and

France were at war, and the descent

of French troops on the Irish coast

was expected. Lord Edward Fitz-

gerald went to Paris to try and negoti-

ate to avert the threatened danger, but

was unsuccessful. Wolfe Tone, who

had left Ireland to avoid arrest, was

then in France. Following Lord Fitz-

gerald's departure a French fleet with

15,000 troops was despatched for

Ireland. Their appearance off the

coast threw Ireland into a panic.

Fortunately a fierce storm so separated

the French vessels that they returned

to France without making a landing.

This, with all the other things

Ireland had been called upon to bear,

led Lord Edward Fitzgerald and as-

sociate leaders to a determination to

assert an independent rising. The

English government was kept informed

by spies, and had Fitzgerald and the

others thrown into prison. This so

stirred the masses, already driven to

exasperation by oppression, that they

refused longer to submit, and arose in

revolt. The first uprising was in the

north, but within a week it was sup-

pressed. But in County Wexford the

rising was pressed with vigor. The

deciding battle was at Vinegar Hill,

beginning June 21. The rebels

suffered great loss, and many of the

leaders taken prisoners were hanged.

Thousands were killed and put to

death. Dismayed and broken the re-

volutionists yielded and gave up the

struggle.

It is at Vinegar Hill that the chief

attention of the pilgrims from

Boston is to be directed, and the

monument to Fitzgerald will prob-

ably be placed there. Memorials to

Father John Murphy, Bagenal Harvey,

Dudley Colclough, Esmond Ryan and

others prominent in the battle are also

expected to be put in position.

LADIES' NIGHT, K. OF C.

The members of Quincy Council,

Knights of Columbus, gave their first

ladies' night on Tuesday, October 20.

The party was a sociable one and a

most pleasant evening was spent.

An entertainment by Misses Eleanor

and Annie Roche, Mr. Mahoney of

Weymouth, Messrs. Phelan, Cahill

and Gray, Mr. John H. Griffin, Mr.

Thomas Dunn, Mr. John F. McKenna

and Masters Henry and James Fitz-

gerald with Miss Margaret Garrity as

accompanist, was given before the

card playing, a fine collation was

served by Boyle of Randolph.

Among those present were noticed

the following:

Miss Eleanor Roche

Miss Annie Roche

Miss Margaret Garrity

Miss Ella M. Mahoney

Miss Daniel J. Deary

Miss Emma Biganey

Miss Mary J. Carey

Miss Mary Carey

Miss Mary E. Walsh

Miss Katie Walsh

Miss Kate Walsh

Miss William T. Macdon

Miss William T. Macdon

CHEMISTRY OF BREAD-MAKING.

BY L. J. PASTOR, PH. G.

One would naturally suppose that

bread, being one of the very necessities

of life, (at least, of civilized humans)

that every person laying claims to a

knowledge of the art of bread-making,

would at least be familiar with the

rudimentary principles governing the

production of wholesome as well as

palatable bread.

Bread-making is indeed an art, and

in order to be able to produce bread

"as mother used to make," one must

familiarize him or her self with the

principles governing the same art.

It is truly said "that necessity is the

mother of invention," and it is more

than probable that the first efforts to

increase the digestibility of the cereals

sprang from nothing but sheer neces-

sity.

Bread according to its mode of

preparation may be divided into the

following kinds:

First,—Bread which is not raised,

which is often called unleavened

bread. This kind of bread is the

simplest and easiest to prepare, and is

still used to some extent among

savages; who make it by simply

soaking the whole grain in water,

forming it in the hands, and either

drying it in the sun or baking it before

a fire. Unleavened bread may be

prepared from grain reduced to meal

in a mill, or even further reduced to

flour, by kneading with water, flavor-

ing with salt, and baking before a fire.

Second,—Raised bread, is bread

made porous, spongy, and light, by the

aid of some gas introduced into the

dough either before or during the

baking. This gas is generally carbonic

acid, either generated by fermentation,

or as is more commonly the case,

liberated through the decomposition,

in the dough of an alkaline bicarbon-

ate, such as, baking powder, saleratus,

cream of tartar or ammonium carbon-

ate (jump amonia.)

The best bread, is that made from

wheat flour, although the flour of rye,

oats, and various other grains is

occasionally made into bread. Only

wheat-flour bread may, with propri-

ety, however, be termed "the staff of life,"

because of the large percentage of

gluten which it contains. This body

when moistened with water, becomes

tenacious, adhesive, and elastic, thus

entangling and holding the bubbles of

gas formed during the process of rais-

ing the loaf even though it be

distended to a spongy mass several

times the original volume of the dough.

The other cereals containing but a

small proportion of gluten, it is difficult

to make them into light-raised bread.

The bread made from wheat-flour is

also whiter, and on that account pre-

ferred by a good many to that made

out of any other grain.

Gluten is the most nutritious consti-

tuent of bread, on account of the large

amount of nitrogenous matter that it

contains; while at the same time being

soluble in dilute acids, it is also assimi-

lated with ease and it is for that reason

that bread made of pure gluten is to

be highly recommended to dyspep-

tics and to persons suffering with "di-

abetes-mellitus" or sugar sickness.

As our space is limited, and as we

do not wish to tire MONITOR readers

with technicalities, we will conclude by

pointing out a few of the advantages

that bread possesses as an article of

diet.

Its first advantage is that of easy

and perfect digestibility; then it is so

compact, that a sufficiently large quan-

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

Archbishop Walsh of Toronto ob-

served, last week, the 29th anniversary

of his consecration.

The Rev. James H. Leahy of New

Bedford has been appointed pastor of

St. Peter's Church, Sandwich.

The Rt. Rev. Richard Phelan, D. D.,

bishop of Pittsburgh, has returned to

his see, after a three months' trip to

Europe.

It is announced from Rome that a

private consistory is expected to

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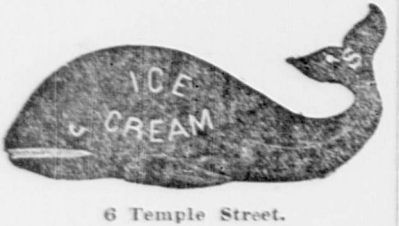
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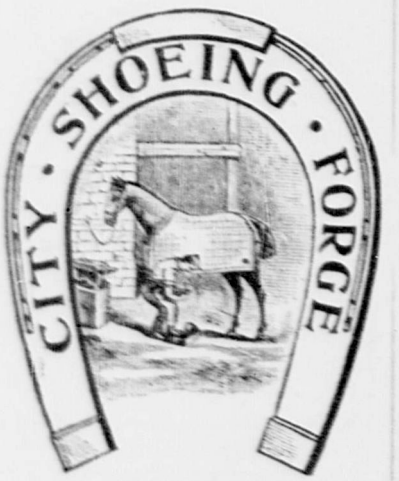


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PATENTS
The late prince consort recalled with amusement the first time he overheard the queen called by the homely title of "wife." "How's your wife, prince?" How's your wife, eh?" exclaimed an old country gentleman at an agricultural show as he seized and shook the prince's hand. The young husband was surprised, but he was pleased, too, with the good old Yorkshireman's simplicity.

ECONOMY IN MAGNIFICENCE.

Gorgeous Marbles That May Be Cheaply Imitated in Plaster.

In this age of imitations no one will be surprised to learn that in the decoration of large hotels, theaters and other public places a mixture of plaster and chipped stone is being used instead of marble.

Only a night or two ago a prominent architect, in company with a friend from out of town, was passing through the corridor of one of New York's most palatial hotels, when stopping in front of a huge marble column he paused and inquired, "What do you think of that for a fine piece of stonecutting?"

"Excellent," replied the friend. "Well, I'll give you a pointer," continued the architect. "There is not an inch of genuine marble in that whole column. The entire work is imitation. That is simply an iron column surrounded with plaster, which is finished off by a patent process to look like marble. Work of that kind has become popular now. This stuff costs little and can be put on in no time, whereas, if marble were used, the cost would be enormous. Look at it. No one could tell the difference from real marble, and every one goes away impressed with the magnificent and expensive manner in which this hotel is finishing up. Just up the street a way is a theater over whose splendor people are doing no end of talking. The entrance blazes with electric lights, and on all sides is this imitation marble. What is the use of spending money for the genuine article when the imitation does just as well? It's the same old story of the rich woman and the diamonds. Any one who has the reputation for riches can wear any amount of paste stones and they all pass for genuine." And the men passed on and out of hearing.

A reporter called on several of the leading architects, making inquiry as to the extent of the demand for the imitation marble. In almost every architect's office there were samples of the imitation stone. Some of the architects admitted having used the article in buildings designed by them, while others said that in all their work only the genuine marble was used. Those who had used it declined to name any building, saying that, in so much as it was imitation, the owner would not care to have such information given out for public use.

The artificial stone is made generally in styles to resemble the dark red marble. No small amount of human intelligence and ingenuity has been expended in the effort to make a product which would take the place of the genuine stone. At one time there was a concern claiming to be able to take white marble and color it so that it could not be told from the most expensive of imported goods. As white marble costs as little as any of the various kinds, and as the cost of coloring it was slight, it could be put in much cheaper than the costly colored marbles, and some one expected to make a fortune from the process, but from what could be learned nothing much was done with the new patent. In the best class of buildings the genuine article seems to have the call, and most of the interior work is finished with bona fide marble. In finishing columns the artificial process has a great advantage in the rapidity and cheapness with which it can be put on, and no doubt will have an extensive use for such purposes.—New York Tribune.

Not Hard to Please.

A shoe dealer on Washington avenue, Brooklyn, tells a story illustrating the idiosyncrasies of purchasers. This one is a woman. She entered the shop one day and purchased a cheap pair of shoes. After she had gone the shopkeeper discovered that in putting on the shoes they had been mismatched. This did not disturb him. It meant nothing more than a shower of unpleasant words to be poured on his devoted head when the purchase returned. But the shoes were not returned, and two shoes in the store were without mates. One day the woman came in. "I think I gave you two shoes that were not mates the other day," he said politely. "Yes, sure," she answered easily. "Well, why didn't you return them?" he asked, a little angry at her assurance. "Didn't you know I couldn't sell the other shoes?" "Oh, what was the odds?" she replied. "Sure, one shoe is as good as another. But I'll take the others myself." And she did.—New York Times.

Started the Prince.

The late prince consort recalled with amusement the first time he overheard the queen called by the homely title of "wife." "How's your wife, prince?" How's your wife, eh?" exclaimed an old country gentleman at an agricultural show as he seized and shook the prince's hand. The young husband was surprised, but he was pleased, too, with the good old Yorkshireman's simplicity.

MR. BRYAN'S NIECE.

The Story of Her Recent Romantic Elopement.

Miss Laura Millson, a niece of William Jennings Bryan and one of the prettiest young women in his old home, Salem, Ill., has successfully defied a stern parent and has wedded the man of her choice. She had to run away to



MRS. JOHN LOUIS MARTIN.

do it, but the elopement has turned out all right, and the prospects are that she has made a happy choice. Miss Millson is now Mrs. John Louis Martin. Up to a short time ago she was living quietly in Salem with her mother, who is Mr. Bryan's eldest sister. She is 17 years old, and Mr. Martin is 19, but they have been friends since earliest childhood, and for a number of years there had been an understanding between them that they were to be married some time. Last spring they concluded that they would wait no longer, but when the young lady informed her mother there was a domestic storm of some violence. Mrs. Millson declared that both the lovers were too young to think seriously of matrimony, and she told her daughter that if she married she would disown her.

This break in the course of their true love did not discourage the young people at all. In fact, it made them all the more determined. They decided to get married at the first opportunity, but Miss Laura did not like the idea of running away, so she decided to wait and see if an occasion would not present itself. Her mother mistrusted that some plot was being hatched by the young people and arranged to take her daughter to visit friends in Louisville. On the day of their departure, however, the old lady was taken ill, but she decided to send her daughter on alone.

Miss Millson notified her betrothed to meet her at the train, and he was on hand. Instead of bidding her goodbye, however, he went along with her as far as Jeffersonville, Ind., which is the Greta Green of that state. There they were married, and the young bridegroom returned to Salem, while his bride went on to Greensburg, where her aunt lives. Mrs. Millson has relented, and the young couple will soon be living happily together.

HE CAN MAKE DIAMONDS.

But the Manufacture of Artificial Gems Is Not Profitable.

There is a man in this country who can make diamonds. He is Professor Henri Moissan of Paris, and he recently made his first public lecture in America from the platform of the assembly hall in the Chicago university. He is a widely known scientist, and his fame rests chiefly on the fact that in 1893 he produced by artificial means several diamonds. They were small stones, but they had all the qualities of genuine natural gems.

Professor Moissan's discovery, as may be imagined, caused general surprise, and he has ever since been a personage of no little importance in the scientific world. The French government and almost every scientific body in existence has recognized the importance of his discovery and done him honor in some way or another.

He came to the United States as the representative of the University of Paris to the Princeton sesquicentennial and



PROFESSOR HENRI MOISSAN.

has been so well pleased by his reception and the impression he has gained of the country in general that he contemplates paying another visit at an early date.

Everywhere Professor Moissan goes he is asked to explain his process for diamond making. He is always ready to give it, too, for it is so complicated and expensive that there is no prospect that "homemade" diamonds will become common. Although the composition of diamonds was very generally understood, it was not until he had made his famous experiments with a specially devised electric furnace, in which he was able to generate from 3,000 to 3,600 degrees centigrade of heat that any one had solved the secret of producing these precious stones. He has also made other discoveries in chemistry which have brought him fame and honor.

According to the very best authorities, gold was first mined in Egypt in the year 1800 B. C.

TEMPERANCE WOMEN.

THE APPROACHING W. C. T. U. CONVENTION AT ST. LOUIS.

An Interesting Programme Arranged for the Twenty-third Annual Meeting—Some Novel Features—Help For Armenia. President Frances E. Willard's Work.

White ribboners all over the world are turning their attention to St. Louis, where on Nov. 13 will be opened the twenty-third annual convention of the National Woman's Christian Temperance union. The convention will call together a great number of women whose names are connected with almost every branch of good work and some who have international reputations. The sessions will last for five days and will be held in Music hall, which has an auditorium capable of seating 5,500 persons. The annual address of Miss Frances E. Willard, the illustrious founder and president of the association, will be the chief feature of the first day.

The programme of each day will consist of the regular routine of business interspersed with various features and some innovations. The evening of Saturday, the second day, will be devoted to the gathering of the Young Woman's Christian Temperance union, and Monday will be divided between the departments of the Loyal Temperance Legion and of scientific temperance instruction. Tuesday will be benefit night, the programme having been arranged by the presidents of the various state associations, which have made an increase of



MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD.

500 in their membership during the preceding year. Wednesday will be designated as grand demonstration night.

Several novel features will be introduced into the general programme this year, prominent among which will be the department parade, by which it is intended to convey a most impressive object lesson concerning the various lines of work. The singing of state songs and the displaying of state mottoes will be indulged in to a greater extent than ever before and will lend picturesqueness to the convention.

On each day there will be a devotional service from 11:15 to 12 o'clock, conducted by Miss Elizabeth W. Greenwood, superintendent of the evangelistic department. Bible readings will be given by various evangelists, and on Saturday this hour will be given to the memorial service for those who have passed away during the year.

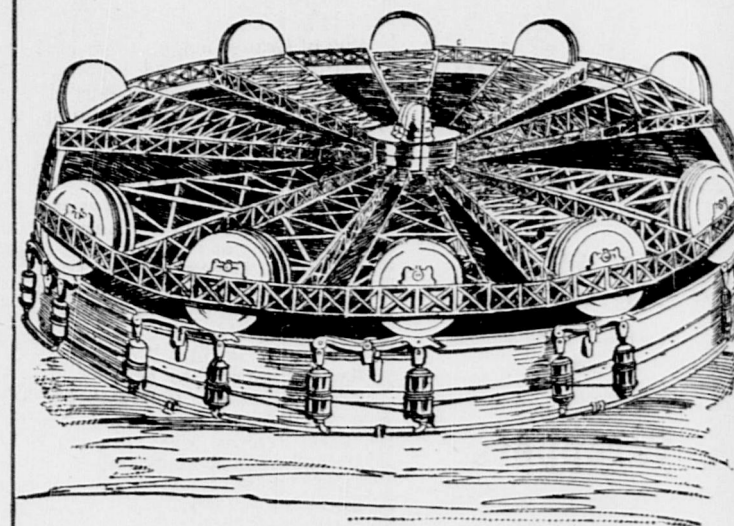
One of the most interesting features will be the Armenian mass meeting, which will be held on Sunday, Nov. 15. Some of the most prominent workers in the cause of suffering Armenia will be present and are expected to make brief addresses. Those who are not able to be present will send messages from the frontier. It is designed to hold this meeting not only for the purpose of rallying sympathizers to the aid of the Armenians, but as a memorial in remembrance of the 100,000 who have been slaughtered by the Turks.

While almost every one knows in a general way that the W. C. T. U. is doing a most extensive work in the interest of mankind, and especially woman-kind, but very few people outside the organization realize in how many fields these noble women labor. Having its origin in the somewhat emotional crusade of women against saloons which was begun in Ohio in the early seventies, the National W. C. T. U. was organized in Cleveland in 1874. It had a comparatively small beginning, but gradually it has grown until now there are 10,000 local unions scattered all over the nation and having a membership of 500,000. It has 44 distinct departments of work, each presided over by a woman who is an expert in that particular field.

Temperance, while the chief aim, is not the only virtue which the association is trying to spread. It is directly owing to its efforts that in 39 states there are laws requiring the scientific study of temperance in the public schools. The laws forbidding the sale of tobacco to minors and the various statutes relative to social purity have come into existence through the influence of the union. In 1883 the World's W. C. T. U. was founded, after much hard work, by the national association, and now the white ribbon is a familiar badge in every civilized country.

Some of the distinguished guests from abroad who are expected to be present at the St. Louis convention are Lady Henry Somerset of England, who is vice president of the World's W. C. T. U., Countess Schimmelmenn of Norway, Mrs. Emma Booth-Tucker of the Salvation Army, Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth, Miss Clara Barton and others.

Among the notable women who are actively engaged in the work of the association in the United States is Mrs. Lillian M. N. Stevens, who is the secretary at large of the national organization. Mrs. Stevens is a native of Maine, and until she was 21 was a teacher. She first became interested in temperance work in 1874, when she organized a local union at Old Orchard. She was a local instrumental in organizing the Maine union. She has been an officer of the national union for 15 years. ANNETTE CRAWFORD.



M. CHAQUETTE'S WONDERFUL WHEEL.

M. Chaquette, a French inventor, of Bridgeport, Conn., has invented a motor that is probably the nearest approach ever made to a perpetual motion machine. The motor is a wheel 82 feet in diameter. Its spokes are simply double iron girders. They look just like sections out of an elevated railroad structure. The hub is a brick and cement cone 7 or 8 feet high. Two 70-horse power engines start the wheel. The inventor claims that with 140 horse power he can run the big wheel, and that the indicator on the compressed air tank shows 2,500 horse power, which leaves 2,360 horse power which has been developed by the wheel itself.

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THE PRESIDENTIAL PRIZE.

What Six Executives Are Said to Have Told an Englishman.

It was my good fortune to be visiting at the house of a man when he received news of his election to the presidency. To my young mind the mere thought of such high honor was bewildering; I could not picture how I would act in such circumstances. But I did have a vague notion that a man at such a time would act in "dramatic" fashion, call to the gods for aid, ask high heaven to witness his gratitude, register his vow of loyalty to duty and duty. Here, then, was an opportunity to test my theory, and I awaited results with keen anxiety. We were at breakfast when the telegram arrived. His wife tore it open and, her voice all in a tremble, read, "You are elected beyond the shadow of a doubt." I looked closely at the lucky man. Not a muscle moved; not the slightest change in his expression was visible. He was silent for a few seconds, and then, as he broke open an egg, he quietly observed, "Mother, that egg would suffer no injury if kept another year." Really, I was tempted to throw my cup of coffee at him, his levity seemed so sacrilegious. I hated him because he was so lacking in human nature. Half an hour later I was passing the stables. Looking in, I saw the "cold blooded" president elect standing by the side of his favorite horse. One arm was thrown over its neck, his face was buried in the mane, and his whole frame was convulsed. That very human side of his nature which he kept out of sight even when surrounded by his own family, he had revealed to his dear old horse. As I passed on I realized that my boyhood idol was again on its old pedestal and knew that the making of a president had not, in this case, been the unmaking of a man.

Let me close with this one page from Garfield's life. He had won the great prize. Three months of bitter strife with politicians over spoils of office followed his inauguration and exhausted the little store of nervous energy which remained after a long and exciting electoral campaign. Rest was an absolute necessity, and he started on a brief holiday—a visit to his alma mater, in the New England hills. Smiling as he walked into the railway station at a witty speech of his friend Blaine, he fell mortally wounded at the hands of a half crazed assassin. They carried him to the White House—the political Mecca of many millions—and for weeks his sufferings were beyond description. I had a friend who was with him from first to last, and he gave me this little picture of the closing days of Garfield's life. Suffering bred fever, and fever revived his old love of the sea. He begged to be carried to the Atlantic, and his wish was law. One morning my friend, at Garfield's request, lifted him in a wider sweep of the old Atlantic. And while my friend held in his arms the wasted figure of his old friend he told the president how the whole nation was also looking toward the sea, yes, and praying that God would help and bless their chief magistrate. Garfield pressed the hand of his friend and whispered: "He has blessed me. Could man ask more than such love and sympathy from such a people?" A few hours later the president had put aside forever place and power—paid with his life the awful price of success.

The prize is great; the prize winners are the envy of the many. But I have it on the word of six presidents of the United States that even the winning of this great prize in the lottery of life but throws into clearer relief the great truth, "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue?"—Fortnightly Review.

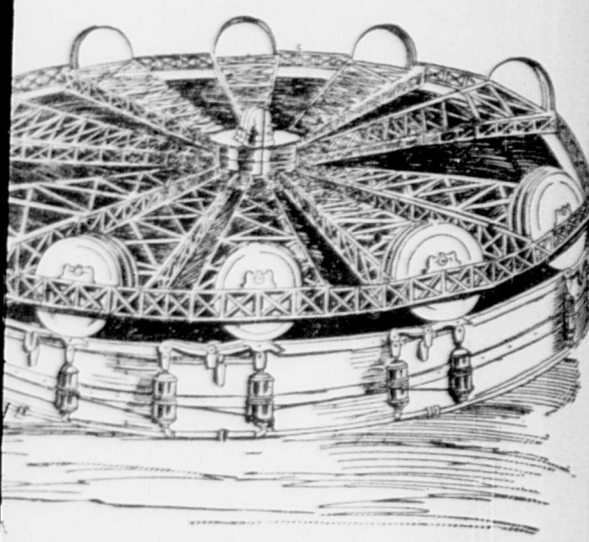
A Coffee Pill.

Take a pill from your pocket, drop it in a cup of hot water and in the twinkling of an eye have coffee as black as your hat and as strong as a team of Percherons. That sounds like an apocryphal tale, but it is true. This new preparation of caffeine, which is to do away with all the boiling and clarifying and fuss which make the coffee barely worth while, has just been discovered by two German chemists. If their expectations are realized, the making of coffee will be simply the matter of a compound pellet containing the coffee ingredients, along with the milk and sugar. This is only one of the almost incredible triumphs of German chemistry, which has already produced a quinine which cannot be distinguished, so far as therapeutic quality goes, from the original article.—New York Journal.

Odd as it is, the lobster grows casts his old say, he makes which are in full dig got right exterm mome shell (and h with by clau meret. mail whid ding of the absolute. N even the a portions are for the ent continuous tions being of the skin. An entire ready grow exceeding ture, and th fluid or ju but in tens are (aper mar or s oxy eng shell new and t The whole in any par ing up the tail, l dead lobster.

At six sion bott needle m finished, n girls into the the ne an let

An Optimist Hotel Keeper. Hotel Keeper—What did the stranger say when you gave him the bill? Waiter—Such monstrous prices he never saw. We were an abominable gang of thieves. Hotel Keeper—Good. So he didn't become abusive, then?—Flegende Blatter.



CH. QUETTE'S WONDERFUL WHEEL.
 Quette, a French inventor, of Bridgeport, Conn., has invented a motor which the nearest approach ever made to a perpetual motion machine. It is a wheel 32 feet in diameter. Its spokes are simply double iron girders, like sections of an elevated railroad structure. The hub is a most cone 7 or 8 feet high. Two 70-horse power engines start the wheel, claims that with 140 horse power he can run the big wheel, and that on the compressed air tank shows 2,500 horse power, which leaves 2,360 which has been developed by the wheel itself.

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THE PRESIDENTIAL PRIZE.

What Six Executives Are Said to Have Told an Englishman.

It was my good fortune to be visiting at the house of a man when he received news of his election to the presidency. To my young mind the mere thought of such high honor was bewildering; I could not picture how I would act in such circumstances. But I did have a vague notion that a man at such a time would act in "dramatic" fashion, call to the gods for aid, ask high heaven to witness his gratitude, register his vow of loyalty to duty and Deity. Here, then, was an opportunity to test my theory, and I awaited results with keen anxiety. We were at breakfast when the telegram arrived. His wife tore it open and, her voice all in a tremble, read, "You are elected beyond the shadow of a doubt." I looked closely at the lucky man. Not a muscle moved; not the slightest change in his expression was visible. He was silent for a few seconds, and then, as he broke open an egg, he quietly observed, "Mother, that egg would suffer no injury if kept another year." Really, I was tempted to throw my cup of coffee at him, his levity seemed so sacrilegious. I hated him because he was so lacking in human nature. Half an hour later I was passing the stables. Looking in, I saw the "cold blooded" president elect standing by the side of his favorite horse. One arm was thrown over its neck, his face was buried in the mane, and his whole frame was convulsed. That very human side of his nature which he kept out of sight, even when surrounded by his own family, he had revealed to his dear old horse. As I passed on I realized that my boyhood idol was again on its old pedestal and knew that the making of a president had not, in this case, been the unmaking of a man.

Let me close with this one page from Garfield's life. He had won the great prize. Three months of bitter strife with politicians over spoils of office followed his inauguration and exhausted the little store of nervous energy which remained after a long and exciting electoral campaign. Rest was an absolute necessity, and he started on a brief holiday—a visit to his alma mater, in the New England hills. Smiling as he walked into the railway station at a witty speech of his friend Blaine, he fell mortally wounded at the hands of a half crazed assassin. They carried him to the White House—the political Mecca of many millions—and for weeks his sufferings were beyond description. I had a friend who was with him from first to last, and he gave me this little picture of the closing days of Garfield's life. Suffering bred fever, and fever revived his old love of the sea. He begged to be carried to the Atlantic, and his wish was law. One morning my friend, at Garfield's request, lifted him so that his dying eyes might take in a wider sweep of the old Atlantic. And while my friend held in his arms the wasted figure of his old friend he told the president how the whole nation was also looking toward the sea, and praying that God would help and bless their chief magistrate. Garfield pressed the hand of his friend and whispered: "He has blessed me. Could man ask more than such love and sympathy from such a people?" A few hours later the president had put aside forever place and power—paid with his life the awful price of success.

The prize is great; the prize winners are the envy of the many. But I have it on the word of six presidents of the United States that even the winning of this great prize in the lottery of life but throws into clearer relief the great truth, "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue?"—Fortnightly Review.

A Coffee Pill.

Take a pill from your pocket, drop it in a cup of hot water and in the twinkling of an eye have coffee as black as your hat and as strong as a team of Percherons.

That sounds like an apocryphal tale, but it is true. This new preparation of caffeine, which is to do away with all the boiling and clarifying and fuss which make the coffee barely worth while, has just been discovered by two German chemists. If their expectations are realized, the making of coffee will be simply the matter of a compound pellet containing the coffee ingredients, along with the milk and sugar.

This is only one of the almost incredible triumphs of German chemistry, which has already produced a quinine which cannot be distinguished, so far as therapeutic quality goes, from the original article.—New York Journal.

An Optimist Hotel Keeper.

Hotel Keeper—What did the stranger say when you gave him the bill?
 Waiter—Such monstrous prices he never saw. We are an abominable gang of thieves.

Hotel Keeper—Good. So he didn't become abusive, then?—Fliegende Blätter.

VICTIMS OF INDIGESTION.

Rules That Have Been Tested and Found to Be of Service.

The number of people afflicted with this peculiar and uncomfortable sensation after eating is by no means small. It means simply that either because the person is fatigued or because the food is indigestible or because the nervous system which controls the digestive processes is out of order the act of digestion is either wholly arrested or is very improperly carried on. People troubled in this way can observe two or three plain rules which will entirely prevent the difficulty and will be of great benefit to their general health.

First, eat nothing until there is a positive appetite for food. It will be far better to skip one's dinner entirely, and far less injurious to the general health, than to eat when weary, when excited, when nervous or when the appetite is not present. If great hunger comes on in the middle of the afternoon, an apple or a piece of bread and butter will have a relish and flavor undreamed of under ordinary circumstances, and will prevent the faintness which might arise before the regular hour for a nourishing supper.

Second, eat something which requires considerable chewing, especially at the beginning of a meal. This involves the use of dry food, but it does not mean the entire absence of liquids from the meal. The reason why food that has to be chewed is valuable is because in the process of mastication a large amount of saliva is secreted and this is an important factor in digestion.

If liquid is desired at mealtime, it is not likely to do great harm if it is not too cold, provided it is not swallowed at the same time the dry food is put in the mouth. The man who washes down each mouthful of bread with a swallow of milk, tea or coffee has no saliva mixed with his food; whereas, if he thoroughly masticates his mouthful of dry food, swallows it and then takes his swallow of milk, he will interfere far less with the proper processes of digestion.

Dr. J. H. Kellogg has made some interesting experiments showing the amount of saliva secreted by the glands of the mouth while dry food is being chewed. A piece of paraffin chewed for five minutes produced two-thirds of an ounce of saliva, one ounce of granose—a dry food prepared from wheat—increased in weight to two ounces, one ounce of bread chewed for five minutes caused the production of one ounce of saliva, and one ounce of raw apple produced an ounce and a quarter.

Third, eat digestible food only. Digestible food is a variable term, and is determined by the individual. Articles which are perfectly harmless for one individual are very serious hindrances to the physical well being of another. Experience is the chief guide, and when articles of food cause distress and seem to hurt you the part of wisdom is to let them alone.—Philadelphia Record.

Shedding Its Shell.

Odd as it may sound to say so, the lobster grows better, not after, he casts his old hard shell—that is to say, he makes new cells and tissues, which are not at once filled out, but which are intended to swell to their full dimensions as soon as he has got rid of his binding and confining external skeleton. When the critical moment at last arrives, a new soft shell grows entire within the older and harder one, and the animal then withdraws himself, leg by leg, claw by claw, and swimmeret by swimmeret, out of the enveloping coat of mail which covers him. The shedding of the old coat is complete and absolute. Not a fragment remains; even the apparently internal hard portions are cast off with the rest, for the entire covering forms one continuous piece, the interior portions being really, so to speak, folds of the skin inserted inward.

An entirely new skeleton had already grown within the old one, but exceedingly soft and flexible in texture, and the body becomes so almost fluid or jellylike—not in structure, but in power of compression and extension—that even the big claws are drawn out through the narrow apertures of the joints in a perfectly marvelous manner. After a longer or shorter period of muscular paroxysm, the soft lobster at last disengages itself entirely from the dead shell and emerges upon the world a new and defenseless fleshy creature.

The whole cask skeleton, unruptured in any part, but disengaged by lifting up the body piece where it joins the tail, looks exactly like an entire dead lobster.—Longman's Magazine.

Sixes and Sevens.

"At sixes and sevens" is an expression borrowed from the old time needle makers. When needles were finished, they were thrown into a box and afterward sorted out by boys and girls into sizes. Six and seven were the most common sizes, and as the needles lay irregularly, to be at sixes and sevens was expressive of hopeless confusion.

MCKINLEY'S BOYHOOD.

He Was a Real Boy, Yet Staid and of Religious Bent.

William McKinley is sprung from that dominant race that has furnished this nation with some of its greatest soldiers and statesmen. He is Scotch-Irish by descent, and his ancestors immigrated to this country early enough to have sons who took a patriotic part in the war of the Revolution.

The family removed from Pennsylvania to Ohio in 1814, and from that day have been identified with that state.



MRS. MCKINLEY.

not in a great public way, but simply as faithful and devoted citizens, not striving for particular eminence, but notable for sturdiness of character and integrity.

It was among such people and of them that William McKinley was born, at Niles, in Trumbull county, O., Jan. 29, 1843.

A younger son, he was destined by his father, after whom he was named, for the bar, and was educated at the public schools, and later entered Allegheny college at Meadville, Pa., teaching school to pay his tuition fees. Scarcely was he matriculated when the civil war came on. He was but a stripling of 19 when he entered as a private.

McKinley, as those who remember him as a boy in Poland declare, was a real boy, full of fun, loving athletic



MCKINLEY AS A BREVET MAJOR.

sports, fond of horses and hunting and fishing, and all outdoor exercise, and yet at 16 we find him taking upon himself a serious view of life. The church records show that in 1858, when he was hardly 16, he united with the Methodist Episcopal church of Poland, the minister of which was Rev. Dr. Day, whose son, Wilson M. Day, is now president of the Cleveland chamber of commerce.

Major McKinley's father was an iron manufacturer, and a pioneer in that business. William was his third son. The eldest, David, is now a resident of San Francisco, where he is the Hawaiian consul general to the United States. The second son, James, died about four years ago. There is another son, Abner, younger than the major, who, although a citizen of Canton, spends most of his time in New York, where he is engaged in business.

McKinley's mother is now 87 years of age, but alert and vigorous, mentally and physically. She sees much of her distinguished son, and he waits on her and walks with her each day he spends in Canton. Even now, while his anxieties are and should be on keener edge, playing, as he is, a bold game for the biggest stake on earth, he visits and walks with his mother every afternoon. They prefer the quiet streets of the suburbs for these little excursions, and McKinley may be seen escorting the old lady with the profoundest deference and affection, while the conversational interchange between the two never flags.

MCKINLEY, THE SOLDIER.

How He Rose from the Ranks and Became a Brevet Major.

Young McKinley had been a keen observer, so far as his opportunities went, of the political events that culminated in the firing on Fort Sumter. The call of the president for troops found a quick response in his breast, as it did all through the north. And when the drums and fifes aroused the echoes of the quiet streets of Poland, among the first applicants for enlistment was William McKinley, Jr.

It was a new experience and a new school that the 18-year-old boy entered, this school of war, but he had wonderful teachers. It was his good fortune that assigned him to the Twenty-third Ohio. The recruits that composed it were in June, 1861, mustered and formed into a regiment. Its first colonel was William S. Rosecrans, afterward major general commanding the department of the Cumberland. Second in command was Stanley Matthews, who was a splendid soldier, but won his greatest honors

in civil life by becoming United States senator and justice of the United States supreme court; and Rutherford B. Hayes, afterward governor of Ohio and president of the United States. These were some of the illustrious men of the gallant regiment in which marched Private William McKinley, Jr.

He carried the musket for 14 months; then he was promoted. But he won his promotion honestly. His comrades of the rank and file bear testimony to the fact that he was a good soldier; that he performed every duty devolving upon him with fidelity and intelligence and without complaint. They congratulated him, therefore, when he was made commissary sergeant of the regiment. Later, after Antietam, he was made a second lieutenant, and the Mahoning county boy had risen from the ranks.

He was now to all intents and purposes a trained veteran. He had had his baptism in blood at Carnifax Ferry. He had gone through the West Virginia campaign and become a part of the magnificent Army of the Potomac under McClellan. South Mountain and Antietam had been made immortal by the blood of heroes, and the shoulder straps were worn with a due but not exaggerated realization of the responsibilities they implied. He became a second lieutenant on Sept. 24, 1862. He was promoted to first lieutenant Feb. 7, 1863. His commission as captain bears date July 25, 1864.

The brevet rank of major was conferred by President Lincoln "for gallant and meritorious services at the battles of Opequan, Fisher's Creek and Cedar Hill." He was with Sheridan in the Shenandoah campaign; was at Winchester, Cedar Creek, Fisher's Hill, Opequan, Kernstown, Floyd Mountain and Berryville, where his horse was shot from under him, and in all the battles in which the Twenty-third participated. He served on the staffs of Generals Hayes, Crook, Hancock and Carroll. He was mustered out with the regiment July 26, 1865, after more than four years' continuous service.

MCKINLEY AS A LAWYER.

He Wanted to Continue His Military Career, but His Parents Objected.

When the war closed, McKinley was just 22. He was full of youthful enthusiasm and ardor, and he returned to his home in Ohio fully expecting to accept the flattering offer made him of a commission in the regular army.

But to this his parents offered strong opposition. They pointed out the small rewards to honor and ambition that come to the soldier in time of peace. At length he yielded to their persuasions and reluctantly gave up his dreams of martial glory and bent his mind upon the pursuits of peace. The war had made a man of him and ended all thought of a collegiate career. He cast about for a profession, and naturally, considering the bent of his mind, he chose the law. He became a student in the office of Charles E. Glidden and David Wilson, then leaders of the Mahoning county bar. He supplemented his reading by taking the course at the Albany Law school, and in 1867 was admitted to the practice. He located at Canton, where he formed a partnership with Judge Belden.

He was an excellent advocate, even in those early years, and made some of the best jury arguments ever made at the Stark county bar. At the time he was first elected to congress he enjoyed one of the leading places and one of the best general practices in the county.

As a lawyer Mr. McKinley was always thorough and careful in the preparation of cases. He had the confidence of everybody and soon became particularly prominent as an advocate. He prepared himself by thorough courses of reading for his public career. He is much as Garfield was in this respect and possesses elements of strength by reason of his thorough study of political subjects. He seems to have had in view from the beginning the devotion of his life to public service. During all his early professional years he was an active participant in Republican campaigns and early gave evidence of the power he has since developed as a public speaker and orator. The plan of his political speaking has always been the same. He first thoroughly masters the subject in hand and then presents it forcibly.

MCKINLEY'S POLITICAL CAREER.

His Work as Congressman, Tariff Specialist and Governor of Ohio.

Major McKinley was but 33 years old when he was elected by the people of his district to represent them in congress. There he soon made his mark, and was returned at each subsequent election until that of 1890, in which year a gerrymander of his district defeated him by a majority of only 302. This was the culminating one of several efforts on the part of the Democratic legislature to gerrymander McKinley out of congress.

While in congress he served on the committee on revision of laws, the judiciary committee, the committee on expenditures in the postoffice department and the committee on rules. When General Garfield received the nomination for the presidency, Mr. McKinley was assigned to the vacancy on the committee on ways and means. He served on the last mentioned committee until the expiration of his last term as representative. While chairman of this committee he framed the McKinley bill, which afterward became a law and which still bears his name.

McKinley was a protégé of ex-President Hayes, and up to the time of the latter's death he recognized the ex-president as his adviser and counselor. He was in General Hayes' regiment during the rebellion. General Hayes knew him and his father well, and saw in the dashing young cavalier the germ of greatness. He needed a counselor, an adviser, a friend, and General Hayes watched over him with the filial love, devotion and pride of a father.

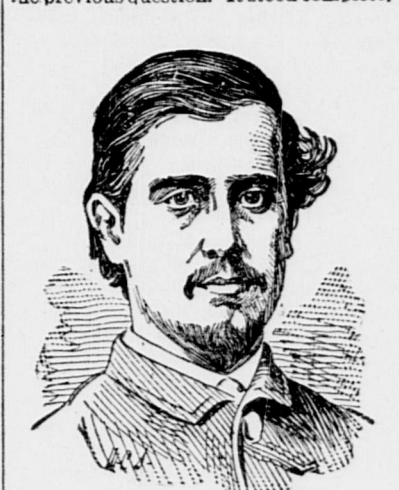
The war ended, McKinley still remained an object of hope, of interest

and pride to General Hayes. McKinley became a candidate for congress and was elected. When Hayes was president, McKinley was in the house of representatives. The major was a frequent welcome visitor at the White House. One day the president gave McKinley advice, which made McKinley the foremost champion of a protective tariff. President Hayes thus spoke to the young representative:

"To achieve success and fame you must pursue a special line. You must not make a speech on every motion offered or bill introduced. You must confine yourself to one particular thing. Become a specialist. Take up some branch of legislation and make that your study. Why not take up the subject of tariff? Being a subject that will not be settled for years to come, it offers a great field for study and a chance for ultimate fame."

With these words ringing in his ears McKinley began studying the tariff and soon became the foremost authority on the subject.

The day upon which the "McKinley tariff bill" was passed in the house must always stand as the supreme moment of McKinley's congressional career. The bill, by adroit parliamentary generalship which had prevented it from being weighted down with amendments not approved by the committee, had been brought under the operation of the previous question. It stood complete.



MCKINLEY AT THE BEGINNING OF HIS LEGAL CAREER.

ready to go forth for good or evil. Upon McKinley devolved the task of smoothing its path and speeding it upon its way.

The occasion, thoroughly advertised, attracted to the capitol an immense throng. The galleries were one mass of humanity and the anticipation of the vote had compelled the attendance of every member. As usual, McKinley spoke without notes. His voice, penetrating but not harsh, filled the chamber. Every sentence was as solid as the granite in the eternal hills. Never was an orator more free from the ordinary clatter than McKinley. So true is this that the incident when he suddenly drew from beneath his desk the suit of clothes which he purchased for \$10 at the establishment of a fellow representative in Boston, in order to demonstrate the cheapness of wearing apparel, stands out in all its loneliness with vivid distinctness.

It was this earnestness and self conviction that made McKinley's address in the house and on the stump so effective. Indeed the occasion is still recalled when he held an audience of Georgia people for two hours at a Chautauqua assembly near Atlanta while he preached to them the glories of the protective tariff system. "It was only by the greatest self control," said Henry W. Grady, speaking of this event afterward, "that I restrained myself from rising as McKinley concluded his wonderful speech and declaring myself henceforth ready to follow him as a disciple."

James G. Blaine, in his "Twenty Years of Congress," reviews the Forty-fifth congress, in which McKinley first sat, as follows: "William McKinley, Jr., entered from the Canton district. He enlisted in an Ohio regiment when but 17 years old and won the rank of major by meritorious service. The interest of his constituency and his own bent of mind led him to the study of industrial questions, and he was soon recognized in the house as one of the most thorough statisticians and one of the ablest defenders of the doctrine of protection."

At a great mass meeting in Indianapolis several years ago ex-President Harrison was presiding officer. McKinley was one of the speakers, and Harrison introduced him as follows:

"He has endeared himself to all by his record as a gallant young soldier battling for the flag. He has honored himself, his state and the country by his conspicuous services in high legislative and executive places. No man more than he is familiar with the questions that now engage public thought. No man is more able than he lucidly to set them before the people. I do not need to invoke your attention to what he shall say. He will command it."

The sentiment which resulted in the nomination of McKinley for governor of Ohio was engendered immediately upon the announcement of the result of the election of 1890, when after 14 years' continuous service in congress the Ohio statesman was defeated for re-election, despite the fact that he cut down the Democratic majority from 2,900 to 302.

During his gubernatorial campaign in 1893 McKinley visited 86 of the 88 counties of Ohio and made 130 speeches. He was elected by a plurality of 80,995, up to that time the record plurality in Ohio's history.

The policy which Governor McKinley pursued during his four years of occupancy of the gubernatorial chair was well outlined when in his inaugural address he said: "It is my desire to co-operate with you in every endeavor to secure a wise, economical and honorable administration, and so far as can be done, the improvement and elevation of the public service."

From the day of his inauguration Governor McKinley took the greatest interest in the management of the public benevolent institutions of the state, and he made a study of means for their betterment. During his first term the state board of arbitration was created, and he made the workings of the board a matter of personal supervision during the entire four years of his administration. This board has had its services enlisted in 28 strikes, and in 15 cases its efforts have been successful.

No account of McKinley's connection with labor problems would be complete without some mention of the tireless energy which he displayed in securing relief for the 2,000 miners in the Hocking valley mining district who early in 1895 were reported out of work and destitute. The news first came to the governor one night at midnight, but before 5 o'clock in the morning he had upon his own responsibility dispatched to the afflicted district a car containing \$1,000 worth of provisions. Later he made appeals for assistance and finally distributed among the 2,732 families in the district clothing and provisions to the amount of \$32,796.95.

MCKINLEY'S HOME LIFE.

His Wife Is an Invalid, but She Aids Him in His Work.

Major McKinley's home life is very happy, despite the fact that his wife is an invalid. Mrs. McKinley was Miss Ida Saxton, daughter of James and Mary Saxton of Canton, O. She received an excellent education when a girl, spent some time abroad and became her father's assistant in his bank, where it was said that her fair face attracted bouquets and bank notes to the window. "She must be trained," said her father, "to buy her own bread if necessary, and not to sell herself to matrimony."

She had many suitors, but Major McKinley, then a rising young lawyer, vanquished all rivalry, removed the young woman from the cashier's window and won from honest James Saxton these words when the hand of the daughter was gained:

"You are the only man I have ever known to whom I would intrust my daughter."

Mrs. McKinley has always assisted her husband in politics. Her ill health has in no wise deterred her from enjoying the political honors he has won, nor has it prevented her from being a wise counselor. Her presence has time and again served as an inspiration to her husband. When political preferment first came to former Governor McKinley, it was his wife who convinced him that he should accept. She believed implicitly in his talents, and that his service would be for the good of the state she was certain. She has never wavered in her faith in her husband's convictions, and consequently she is a protectionist and believes the country must have a protective tariff law.

She has confidence in him, not only as a public official, but as a man. Her illness has been overcome by her affection, and she has traveled thousands of miles when she was weak in body merely that she might bear him. She has encouraged him by word, look and presence, and he has in knightly style returned the favors and reciprocated the sacred affection. Her home life has been short, for out of the 25 years of married life more than 20 have been passed by her husband in the public service. She has lived in hotels, doubtless a source of regret, since her fragile body made it more than imperative that she should have a quiet place. She has never complained, but has fagged Governor McKinley to push forward in his public career.

Mrs. McKinley spends most of her time in a cozy apartment on the second floor, and much of her leisure is devoted to crocheting those dainty little slippers which have so many times brought sunshine into gloomy hospital wards in various parts of the country. It is said that she has knitted over 4,000 pairs of these slippers in her 20 years of invalid life. In appearance Mrs. McKinley is of medium height, with brown hair and large deep blue eyes. Although an in-



MCKINLEY'S MOTHER.

valid, she makes and receives calls and often goes on shopping tours. Mrs. McKinley cares little for dress, although her toilet is always in excellent taste.

Her face betrays a faint languor, suggestive of the invalid, but it is fair and bears a stamp of beauty, in spite of the 49 years she carries. Her ill health dates from girlhood. As a student she with difficulty undertook the studies of the course, by reason of this condition, but with constant care and frequent medical attention she overcame all trouble sufficiently to enjoy life and to taste of its pleasures. Her actual invalidism dates from the birth of their second child, in 1871. This child died in its infancy and was followed by the first child, a daughter of 3 years, a short time afterward. Her mother also died about this time. These sorrows were more than she could bear, and she has never recovered. At present in appearance and in actual health her condition is better than for several years previous.

HE WAS BORN A SLAVE

ISAAC B. ALLEN ELECTED TO SERVE
IN THE GOVERNOR'S COUNCIL.

Always a Champion of the Cause of His Race—Has Been Active in Politics in Boston For Years—"My Specialty Is a Thinker," He Observes—His Record Not Clean.

Isaac B. Allen, who is the first colored man in any northern state to be elected councillor to a governor, was born a slave in Hampton, Va., 52 years ago. In early life he served in the navy.

He has been elected as councillor to the governor of Massachusetts.

He came to Boston over 25 years ago with his parents and has since lived there.

During his residence there Mr. Allen has figured prominently in politics. He has kept a dining saloon, and is now in the real estate and collecting business.

The first public notice of Mr. Allen came in the now historical Butler campaign, at the time General Butler first ran for governor. In this campaign, as well as in the subsequent campaigns for governor and president by General Butler, he was an ardent supporter of the general.

It was in this school of active politicians that Mr. Allen first began to cut his political eye teeth. Since then he has figured prominently in the politics of the south end wards under the old lines.

He likes to boom candidates of his own race for elective and appointive positions, and it was through his efforts that ex-Congressman Charles Hall was elected the first colored member of the old Eleventh ward Republican committee. Later on he boomed ex-Representative Andrew B. Lattimore for alderman and Dr. S. E. Courtney for school committee man.

It was last spring at the Republican state convention that Mr. Allen became most conspicuous in a speech which he made nominating Dr. S. E. Courtney, a colored man, for alternate at large to the St. Louis convention. His speech turned the convention, and Dr. Courtney was elected.

The district heretofore has been Democratic. Republicans had simply been put up to fill out the ticket, and the nearest they ever came to carrying it was two years ago, when the Democratic majority of 8,000 was reduced to 2,000 by A. B. Lattimore, a colored man. Last year Mr. Sullivan beat ex-Senator Stillman Blanchard by 5,000.

Mr. Allen is a trustee of the Ebenezer Baptist church and a member of the B. K. Literary association. He has been accused of having a bad record and of being intimate with the inside of the police courts. He was recently interviewed by a reporter in regard to his record.

"Are you the Isaac Allen who served ten months in the house of correction?"

"No."

"The police records show that the Isaac Allen arrested tallies in description ten months in the house of correction."

"I don't know anything about that. They don't want me to go to the governor's council, but I'm going to watch the vote."

"How can you explain these similar descriptions, one of which you admit and the other of which you deny?"

"I was never in the house of correction."

"Can it be that any one personated you?"

"Perhaps somebody did. There was a man arrested once who said he was Isaac B. Allen, but he wasn't."

After some further conversation Allen said that he would see what was said about him, and he would perhaps answer the charges over his own signature.

Allen has long been active in politics. After explaining these court cases he went into an extensive review of his work in politics from the time of General Butler's first campaign for governor. He has generally done his work among the colored people, and he has traveled extensively on missionary work for the Republican party. He believes that his work in Chelsea the year that General Butler was elected gave that city to him.

He was a slave before the war and with his mother ran away and secured protection within the lines of General Butler's army. He afterward was a steward on General Butler's yacht America, and because of these connections he loved and admired the general.

Allen up to five years ago was a steward. He served aboard many of the best yachts afloat, including several sailed by some of the oldest Boston families. He afterward kept a restaurant and boarding house on Tremont street.

He hasn't done anything in this line for five years. In his own words: "My specialty is a thinker. I observe things a good deal."

This was said in connection with a statement that when he took the nomination for the governor's council he expected to win.

Allen is married and has a family. His present wife is his second, his first wife dying about ten years ago. His second marriage took place about six years ago. He has a boy about 16.—Boston Globe.

The Borey's Latest.

At one of the cheap pieces of amusement on the Borey, which has its attractions pictured before the door in brilliant colors, there is announced in the usual manner a "divorced woman contest." The Borey always has something out of the ordinary to offer, even when it's under a cloud.

Grand Leap Year Ball.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers, ever.

SHAKSPEARE.

The leap year ball of the St. John's Ladies' auxiliary society was held at Hancock hall Wednesday evening, and judged from every standpoint was a most successful party. The young ladies had worked diligently for many months, and they reaped the reward of their labors in the many compliments received.

The appointments were excellent and everything moved harmoniously. Prior to the dancing a promenade concert was given by Hanson's orchestra, which was stationed on the stage, behind a bank of potted plants, which were the only decorations in the hall.

The grand march was led by Miss Eliza C. Sheahan, president of the Auxiliary society, and Dr. Joseph M. Sheahan, and was participated in by 175 couples. The march was most graceful and every pleasing manœuvre delighted the onlookers.

Dancing followed and continued uninterruptedly until 2 o'clock, save for the intermission. Wales was the caterer.

During the dancing the beauty of the scene was enhanced by the use of calcium lights, which at times made the kaleidoscopic effect most pleasing.

Among the many handsome costumes were noticed the following:

Miss Eliza C. Sheahan, black silk.
Miss Mary G. Colligan, pink mulle.
Miss Alice Ring, Nile green.

Miss Julia Duffy, pink silk.
Miss Annie O'Brien, blue and white.
Miss Mary Duffy, white muslin.

Miss Josie Cavanagh, organdie over blue silk.
Miss Norrie O'Connor, grey organdie over pink silk.

Miss Catherine C. Ballentine, blue silk.
Miss Abbie Gillis, pink crepe.
Mrs. John A. Avery, black silk.

Mrs. John H. Dinegan, grey silk with fancy silk bodice.
Miss Annie Keenan, dotted muslin.

Miss Annie Sullivan, blue crepon.
Miss Ruth Keegan, pink silk.
Mrs. George H. Ferguson, striped silk.

Mrs. Thomas H. Elcock, black brocade silk.
Miss Margaret McNally, white organdie and Nile green chiffon.

Miss Mollie McNally pink organdie over pink silk.
Miss Mary E. Walsh, white muslin over white silk.

Miss Frances Talbot, white silk with pink satin ribbons.
Mrs. Martin H. Garrity, pink muslin.

Miss Jennie Griffin, blue crepon.
Miss Gertrude Boyd, white muslin over pink silk.

Miss Mary Flaherty, white muslin.
Mrs. W. E. Brown, brown silk.
Miss Annie Ring, black mulle over pink silk.

Miss Ellenore Roche, white muslin.
Miss Boyd, white silk.
Miss Bertha Trepanier, blue muslin.

Miss Kate Raycroft, blue shirvel silk.
Miss Mary Carey, black mohair.
Miss Annie Kellihier, white organdie.

Mrs. Margaret McKue, white silk.
Miss Mollie Falvey.
Mrs. Joseph A. Dasha, Nile green, silk waist.

Miss Lizzie Dunn, lemon crepe.
Miss Teresa Cahill, Dresden muslin trimmed with chiffon.
Miss Margaret Walsh, lavender stripe with white lace.

Miss Lizzie Dalton, Swiss muslin.
Miss Flynn, East Boston, white satin.
Miss Helen Ring, white muslin.

Miss Nellie Trepanier, yellow crepe de chine, trimmed with black velvet.
Mrs. P. Fitzgerald, yellow silk with lavender velvet trimming.

Miss Nellie Connolly, Nile green silk with mouseline de soie.
Miss Mary Gavin, white muslin.

Miss Mollie Webb, white silk with blue silk bodice.
Miss Margaret O'Hara, blue silk.
Miss Josephine Mack, South Boston, pink silk.

Mrs. Brogan, crushed strawberry silk.
Miss Kittie McGinty, blue muslin.
Miss May Burns, white silk.

Miss Alice Gavin, white silk.
Miss Lucy Donovan, light blue muslin.
Miss Mary Dunphy, black and white silk.

Miss Kate Ring, checked silk.
Miss Josie Daley, light silk bodice, chiffon trimmings.
Miss Frances Sullivan, corn colored crepe.

Miss Ruth Roche, cream bodice.
Miss Margaret Dolan, pink bodice.
Miss Mary Cahill, Swiss muslin.

Miss Galvin Marlboro, pink Swiss muslin.
Miss Mary Lyons, white muslin.
Miss Annie Roche, white dotted muslin.

Miss Hannah Curtin, white silk.
Mrs. Leander Cavanagh, blue silk.
Miss Annie Cahill, blue satin.

Miss Catherine Meany, white and pink.
Miss Agnes Deasy, white dotted muslin.
Miss Annie Walsh, white dotted muslin.

Mrs. John T. McGovern, white India muslin over blue.
Miss Annie McGinty, white silk.
Miss Lizzie Moyulhan, white and lavender.

Miss Catherine T. Powers, white organdie with garniture of white taffeta ribbon and white chrysanthemum.
Miss Nellie Ring, gray Dresden silk.

Miss Nellie Trepanier, yellow crepe de chine with black ribbon velvet trimmings.
Mrs. P. Fitzgerald, yellow silk with lavender velvet trimmings.
Miss Catherine Walsh, light blue muslin with garniture of blue taffeta ribbon and lace.

Miss Mary Powers, white muslin with pink silk trimmings.
Miss Lizzie Hayes, white muslin with lace and ribbon trimmings.

Mrs. James O'Dowd, old rose waist and black silk skirt.
Miss Mary O'Brien, blue and white waist with black silk skirt.

Miss Mary Duffy, white muslin with blue ribbon trimmings.
Miss Mary Burns, white cashmere with ribbon trimmings.

Miss Julia Lane, black lace over salmon colored satin with ribbon trimming.
Miss Lora Bigness, dotted muslin with pink chiffon and ribbon trimming.

Miss Katie Faircloth, pink crepon with trimmings of lace and ribbon.
Miss Annie Connors, white tulle over pink silk with trimmings of lace and ribbon.

Miss Marion Jackson, white muslin with lace and corn colored ribbon trimmings.
Miss Emma Bigness, Dresden muslin with garniture of lace and ribbon.

Hannah Faircloth, blue crepon with lace and ribbon trimmings.
Miss Madge Donohoe, white organdie trimmed with insertion and white point lace.

Miss Kate A. Raycroft, Dresden silk with pink tulle front and ribbon trimmings.
Miss Lizzie McAuliffe, light blue muslin with pearl and ribbon trimmings.

Miss Mamie Flynn of East Boston, white satin with pearl trimmings and point lace.
Miss Mamie Dunn, lemon-colored crepon.

Mrs. D. J. Deasy, white organdie over white silk with lace and ribbon trimmings.
Miss Kate Hayes, yellow silk with trimmings of white tulle and ribbon.

Miss Nellie Griffin, light blue crepon with lace trimmings.
The magnificent success of the affair was due to the following ladies:

Floor Directress,—Miss Eliza C. Sheahan.
Assistants,—Miss Eleanor Roche, Miss Alice G. Gavin, Miss Julia Duffy, Miss Helen Sullivan, Miss Helen O'Brien.

Aids,—Miss Catherine Ballantyne, Miss Teresa Cahill, Miss Josephine Cavanagh, Mrs. George H. Ferguson, Miss Mollie M. McNally, Miss Margaret O'Hara, Miss Catherine T. Powers, Miss Frances Talbot.

Ushers,—Miss Mary G. Colligan, Miss Alice C. Ring, Miss Norrie O'Connor, Miss Catherine Walsh.

Matrons,—Mrs. John A. Avery, Mrs. J. H. Dinegan, Mrs. Thomas H. Elcock.
Pages,—John J. Avery and Walter Elcock.

HOSPITAL FESTIVAL REPORT.
Owing to stormy weather there was not a large attendance at the meeting of the Hospital Festival committee Friday night at City Hall, but of those present it was noticed that there were two ladies to every gentleman. There was but little business to transact, other than to hear the report of Secretary Reed on the receipts and expenditures at the recent festival, which were as follows:

RECEIPTS.
From entertainments, \$329.50
From refreshments, 557.57
From candy sale, 513.63
From fancy table, 1,144.63
From contributions, 352.00
From tickets, 1,752.70
Total, \$4,490.23

EXPENSES.
Sales, \$72.04
Refreshments, 100.59
Candy, 170.84
Entertainments, 498.60
Advertising and printing, 150.42
Tents, 208.00
Total, \$1,248.49

This leaves the net receipts \$3,181.74 to which will be added something like \$16 which is to come from the Firemen's Relief Association.

The suit of clothes donated by A. Shuman & Co., was won by George S. Keyes.

The treasurer was authorized to pay over to the Hospital the net receipts of the festival.

The meeting then adjourned until the first Tuesday in April.

NEW OFFICERS.
St. Mary's C. T. A. and M. R. society has elected the following officers:

President,—P. Milford.
Vice President,—W. F. Cole.
Treasurer,—Dr. J. H. Ash.

Financial Secretary,—James J. Kelley.
Recording Secretary,—John A. Boyd.
Corresponding Secretary,—Thomas Keating.

Chairman Entertainment Committee,—J. Curtin.

Board of Trustees,—P. Milford, John McAloon, John Minihan, William Kiley, Matthew Morrissey.

Board of Directors,—Edward Finn, Michael Kiley, James Riley, P. O'Rourke, P. Malone.

Auditing Committee,—Martin King, John J. Galvin, M. J. Moriarty.

It was voted to have a Requiem mass celebrated for the deceased members of the society; also, to have a no-licence rally the Sunday night before the city election.

Irish National League.
The Quincy branch of the Irish National League has elected the following officers:

President,—John Cavanagh.
Vice President,—Michael Burns.
Secretary,—Frank Rafferty.

Financial Secretary,—T. Deasey.
Treasurer,—Michael Daley.
Executive Committee,—Edward Lawton, Patrick Fay, Thomas Carroll, Peter McNamara, George D. Cahill.

The Phenix Pharmacy,
CORNER SCHOOL AND FRANKLIN STS.
L. J. PASTOR, Ph. C.

NEW IDEA FOR JEWESSES.

The First National Convention of Jewish Women.

The most interesting convention in the modern history of Judaism will be opened in New York very shortly and will remain in session a week. It has been called by the national council of Jewish women, a body of recent organization, the president of which is Hannah G. Solomon of Chicago. It will be the first convention of the kind ever held, and will be attended by delegates chosen by the local sections which have been formed in many parts of the United States. It is sure to create a widespread interest, not only in the ranks of Judaism, but also in the community at large. Both the national executive board and the New York committee of arrangements have striven, and will continue to strive, to make the meeting as great a success as they expect it will be. Many accomplished Jewesses will participate in the speech-making.

The purposes of the national council are "to bring about closer relations among Jewish women, to furnish by an organic union a medium of communication and the means of prosecuting work of common interest, to promote united efforts in behalf of Judaism and to foster the work of social reform by the application of the best philanthropic thought." It encourages in its members a deeper study of the Bible, the history and literature of the Jews and the agencies of personal service. It provides for the interchange of ideas, for discussion upon matters of mutual interest and for helpful sympathy in work and aspiration.

The programme is broad and comprehensive, and the details of it have been wrought out in a manner at once practical and pleasing. In speaking of it the secretary of the council, Mrs. Sadie American, says: "Old people and young, rich and poor, busy and leisurely, are asked to join this body, which, while it does not pretend to do any one thing never before attempted, seeks to use the power and pleasure of union among Jewish women in a way they have never before been used." The annual due is fixed at \$1, so that the poorest woman may join the council and enjoy its benefits.—New York Sun.

HE RULES THE SULTAN.
The Unaccountable Influence One Man Has Over Turkey's Ruler.

It does seem as if the time has nearly come when Turkey must be interfered with. That unhappy country is said to be now wholly at the mercy of the miserable creature named Izzet, who has gained a most unaccountable influence over the sultan, from whom he conceals the greater part of the atrocities that take place daily and hourly in some part of the empire.

Izzet is described as small of stature and of feeble physique, with an exceedingly cunning expression and a most diabolical smile. To his superiors he cringes, and to all others he is insolent. He is a fanatical Mohammedan and is said to have declared his intention to exterminate the Armenian nation. Until recently he was obscure and unknown, but about a year ago he suddenly sprang into almost absolute power, and the old pashas, favorites and the whole palace clique hate and fear him. A gentleman living in Constantinople and having access to trustworthy sources of information says: "Izzet is detested by everybody in Constantinople, European as well as Turk. I have not met a single person who has a good word to say for him, and I have heard him accused of almost every possible crime."

—Cor. Pittsburgh Dispatch.

SHOWING HIS YEARS.
William K. Vanderbilt is beginning to grow old.

Willie K. Vanderbilt is beginning to show his years.

He is just as dapper in appearance as ever and evinces his wonted interest in dress, but the frost of time is touching not only his hair, but his complexion.

He looks as though a gray dust or powdered ashes had settled down upon his head and face.

His manner, however, has not changed materially. But that was never particularly vivacious.

I had a few words with him Tuesday at Morris park, where he was watching the races with a half bored expression, and then he passed on with that look in his eyes which indicates clearly that a man may be alone in a crowd.

Willie K. isn't half as gay this fall as he was in the early summer, when he wore lemon colored shirts at the Sheepshead Bay races.

I wonder if the change is due to love or a lack of love.—Cholly Knickerbocker in New York Journal.

An Election Romance.
A matrimonial romance has come out of the whirl of politics at Republican headquarters in Chicago. C. E. Mielenz, who has been secretary of the German bureau, and Miss Ella C. Phillips of Memphis, who was a stenographer in that department, eloped to Milwaukee and were married at the First German Methodist church the other night. The humor of the episode lies in the fact that the marriage was contingent on the election of McKinley.

A November Marsh.
Beneath the quiet, somber skies
The murky marsh in silence lies.
The cattails dream beside the stream
Upon whose breast no lilies gleam.

The suns burn in dull array
Where once the wild rose lit the way,
And from the trees, in argosies,
The red leaves flutter in the breeze.

As day to twilight softly wanes
The air is blue with smoky skeins,
That fall and lift and slide and shift,
And round the reeds serenely drift.

Across the marsh's mossy sweep
Empurpled shadows fall and creep,
And o'er the spring's wind rippled rings
A beon floats on lazy wings.

Look in our show window and you will surely try us when you need footwear for any kind for men, women and children.

—H. K. Munckittrick in Truth.

RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.



The Elegant and Commodious New Building erected for Henry L. Kincaide & Co.,
The Leading House Furnishers of Norfolk County.



Lookers Around

are always welcome here. Lookers are merely prospective buyers—or good advertisements. If the lookers don't want something for themselves, they'll tell their friends of us, and that will do just as well. We are not afraid to have our stock inspected, and that carefully, too. There's no fraud hidden under fair appearances in this store. You may depend absolutely upon anything we sell you.

D. E. WADSWORTH & CO.,

Largest Dry Goods Store between Boston and Brockton.

BRANCH AT EAST MILTON.

JOHN H. GOODHUE,
South Quincy Baker.

Bread, Cake, Pastry, etc. Crackers at Wholesale or Retail.

Wedding Cake a Specialty.

Beans and Brown Bread Every Sunday Morning.

25 WATER STREET, - - QUINCY.

U. S. P.

To the Druggist means United States Pharmacopoeia—the book which sets the standard of strength, quality and purity of all drugs used as medicines. To the public it means

Uniformity, Safety, Purity.

Every drug used or sold at The Phenix Pharmacy is U. S. P. standard. Every prescription filled by us is full strength, made from pure and fresh drugs, by a skilled and careful Pharmaceutical chemist. We give prompt service at all hours.

The only Ph. G. (graduate in pharmacy) in the city.

L. J. PASTOR, Ph. G.,

27 SCHOOL STREET.

Prices Talk

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had ninety-four children, all barefooted too,
But cold weather came and she gave them the price,
And we fitted their feet in shoes that were nice.

Look in our show window and you will surely try us when you need footwear for any kind for men, women and children.

Tirrell's Block. JAMES O'DONOVAN, 94 Hancock St. 94

VOLUME X. NUMBER 12.

Holiday
Specialties.

USEFUL CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

MEN'S

Neckwear,

Mufflers,

Gloves,

Bags and Umbrellas.

Boys' Cape Overcoats,

Reefers and Suits

MEN'S SUITS AND OVERCOATS,

Very nobby and all this year's styles.

A complete line of UNDERWEAR,
HATS and CAPS.

LOWEST PRICES.

C. F. DERBY,

ADAMS BUILDING, - QUINCY.

J. C. DORGAN, Manager.

An Epicure

is not the only person who delights in feasting upon OYSTERS. Every person in Quincy experiences the same delight, and much more so when they are assured that they came from the

Temple St. Market,
JOHN L. GIBBS, Prop.

Fresh and Salt Fish always on hand, and always at the most reasonable prices for cash.

RIG

There is Nothing in

That Can Appro

UMBRELLAS,

Something Extra Fine.

Make the Boy

We are not after your

ADAMS BUILDING.



POPE PASCHAL

The Contest of the

Henry V. Gave
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BY REV. P. A.

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VOLUME X. NUMBER 12.

QUINCY, MASS., DECEMBER, 1896.

FIVE CENTS A NUMBER.

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Wedding Cake a Specialty.

in Bread Every Sunday Morning.

REET, - - QUINCY.

S. P.

Druggist means United States
popoeia—the book which sets
dard of strength, quality and
all drugs used as medicines.
public it means

Safety, Purity.

rug used or sold at **The Pharmacy** is **U. S. P.** standard.
prescription filled by us is full
made from pure and fresh
y a skilled and careful Phar-
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POPE PASCHAL AND HENRY.

The Contest of the German Investi-
tures a Bitter Struggle.

Henry V Gave Promise That His Policy
Would Be a Conciliatory One, But Sub-
sequent Events Showed That the Pope
Was Flattered by the Subterfuge—The
Gracious Offers of the Pontiff the Sport
of the Ingrate—Henry Forces Paschal
Into Confinement and the Latter Grants
Henry the Coveted Honor, But Soon
Revokes It.

BY REV. F. A. CUNNINGHAM.

The most glorious weather of Rome
comes in the month of February.
Then it is that nature seems first to
awaken from her long sleep and call
into being the innumerable beauties of
animal and plant life. Then it is that
the mornings are fresh with the breezes
from the mountains and the sun seems
to smile in its gladness over dome and
belfry. The Roman wakes to sound
of birds returning from southern
climes, and imitates the joyfulness of
his natural surroundings in a cheery
"buon giorno" to his passing friends.

The morning of Sunday, February
11th, 1111, was what the Romans might
term, ideal. The bells from a hundred
church towers ushered in the aurora,
and their sound was echoed in cries of
joy from thousands of throats. For
hours after, long processions of citizens
decked out in holiday attire swarmed
up and down the streets, now collect-
ing in little assemblies to discuss the
important happenings of the day, now
hurrying along led on by some impulse
they could not account for. It was
evident that Rome, on that day, was to
be the scene of some important cere-
mony; no one knew that before the
sun should set the light of its glory
should be extinguished for a time and
give place to the darkness of sorrow
and despair.

Just without the Porta del Popolo,
where the fields then stretched for
miles on either side of the Flaminian
Way, lay the encampment of a vast
German army. While it was yet early
morning its thousands of gaudily
dressed troops had already answered
to the reveille and formed themselves
for the review which was to be con-
ducted in the presence of their young
king, Henry V. Their appearance was
imposing and well calculated to cause
a thrill of pride in the bosom of their
royal commander.

At the appointed hour, Henry took
his position at the head of the army,
and surrounded by a staff composed of
the noblest blood of the Fatherland,
awaited near the city gate for the first
formalities of his reception into the
home of the papacy.

Henry V, the second son of the
notorious Henry IV, was at this time
in his thirty-first year and in the very
flower of his youth. Tall and com-

manding in stature and appearance, he
possessed those natural qualities which
are distinctive of the German race.
There was especially a pleasing attrac-
tiveness in the light complexioned
countenance that easily won favor for
him among the sturdy warriors who
had followed his fortunes from
Germany. Yet, with all that, he could
not succeed in concealing those very
traits that had distinguished his royal
father. Extreme haughtiness of man-
ner, too violent temper in times of
contradiction, and above all, a selfish-
ness so great that it respected no claims
of right or mercy, and before which
the sacred oath of honor was as chaff
before the wind.

He had grown to manhood through
stormy circumstances. Born while his
father was yet under the ban of the
church, he had passed the first years of
his life, partly in fear and partly in
hatred of that mighty power whose
decrees could make monarchs tremble.
He had seen his father harassed and
driven hither and thither by his re-
bellious son Conrad. Again he per-
ceived the humiliation, to which
royalty must sometimes be subjected,
when his father, in 1102, was obliged
to yield up to the younger son, the
crown which he was no longer able to
bear. The young king, elevated to the
throne in the twenty-second year
of his age, began his career in a
manner hostile to the very parent
who had abdicated in his favor,
though thoroughly in accordance with
the demands of justice and of obedience
to the Holy See. His first pronoun-
cements gave every promise that his
life would be spent in the effort to recon-
cile the divided forces of church and state.
"I intend," he said, "to ac-
knowledge" the authority of the
lawful Pope, Paschal II." He entered
into friendly relations with the Saxons
whom his father had so fearfully
oppressed. He gathered around him
the orthodox clergy, encouraging them
in their councils. He took up arms
against his father, in defence of his
own right to the throne and of the
rights of the Holy See. It mattered
not to him that his royal parent, the
thrice prepared Henry IV, was ex-
communicated, and again deposed; the
sympathies of Henry V, were only for
the cause of justice and the protection
of the Holy church. It was while
these sentiments were still strong with-
in his heart that he heard the news of
his father's death, sudden as the
lightning's stroke, and clouded to the
last breath with awful stigma of ex-
communication. If ever prince had
cause to recognize the penalties of
sacrilege it was Henry V. He had
lived with an example of them con-
stantly before his eyes; he had, him-
self, contributed his share to the af-
lictions of his father and might, indeed,
have been said to have brought his
weary head in sorrow to the grave.



HENRY V MEETING POPE PASCHAL II.

It is doubtful if any of these reflec-
tions crossed the mind of Henry V, as
he proudly reviewed his forces on this
memorable day. His thoughts were
more closely applied to the important
business on hand. It was but a few
weeks before, while resting in the city
of Florence, that Henry had arranged
with the pope, by letter, a concordat
containing the conditions upon which
Paschal II, would consent to grant him
the imperial coronation. These con-
ditions were as follows: "On the day
of his coronation Henry shall make a
written renunciation of all right of in-
vestitures of churches. He shall
pledge himself to the pope by oath, in
the presence of the clergy and people,
to its observance. He shall swear to
leave the churches in the peaceful en-
joyment of their property. He shall
confirm the Holy See in the possession
of its estates and fiefs after the example
of Charlemagne and his other prede-
cessors." On these conditions the pope
will crown Henry V, and acknowledge
him as emperor. He will help him to
maintain his authority in Germany,
and forbid the bishops to usurp the
regales, or to do anything prejudicial
to the rights of the prince." These
terms drawn up with the good grace of
the sovereign pontiff were accepted
with apparent willingness by the king
who shortly after began his march
toward Rome for the purpose of his
coronation.

The preliminaries of this great action
were as imposing as their object was
important. The king, seated upon his
horse, awaited at the head of his troops
for the formal opening of the city
gates. It was about eight o'clock
when the pealing of the bells gave the
signal. The gates were thrown open
and the Roman populace, headed by
the most distinguished citizens came
forth to greet the emperor. A speech
of welcome was delivered in the name
of the lay people of Rome to which

the king answered in a manner that
awakened kind feelings in the minds
of his welcomers. At the gates the
royal company again halted to receive
an address of welcome from the
clergy, after which it proceeded upon
its way toward the palace of the
Vatican. All along the route the air re-
sounded with cheers and acclamations.
Joy bells rang out from every tower
and belfry, and noble Roman matrons
bending out from every window flung
to the breeze gay streamers and ban-
ners of gaudy colors. In the midst
of all the king rode on proudly and
solemnly, as one who in the height
of his glory feels already the gloom of
coming misfortune.

Upon the steps of St. Peter's church,
the pope surrounded by his cardinals
and bishops, stood awaiting the royal
cavalcade. The countenance of the
Holy Father was lighted with the ex-
pression of satisfaction and as he
turned to converse with his attendants
his words were full of hope in the re-
sults of this day.

The king advanced slowly into the
great piazza that fronted the basilica.
Pausing in the midst of it he caused
his horse to be held motionless and
waited until his troops had arrived
upon the spot. Then in a few short
orders he commanded the army to
completely surround the basilica and
besides to take possession of every im-
portant post in the neighborhood.
Then, feeling that all was secure, he
proceeded up the steps of St. Peter's to
meet the pope.

On coming into the presence of the
Holy Father, Henry threw himself
upon his knees but being raised up by
the pope was permitted to bestow upon
the pontiff the triple kiss, upon the
mouth, upon the forehead and upon the
eyes. Then, holding the right hand of
the pope he was conducted to the
great Silver Gate of the church, where,
upon his knees, he recited the pro-

fession of faith and was by Paschal
proclaimed emperor.

Arriving in the church the emperor
at once called upon Paschal to fulfil
his promise and proceed to the coro-
nation. The Holy Father answered
by requiring of the king the confirma-
tion of the oath in regard to investi-
tures, recalling to his mind the pro-
ceedings of the concordat of Florence.
Henry was furious. Some of his
German followers cried out against the
pope, proclaiming that the convention
of Florence was null; that it was in
direct opposition to the divine precept
commanding us to render to Caesar the
things that are Caesar's. Henry, him-
self, declared that he had come to
Rome for no other purpose than to
wring from the Roman pontiff, by
force of arms, the rights and dignities
of his ancestors and the crown of the
empire.

The Holy Father, astounded at this
sudden evidence of treachery, at first
remained mute. Recovering himself
finally, he resolutely refused to con-
descend to a coronation forced upon
him by means so barbarous and
treacherous. He then began to de-
monstrate by strong arguments the
iniquity of the king's position, when
he was suddenly surrounded by the
royal guard and taken prisoner. A
scene of horror now succeeded. The
soldiers dashed into the sanctuary,
despoiled the altars, robbed the sacred
vessels and committed innumerable
sacrileges. The Holy Father was con-
fined in the dungeons of a small house
near the portico of the church, and
many bishops and cardinals who
escaped his fate, barely gained the
outer air at the cost of their lives.

At a signal from the king the
German soldiers began the sack of the
city cutting down its inhabitants with-
out regard of sex or condition. The

[CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHT]

RIGHT TO THE POINT!

There is Nothing in Town
That Can Approximate



Our Display of Useful and
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UMBRELLAS,

Something Extra Fine.

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ADAMS
BUILDING.

GEO. W. JONES,

QUINCY,
MASS.

Amos Dean's Christmas.

(Copyright, 1896, by the Author.)

"Twas near the blessed Christmas time. In meadows and upon the hills
The grass was green. The ice king's breath had not made mute the running rills.
The air was gentle as its kind, soft whis-
pers on an April noon.
And on the sea the western breeze played
on the waves a pleasant tune.
O'er wooded land and in the vales re-
posed at rest a languid haze,
Mantling the earth with violet bloom as
in the Indian summer days.

The smacks were idle in the bay, and
quiet reigned along the shore,
Save when some song was sweetly blent
with music of the dipping oar.
"Heaven help us," said a fisherman—
old, grizzled Amos Dean—
"And send us snow, for well we know
the meaning of a Christmas green!
Well I remember ten years past how
grass was wavin on that day,
And all that awful winter through sick-
ness took many a soul away."

"And well do I remember, too, that
winter time," said Parson Moore.
"On one of its most stormy nights a run-
away passed from our door—
My dearest boy. You know the tale.
No tidings of him came to me."

AMOS AND THE PARSON.

Till two years passed, and then we knew that he'd been wrecked far, far at sea.
We know not whether still he lives, and yet we hope and often pray
That heaven will send the wanderer
home to fill our hearts with joy
some day."

"He was an honest lad and true," said
Amos. "But, like many a boy
Bored here along this sea beat shore,
the ocean to him was a joy.
But, parson, maybe'll come a day when
you're thinkin of him dead,
You'll see him comin up the path in an-
swer to the prayers you've said.
He was a brave, smart youth, you know
—to go to sea was all his pride—
And, parson, I b'lieve that some day he'll
come in on some favorin tide."

Within the fisher's hut they knelt and
bowed their heads in earnest prayer,
And ne'er were heard more fervent words
than those the parson uttered there.
He prayed for blessing from above. He prayed that heaven his boy would keep
And bring him home, ere many days, a rescued wanderer of the deep.



THE SNOWFLAKES OUTSIDE.

"The Lord be praised!" old Amos said.
Loud leaved the fierce nor'easter wind.
As the old sturdy fisherman to Parson
Moore's home took his way.
"It's providential, minister," he said,
with a most reverent air.
"This storm is very plain to me a proof
that God does answer prayer."

The church bell seemed to ring that day
as it had never rung before.
From the gray steeple's pointed tower in
that old village by the shore,
And while a favorite hymn was sung a
manly form passed at the door,
And in the lingering shadow paused un-
til the services were o'er.
Then as the parson down the aisle came
after his sweet task was done
The stranger said with whispering voice,
"Dear father, don't you know your son?"

Oh, what a blessed hour was that! Be-
fore him stood his long lost boy,
And there were smiles, and there were
tears—aye, tears, but they were tears of joy.
"Thank heaven!" said Amos. "No other proof it is that mid our woe and care—
If we believe in him and trust—our God above does answer prayer.
We prayed for storm. He sent us snow. He's filled our thankful hearts with joy,
And at this blessed Christmas time to you and home he's brought your boy."

THE SNOWFLAKES OUTSIDE.

There is a picture, more or less well
known, from the brush of a humorous
and perhaps patriotic German painter
that very accurately describes the pre-
valing impression concerning the Ger-
man palate. The picture in question re-
presents a charming young German girl
picking cabbages from a Christmas tree,
and beneath the painting an inscription
which, being freely translated, means
that Germany offers a wonderful kitchen
to the contemplation of civilization.
This national taste for cabbage is car-
ried into their Christmas dinner. That
meal consists of boiled pork and sauer-
kraut, sausages, black puddings, goose
stuffed with chestnuts, cheese cakes and
baked apples, beef with sour sauce,
smoked goose and potatoes, washed
down with beer.

THE INDISPENSABLE TREE.

Of all things for Christmas a Christ-
mas tree is indispensable in a house
where there are children. The exploring
of overflowing stockings will not give
half the pleasure that comes from the
discovery of a "real live" tree, with a
gray bearded, snow-specked Santa Claus
peeping from its branches. It matters
not how small the tree if it is prettily
decorated. In this it is chiefly the first
cost which counts. The same ornaments,
with very few additions, will do year
after year. As for the tree itself, there
are five different kinds, all beautiful in
themselves—pine, hemlock, spruce,
cedar and balsam fir.

AMONG THE MAORIS.

A HOLIDAY STORY OF NEW ZEALAND LIFE.

An Exciting Journey Through the Home
of the Canibals—A Sharp Engagement
and a Fortunate Rescue—A Merry Christ-
mas Day at Auckland.

"It takes people from north of the
equator a long time to get accustomed
to the great difference in the seasons
one finds in Australasia, and particu-
larly here in the upper island of New
Zealand, where the climate is much like
that of your gulf states."

That is what Sir George Grey, ex-
governor of New Zealand, said to me at
Auckland some years ago.

It was nearing the Christmas hol-
idays, and as my stay in these beautiful
islands was limited to two months I de-
termined to see the natives in "the
king's country," as their great reserva-
tion is called, the famous hot springs to
the east of Auckland, and the mountain
lakes of the middle island without
regard to the season.

I had a letter from Sir George Grey
to the Maori chief Outonga, and a half
breed Maori named Mahkah was en-
gaged to act as my guide into "the king's
country."

The American consul came to my
hotel to bid me goodbye, and during the
conversation he told me of a country-
man of ours who had reached the city
that day from Sydney.

"His name is Baldwin," said the
consul, "and he is now sick in this ho-
tel. He is well to do, but his is a very
sad case, and I incline to think that,
from dwellin on his troubles, his mind
is unhinged."

Then the consul went on to tell me
that Mr. Baldwin was from Boston.
Some six years before this he was the
owner of a number of New Bedford
whalers that came to collect whale oil
and bone in these southern waters.

The shipowner had a son, a spirited
but rather delicate boy, who, like most
wholesome youths brought up near the
sea, had an intense yearning to become
a sailor.

After much pleading on the boy's part
—his mother was dead—Mr. Baldwin
instilled him to the care of Capt. n
Wellman of the whaler Albatross, with
instructions to send Clifford—that was
the boy's name—home on some steamer
as soon as he became tired of a sailor's
life, which he expected would be the
case by the time the ship reached the
south Pacific.

But the Albatross never came back,
and, except once, was never heard of
again. Six months after she left New
Bedford she touched at Norfolk island,
where Clifford was reported well and
still enamored of the sea.

The manner of the loss of the Alba-
tross could be only a matter for specula-
tion, but that she was lost was settled
beyond doubt, for the insurance com-
panies had paid the claim and the
widows and orphans of the missing sail-
ors had discarded their mourning years
ago.

"Still Mr. Baldwin believes his son is
alive," said the consul, "and he spends
most of his time traveling along the
coasts of Australasia in his vain search.
He is now much exhausted, and I fear
he will not see the year out."

Together we called on Mr. Baldwin,
a thin, careworn man, prematurely old,
although he was only 45.
He told me his sad story, as he had
told it for years to every one he met,
and in obedience to his request I prom-
ised to look out for the lost Clifford, as
every one had done, but it is unneces-
sary to state that there was never a hope
behind any of these promises.

The next day, with my guide, I left
Auckland. It was the 14th of Decem-
ber, and a more beautiful summer day
never came down from the blue skies
for the delight of man. The woods were
shimmering emerald billows. The train
through broad sheep pastures and
past farms and orchards as beautiful
and rich in color as the hills of Devon-
shire in June.

Unnecessary here to tell of our reach-
ing the end of the railroad, of the long
but cheery stage journey, of our visit to
the geysers and the scene of the recent
earthquake or of our long horseback ride
into the forbidden land of "the king's
country."

"Not even the queen of England,"
said my guide, with a show of pride,
"could enter 'the king's country' with-
out permission of the chief. But few
white men have ever been there, nor
could you go if you were not the friend
of Sir George Grey, whom the Maoris
call their father."

Outonga, the Maori chief, a tall,
magnificently formed man, with a tee-
toed face, treated me with a hospitality
that was at once princely and barbaric.

These people in appearance and man-
ners reminded me very much of our own
Navajo Indians. They cultivate the
ground after a fashion, but have great
flocks of sheep, herds of cattle and pigs
and poultry without end, while every
stream teems with fish.

Rather reluctantly the chief gave me
permission to go to the coast. The reason
for his opposition was the danger
"on the islands of Hangan," explained
the guide. "There is still a band of man
eaters. That's why our people keep

away from the coast and do not wish
white visitors to go there."

I reasoned that if these people had
been really dangerous the English would
have cleared them out long before, and
the fact that they were unheeded of if
not unknown outside "the king's coun-
try" argued that they were not impor-
tant. But the prospect of seeing real
cannibals, even at a distance, increased
my desire to go.

We carried provisions on a pack horse,
for the west coast was wild and unin-
habited. We were armed with shotguns
and pistols, not so much for self protec-
tion as to secure game if need be.

It was the evening of Dec. 20, and we
had made a camp in a beautiful valley,
near the shore, where there were fuel,
grass and water.

We needed no shelter, for the air was
as soothing and balmy as in the land of
the lotus eaters, where, the poet says, it
is one perpetual afternoon.

We had an early supper, and just at
sunset the guide, who seemed unusu-
ally nervous, went to the top of an adjoin-
ing hill to "spy out the land," as he put
it, for he had been educated at a mis-
sionary school and was full of Biblical
expressions.

After being absent so long that I be-
gan to feel impatient he came running
breathlessly into camp.

"What's up?" I asked.
Pointing over the hill, the guide
gasped:

"People from the Hangan islands in
camp over there! And there's a white
man with them!"

"But is that surprising?" I inquired.
"Yes, sir. I should say it was," he
answered. Then he added: "We mustn't
stay here. It's dangerous."

To the surprise of the guide I an-
nounced my purpose to have a look at
these people, and, fearing to remain
alone rather than because he approved
of the undertaking, the guide accom-
panied me.

We reached the top of the hill, from
which we could see a fire in the valley
not more than 150 yards below us.
About this fire four men stood, two of
them unmistakably natives and two of
them as unmistakably white men, though
the slight attire of all was the same.

"There are two white men down
there," I said to the guide. "No mat-
ter how the others feel, these will be
friends. Come with me." And making
sure that my pistols were smooth in the
holsters, I threw the shotgun into the
hollow of my arm and strode down.

Like a man under hypnotic influence,
the guide obeyed me, and in a few min-
utes we were at the fire.

The natives were the first to hear us,
and, without seizing their spears, which
were on the ground, they uttered a yell
of alarm and fled.

The older of the two bronzed white
men—the younger was about one and
twenty—reached out his hands, and in a
voice trembling with emotion shouted:
"Friends! Friends! At last, friends!"

When the younger man could com-
mand his tongue, after he had shaken
hands with us, he cried out: "Get back
from the fire! There's danger here!"
He and his companion picked up the
spears, and, at a run, they followed the
guide and myself to our camp.

There was no time for explanation.
Clearly these men had been captives
and were as anxious to escape as we
were to help them.

We saddled up quickly, placed the
older man on the pack horse, while the
younger sprang up beside me, and then,
guided by the stars, we started eastward.

During the night march the young
man behind me told me his story. His
name was Clifford Baldwin; that of his
companion was George Wellman, mate
of the lost ship Albatross and the
brother of the captain.

The ship foundered in a cyclone after
most of the crew, including the captain,
had been swept from her decks. This
was three months after she had left New
Bedford.

Of the five men who got away in the
lifeboat, three died of starvation. Young
Baldwin and the mate were flung
ashore on one of the Hangan islands,
where for six years the natives, who in
every other way had treated them kind-
ly, kept them captive. Now and then
they made forays to the main island to
carry off Maori cattle, and they had
just landed for this purpose the night
before.

"Take me to my father in Boston,"
said the young man in conclusion, "or
send me to him, and he will repay you
for your trouble."

I told him that his father was then
at Auckland, where he was so much
affected that the poor fellow burst into
tears.

The Maoris were astonished at our
discovery, and they gladly furnished us
with fresh horses to get to the nearest
stage line.

We had provided clothing for our
nearly naked companions, and a barber
at the geyers had made them more pre-
sentable.

It was now Christmas day when we
reached Auckland, and to two men at
least it was the happiest Christmas day
in all world.

Mr. Baldwin soon regained his health.
He and his son—the latter now married
—are living in California, and never a
Christmas day passes that I am not asked
to visit them and celebrate the meet-
ing in New Zealand.

LEON EDWARDS.

CHRISTMAS MESSAGES.

Thoughts From Well Known
Lights of the Literary World.

PERTINENT HOLIDAY MESSAGES.

Fresh Sentiments Never Before Photo-
graphed—They Embrace Things Clever,
Things Re-insistent and Things Sad and
Humorous—The Holiday Spirit Various-
ly Reflected.

(Copyright, 1896.)

"Real people never seem as Christ-
mas as they do in books," said a lit-
tle tot to the other day. Nor do they. Our
"peace on earth, good will to men," de-
pends much upon the passing mood,
however—yesterday's a dinner, the sky
overhead, the street down below, a broken
shoe-string and other petty things that
so shape everyday life. Following will
be found how Christmas strikes certain
well known literary people. Tomorrow
it may seem somewhat different, for
they had not caught the reflection of the
good cheer when they courteously re-
plied to my query.

Interesting holiday messages have
come to me from well known members
of the literary craft. Send me, I said,
exclusively for this holiday occasion and
this article a few words that you have
never embodied in print before. And I
received the happy responses which are
given below with a few explanatory
sentences of my own. Junius Henri
Browne writes the following:

Christmas has a holy day and holiday
many tender and joyous anticipations. With-
er what it commemorates, be fact or fiction it
has great human interest. It should be re-
membered and observed, if for no other rea-
son, for the rare happiness it has afforded
children and will afford them for untold
centuries to come. JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

Mr. Browne's number on the holiday
programme identifies him as one of the
delightfully old fashioned people who
do not believe in helping children to
grow old any more than any of us like
the autumn leaves to fall too early or
the cold to Lill the bloom.

The following quaint dialect poem,
fresh to print, is reproduced by permis-
sion from the scrapbook of the late Miss
McClelland. It was written a few years
before her death and is illustrative of
an old negro who had literary aspira-



MURAT HALSTEAD.

hions and printed his efforts through the
aid of a "commodation" editor. Feeling
himself "gittin' mos' too stiff" and
probably near his last hours of useful-
ness one Christmas, he writes a poem
of greeting and farewell to his publisher
and readers:

UNCLE IKE'S CRISMAS GREETIN AND
FAREWELL.
You bin mighty 'sderate, maw'r, to ole Ike
for dis long while,
Although his 'nimations very likely made
you smile.

An I wanted for to thank you for de 'com-
modation way
You is printed in de paper what dis darkey had
to say.

So as Crismas times is comin long I thought
dat I would lemme pull my f'olock, sar, an
make my bes'et bow.

An wish de "Merry Crismas" both to you
an all de f'olks.
Dat is listened to my talkin an is larfed at all
my jokes.

An express my yearnest 'sire (ef you'll lemme
be so bold)
Dat ole "Santus" 'll fill your stockin's jus' as
full as dey kin hold.

An fetch de fattest turkeys an de biggest
piece of chine.
Wid all de udder goodies dat is floatin froo
your mine.

De candy for de chil'en, an de dry goods for
de wife,
An all de odder blessin's dat is 'tendin on dis
life.

I've a writin of my greetin kase I've gittin
mos' too stiff
For to slip aroun an see you all an ketch your
Crismas gif!

An I hope you won't forgit me, now de time is
comin to part.
Kase de 'ol' de nigger loves you from de bot-
tom of his heart.

So dat now he's gwine to leave you, sar, de
tears is in his eye.
An his throat feels mighty choky 'bout de
wishin you goodby.

MISS MCCLELLAND will be remembered
as a writer of dialect stories. Her novels
had all the freshness and breeze of that
special life her vein encompassed and
were very popular and salable. Her
sad death from consumption, in the
midst of summer, success and cherished
plans, was a shock to her many friends.
She was one of the charming type of
southerners noted for the refined essence
of courtesy, and the doors of the Vir-
ginian home she loved so well stood al-
ways open.

Edith M. Thomas, one of the best

known and cleverest writers of ma-
gazine poetry, puts in this plea for the
mistletoe at my request:

HOLLY AND MISTLETOE.
Said the holly to the mistletoe:
"Of our hobble what canst thou know,
Thou a pagan, thou
Of the leafless holly?"
Mistletoe a tremulous vow
My leaves are green, my scarlet berries
shine
At thought of things divine!"

To the holly spoke the mistletoe:
"This of our holiday do know—
Mistletoe, I am a leafless bough,
And human love, I deem, may give some
sign
Of share in things divine!"
EDITH M. THOMAS.

Murat Halstead has sent the follow-
ing:

It would be a privation and pity to do with-
out Christmas if for no other reason than be-
cause the day has more poetry and love in



ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

It than any other. But it seems to me one
ought not only to eat turkey with currant
and cranberry jelly on this precious day, but to
eat our native hickory nuts and walnuts and
drink cider; then, if we could, have snow on
the ground and wood fires, and looking into
the fire after dinner, one might see the faces
one saw in youth that long ago faded from this
world. MURAT HALSTEAD.

But without the feast there stalks a
ghost. Mrs. Jennie Jane Cruly, in sad
reflection, writes me:

Christmas was an ideal to me; but, like ev-
erything else, it is now being ground up into
a powder for all sorts of gristmills. I think
even Christ must have ceased to have pleasure
in its recurrence. Yours sincerely,
J. C. CRULY (JENNIE JANE).

Miss Julia Magruder, writing from
the south marshals up thought and
retrospect in the words she has sent:

Now that wise men are able to measure al-
most everything let some computers of forces
tell us to what extent peace and good will
among men are enlarged and extended by the
observance of the three hundred and fifty-
ninth day of the year. Could this estimate be
given us we should perhaps be surprised to
find how much the other 364 days feel the in-
fluence of the Christmas spirit. And so, in 1896,
we should be more ready than ever before to
welcome and to celebrate merry Christmas.
JULIA MAGRUDER.

William H. Hayne, the southern poet,
sends me the following poem:

CHRISTMAS.
The day divine, whose heavenly light
Still floods the ransomed world with light—
That light, supreme and undimmed,
Borne from the cradle of a child.

WILLIAM HAYNE.

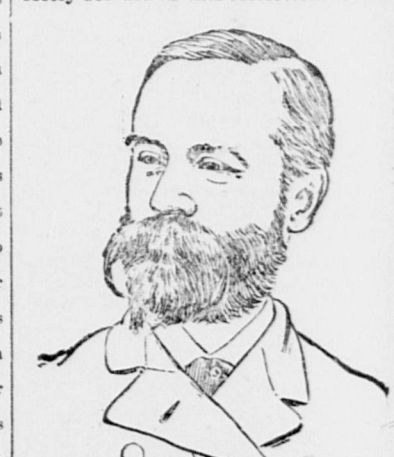
Mr. Hayne's poetry is widely known
for its lightness, purity and grace.
Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop writes
as follows:

If on no other day, yet on this day
Of all the year
May I rejoice in joy not mine, I pray,
To some heart dear.

Living in life not mine most eagerly,
Since Christ, for love of others, came to die
For me.

From the famous daughter of
Nathaniel Hawthorne is no empty text.
It was dated from the scene of her active
charity in New York City. Mrs. Lathrop
is building for herself a more lasting
pillar than mere literary fame—a monu-
ment in the house not made with
hands.

Clinton Scollard's reply to my re-
quest comes to my hand, like the others,
as a fresh effort of the author's pen—
solely for use in this collection. Clinton



GEORGE W. CABLE.

Scollard needs no introduction. His own
poetry and his lectures on modern Eng-
lish and American poetry have made
his name a familiar and pleasant one.
This is the poem he sent me:

FOR CHRISTMAS MORNING.
Oh, wear for garment mirth
Upon the soul
As all the fields of earth
Wear one white cover!

A dream of things long gone
Let sorrow be!
Turn thou thine eyes on dawn,
Thy heart on glad!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.
George W. Cable writes me from
Northampton, Mass., and I make his
the parting message on the page of
Christmas offering:

May Christmas bring us all rightfully
the merit of conquerors and the new year
find us strong for fresh conquest.
G. W. CABLE.

Voice this message, for it is ap-
propriate and acceptable. It erases the
duller shades in the make up of holidays.
At the birth of Christ a railroad was
laid and an engine built. The railroad
is civilization; the engine, joy. But
like all other railroads, civilization has
side tracks and other engines. Also for
the side tracks and the other engines.
But with Mr. Cable conquerors are not
sad, nor are they side tracked. Forget
then, the sidings! The engine runs on
the main track today.

LILLIAN A. NORRIS.

THE CITY OF BETHLEHEM.

EDISON T

It is a Small and Unattractive Place at
the Present Time.

It is a little city, and it does not
take many people to crowd it; but,
besides being the birthplace of Je-
sus, it is the birthplace of Israel's
great warrior king, David.

Bethlehem today has barely 8,000
inhabitants and in appearance is
not attractive. The streets are too
narrow for vehicles—in fact, there
is but one street in the town wide
enough for carriages, and it is so
very narrow that they cannot pass
each other in it. The streets were
made for foot travelers, donkeys
and camels.

Bethlehem is about five miles
south of Jerusalem. Leaving the
larger city by the Yafa gate, we take
a carriage and ride rapidly over the
fine road built but a few years ago.
The carriage we are in and those we
meet are wretched affairs. The
horses are to be pitied, first, because
they are not well cared for, and, sec-
ond, because their drivers are regu-
larly "jehus" who drive them "furiously"
up hill and down. In less than
an hour we are in the market place
of Bethlehem, in front of the Church
of the Nativity.

Let us suppose we have arrived on
Christmas eve, in time to wander
about and to become acquainted
with the little city.

Of course it has changed in ap-
pearance since the time of the birth
of Christ. It is larger and better
built. Now, as then, the houses are
of stone, and, as cities and customs
change but little in the east, we
may safely infer that modern Beth-
lehem houses are much like those
of 1,900 years ago. Perhaps some
of the old buildings that were in ex-
istence so long ago may still be
standing. Of course the great
Church of the Nativity was not then
erected, nor were any of the large
religious buildings we see. These
are the memorials of a later date,
built in honor of him whose earthly
life began here. One would have to
be unmindful of his surroundings
and very unimaginative not to won-
der what the place was like on that
night the anniversary of which we
are celebrating.

We know that then, as on this
Dec. 24, it was filled with people.
But those people had come for a dif-
ferent purpose. Augustus Caesar,
the master of the then known world,
had issued an imperial decree order-
ing a general registration of all his
subjects. This was for the purpose
of revising or completing the tax
lists. According to Roman law, peo-
ple were to register in their own
cities—that is, the city in which they
lived or to which their village
or town was attached. According to
Jewish methods they would register
by tribes, families and the houses
of their fathers. Joseph and Mary
were Jews and conformed to the
Jewish custom. It was well known
that he and Mary were of the tribe
of Judah and family of David and
that Bethlehem was their ancestral
home. Accordingly they left the
Nazareth home, in the territory of
Zebulun, and came to David's "own
city," in the territory of Judah.

They came down the east bank of
the Jordan, crossed the river at
Jericho and came up among the
Judean hills and valleys till they
reached Bethlehem. It was a long
journey and a wearisome one, and
on arriving a place of rest was the
first thing sought. Evidently they
had no friends living in the place,
or, if they had, their houses were
already filled. It was necessary that
shelter be had and immediately.
In the khan, or inn, there was no
room. So there was nothing to do
but occupy a part of the space pro-
vided for cattle. It was not an un-
usual thing to do and is often done
today in these eastern villages. In
fact, they were about as comfortable
there as in any khan. At a khan one
may procure a cup of coffee and place
to lie down of the floor, but each
guest provides his own bed and cov-
ering. This was all Joseph and
Mary could have

THE CITY OF BETHLEHEM.

It is a Small and Unattractive Place at the Present Time.

It is a little city, and it does not take many people to crowd it; but, besides being the birthplace of Jesus, it is the birthplace of Israel's great warrior king, David.

Bethlehem today has barely 8,000 inhabitants and in appearance is not attractive. The streets are too narrow for vehicles—in fact, there is but one street in the town wide enough for carriages, and it is so very narrow that they cannot pass each other in it. The streets were made for foot travelers, donkeys and camels.

Bethlehem is about five miles south of Jerusalem. Leaving the larger city by the Yafa gate, we take a carriage and ride rapidly over the fine road built but a few years ago. The carriage we are in and those we meet are wretched affairs. The horses are to be pitied, first, because they are not well cared for, and, second, because their drivers are regular jehus who drive them "furiously" up hill and down. In less than an hour we are in the market place of Bethlehem, in front of the Church of the Nativity.

Let us suppose we have arrived on Christmas eve, in time to wander about and to become acquainted with the little city.

Of course it has changed in appearance since the time of the birth of Christ. It is larger and better built. Now, as then, the houses are of stone, and, as cities and customs change but little in the east, we may safely infer that modern Bethlehem houses are much like those of 1,900 years ago. Perhaps some of the old buildings that were in existence so long ago may still be standing. Of course the great Church of the Nativity was not then erected, nor were any of the large religious buildings we see. These are the memorials of a later date, built in honor of him whose earthly life began here. One would have to be unmindful of his surroundings and very unimaginative not to wonder what the place was like on that night the anniversary of which we are celebrating.

We know that then, as on this Dec. 24, it was filled with people. But those people had come for a different purpose. Augustus Caesar, the master of the then known world, had issued an imperial decree ordering a general registration of all his subjects. This was for the purpose of revising or completing the tax lists. According to Roman law, people were to register in their own cities—that is, the city in which they lived or to which their village or town was attached. According to Jewish methods, they would register by tribes, families and the houses of their fathers. Joseph and Mary were Jews and conformed to the Jewish custom. It was well known that he and Mary were of the tribe of Judah and family of David and that Bethlehem was their ancestral home. Accordingly they left the Nazareth home, in the territory of Zebulun, and came to David's "own city," in the territory of Judah.

They came down the east bank of the Jordan, crossed the river at Jericho and came up among the Judean hills and valleys till they reached Bethlehem. It was a long journey and a wearisome one, and on arriving a place of rest was the first thing sought. Evidently they had no friends living in the place, or, if they had, their houses were already filled. It was necessary that shelter be had and immediately. In the khan, or inn, there was no room. So there was nothing to do but occupy a part of the space provided for cattle. It was not an unusual thing to do and is often done today in these eastern villages. In fact, they were about as comfortable there as in any khan. At a khan one may procure a cup of coffee and place to lie down on the floor, but each guest provides his own bed and covering. This was all Joseph and Mary could have obtained in the inn had there been room for them. And here in Bethlehem, in a stable, or a cave used for stabling animals, Jesus was born, and Mary "wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger."—Edwin S. Wallace in St. Nicholas.

An Anecdote of the Queen. Queen Victoria, when a girl, was passionately fond of climbing walls and trees. One day at Malvern she climbed a tall apple tree and was unable to get down. A young man named Davis, a gardener, was attracted by her cries, got a ladder and brought her safely down. Deeply grateful, she opened her purse and presented him with a guinea. Davis framed it, and ever since has been proud to tell the tale and show the piece of gold which the queen gave him so many years ago.—New York Tribune.

Must Be Devoted. Clara—Do you think he's fond of her? Ethel—It looks like it. He cleaned her bicycle yesterday. —London Quiver.

For Christmas Morning. Oh, wear for garment mirth Upon the soul As all the fields of earth Wear one white stole! A dream of things long gone Let sorrow be! Turn then thy eyes on down, Thy heart on glow!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

George W. Cable writes me from Northampton, Mass., and I make his parting message on the page of Christmas offering: May Christmas bring us all rightfully the movement of conquerors and the new year find us strong for fresh conquests.

G. W. CABLE.

Voice this message, for it is appropriate and acceptable. It crases the duller shades in the make up of holidays. At the birth of Christ a railroad was laid and an engine built. The railroad is civilization; the engine, joy. But, like all other railroads, civilization has side tracks and other engines. Alas for the side tracks and the other engines. But with Mr. Cable conquerors are not sad, nor are they side tracked. Forget, then, the sidings! The engine runs on the main track today.

LILLIAN A. NORTE.

EDISON THE DREAMER.

How He Got Rid of Some Telegraphic Drudgery.

Some one had referred to Edison as Victor Hugo when he made his appearance as an operator in our telegraph office in Boston, and it was by that name we generally spoke of him. Every device was employed to thwart his soarings after the infinite and his divings for the unfathomable, as we regarded them, and to get an amount of work out of him that was equivalent to the sum paid per diem for his services, and among them was that of having him receive the press report from New York. He did not like this, the work continuing steadily from 6:30 p. m. until 2 a. m., and leaving him no time in which to pursue his studies.

One night about 8 p. m. there came down an inquiry as to where the press report was, and, on going to the desk where Edison was at the time, Night Manager Leighton was horrified to find that there was nothing ready to go up stairs, for the reason that Edison had copied between 1,500 and 2,000 words of stock and other market reports in a hand so small that he had only filled a third of a page.

Leighton laughed in spite of himself, and saying: "Heavens, Tom. Don't do that again!" hastened to cut the copy up into minute fragments and have it prepared in a more acceptable manner.

While this was occurring Edison went on receiving, and the frequent trips of the noisy dummy box, which communicated with the pressrooms on the next floor, gave evidence that he was no longer gauging his handwriting with an ultimate view to putting the Lord's prayer on a 3 cent piece.

But all at once there was a great noise, and it was evident that Press Agent Wallace, a most profane man, was coming down the stairs, swearing and shouting as he came. Everybody grew excited except Edison, who was perhaps dreaming of the possibilities in some of the realms of electrical endeavor in which he has since won renown.

But we did not have long to wait to know the cause of Wallace's visit. Kicking open the door, he appeared to us, but he was speechless. The last note of his voice and the last remnant of a vocabulary of blasphemy which was famous throughout the city was gone. Standing there with both hands full of small, white pages of paper, he could only beckon. Leighton approached him and tenderly took the sheets of paper from him, to find that Edison had made the radical change from his first style of copy to simply putting one word on each sheet, directly in the center. He had furnished in this way several hundred pages in a very few minutes.

He was relieved from duty on the press wire and put on another circuit, while the much tried Leighton devoted himself to bringing Wallace back to a normal condition, admitting of the use of his voice and the flow of his usual output of profanity.—Walter J. Phillips in Electrical Review.

Dainty Dining. America, France and England have tacitly copied the Russian style of serving dinner, where none of the viands are in evidence, but are passed by the footman. The palates of the epicures of the present day are sated with variety and need coaxing. It is an axiom of the bon vivant that each dish should be a surprise, and he disdains the homely style of serving, where everything was put on the table at once and the diner's eye roved critically over the dishes provided for his delectation.

In some of the ultra fashionable houses the guests remove to another room to partake of the dessert, leaving the fumes of meat behind. Aesthetics could do no more, and every sense is satisfied; the palate is tickled with the dainty viands, the sense of touch by contact with the satiny softness of the damask, sight and smell with the odor and beauty of the flowers and hearing by the distant strains of softest music from a hidden orchestra.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Plumes Were Barred. "Nonie," said the captain of the ark to Mrs. Noah, "you may be the wife of the boss of this boat, but that doesn't give you poop deck privileges. Understand, once for all, that these two ostriches are now the only specimens on the waters over the earth, and I will not have you spoil them by plucking their tail feathers to rig up any old bonnet."—Pittsburg News.

A Wasp's Nest. One kind of wasp found in Brazil and Guiana makes its nest of a brilliant white pasteboard, suspending it from the highest branches of the trees so as to escape the attention of the monkeys, which in those regions have a troublesome habit of investigating everything, even a hornet's nest.

A Success.

Minnie—When that odious masher tried to smile at me, I just looked daggers at him.

Mamie—Was it a success? Minnie—I think so. I heard him whisper to the other odious wretch who was with him that he was "stuck on that girl's looks."—Indianapolis Journal.

ROMANCE OF A PICTURE.

Meissonier's Favorite Painting Rescued From a German.

William A. Coffin in a paper entitled "Souvenirs of a Veteran Collector" in The Century describes the unique art treasures of Mr. Samuel P. Avery of New York. Mr. Coffin relates the following story of one of Meissonier's most famous paintings:

The picture shows Marshal Saxe, with a body of troops, interrogating a peasant at a crossroads in the forest and taking notes. In 1880 Mr. William H. Vanderbilt was sitting to Meissonier for his portrait, and Mr. Avery and Mr. Lucas were invited by the artist to come to his studio during the sittings, as Mr. Vanderbilt did not speak French. One day Mr. Vanderbilt asked, "What picture does M. Meissonier think is the best he ever painted?" Meissonier, replying through Mr. Lucas, spoke of the one, the celebrated "1814" and "Le Renseignement." The latter picture, he said, with a sigh and a deeply felt "heh," was in Germany, in the hands of the enemies of France.

It had been painted for the exposition of 1867 and was bought by M. Petit, who asked 50,000 francs for it. Mr. Walters had offered 40,000 francs, but a German banker in Paris, M. Mayer, paid the price and got the picture. He was a well known collector, and his family home was in Dresden. When the war of 1870 broke out, M. Mayer left Paris and took the picture with him. Mr. Avery had seen his gallery every time he went to Dresden, and knew the picture.

The conversation in the studio continued, and Avery and Lucas agreed that "Le Renseignement" was indeed a wonderful canvas. Petit had tried to buy it back, but could not get it. It was thought it would be impossible to get Mayer to sell it, but Avery, authorized by Mr. Vanderbilt, resolved to try. He did not wish to make a trip to Dresden at the time, so he wrote to Mayer that a friend of his wanted the picture, but not as a matter of business. It was not to buy to sell again. The banker replied that he had often been importuned to sell the picture, but had invariably refused. Yet, now that he felt himself growing old—he had then reached the age of 80—and that as after his death his family might not care to keep it, he would take a certain price for it. He added that he might change his mind overnight, for he found it hard to decide to sell. Avery lost no time in telegraphing, and the next day received the canvas by parcels post. The marvelous picture was actually in his room in the hotel! A draft on London was sent to Dresden at once, and the deed was done.

Mr. Vanderbilt and his two fellow conspirators now set about arranging a surprise for Meissonier. The next day was to be the last sitting for the portrait, and when they arrived at the studio one of them carried a parcel, which was placed in a safe corner. The sitting proceeded, and at last Meissonier said the portrait was finished. There was not another touch to be added. "Now you may see me sign," he announced, and the act was accomplished with a due observance on the part of the company of the importance of the moment.

The artist then went into another room to put the little portrait in a frame he had ready for it. "Le Renseignement" was quickly taken from the corner, set in a frame on the easel, and the three men stood by to see what Meissonier would do. "When he came in and suddenly saw the picture," says Mr. Avery, "he almost went crazy in his joy. He got down on his knees before it, so that he could look at it closely, and cried out, 'Oh, mon bon tableau; oh, mon bon tableau!' and with difficulty found words to express his delight. He loved his picture that he never expected to see again, and his heart was full."

In the Same Boat. A student at Williamstown college had been married a short time previous to entering the college and was led to fear that this fact might debar him from enjoying some of the privileges of the institution. Accordingly, he called to see President Hopkins. After some conversation the young man at last managed to stammer, with a crimson face, apropos of something entirely irrelevant, "I—I am a married man!" "Ah," said President Hopkins, smiling at him with great benignity, "so am I." And there the student's trouble ended.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Success.

Minnie—When that odious masher tried to smile at me, I just looked daggers at him.

Mamie—Was it a success? Minnie—I think so. I heard him whisper to the other odious wretch who was with him that he was "stuck on that girl's looks."—Indianapolis Journal.

C. PATCH & SON.

Local pride and the desire to encourage your local dealer should prompt every one to trade in Quincy. When this consideration is backed with honorable dealing and low prices, the obligation is doubly binding. The old-established firm of C. Patch & Son propose to deal honestly with all, and in return respectfully ask for a share of patronage.

Patch's Prices:

Franklin Coal,	-	-	\$7.00
Red Ash Egg,	-	-	6.50
Red Ash Stove,	-	-	6.75
Red Ash Nut,	-	-	6.75
Shamokin Egg and Stove,	-	-	6.25
White Ash Broken,	-	-	5.50
White Ash Egg,	-	-	5.75
White Ash Stove,	-	-	6.00
Lehigh Broken,	-	-	5.75
Lehigh Egg,	-	-	6.00
Lehigh Stove,	-	-	6.25
Webster Nut,	-	-	7.00

C. PATCH & SON

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Office and Wharves at Quincy Point. Branch Office at Crane's, Chestnut Street. Telephone.

LIS'NIN F'R THE DINNER HORN.

Wut I like best, sure's yer born, Forenoons w'en it's hot, Is lis'nin f'r the dinner horn In the madder lot, 'Tis a brook 't pur like this'n An its pebbly bed 't glisten, In the shade 't set an listen Forenoons w'en it's hot.

Dad he sot me hooin corn, Good! Them weeds is high! More fun lis'nin f'r that horn, Lookin at the sky, Sprawl on my back an notin How them fleecy clouds is floatin On the sea o' air, denotin Weather that is hot.

Days like this I a'mos wish I'd swim the air, Is a bird 't be a dash 'Tis that feather there Not to see the brook, but fin it, Git the sunshine cooled each minit, Wash my scaly sides right in it, Forenoons w'en it's hot.

Kind o' like 't be a weed, Bowin 't the breeze— Alder bush 'r cattail reed 'Tis a carnal flower like these, Jes 't be alive an growin, Fanned by summer win's a-blowin, Were nobody comes a-hooin Forenoons w'en it's hot.

Shucks! There goes the dinner horn! Hear it? "Whoose too whoose!" (Ma she thinks I'm in the corn.) Wish it hadn't blew, Hate 't go, but s'pose I'd order Hate 't leave the shade an worter; Seem plum crazy 'bout 'em sorter, Forenoons w'en it's hot.

—J. L. Heston in "The Quilting Bee."

Curious Customs of Oregon Coons.

A California correspondent of Forest and Stream tells about "trooping coons" on the Columbia river. The coons gather in troops of from 3 to 25 or more after a night's playing and feeding, and make their way over a well worn trail to the home tree or cavern, the females leading and the males following, clawing one another for first place. The skilled troop hunter follows the trail of a single coon till he comes to the main trail. To follow a single coon requires the keenest of eyes and a wide knowledge of the habits of the animals, since frequently even a skillful tracker loses the train for rods at a stretch. To get before a big troop of coons is a difficult matter, requiring luck added to woodcraft.

Once the hunter gets before the troop he waits till the beasts come within good range, when he fires his rifle. Thereupon the females turn and go rushing back on their trail, scrambling over the males in a way that astonishes them and makes them blink. The males take to the branches of nearby trees. Then the hunter shoots all he can see one by one. Three men have in that way

bagged as many as 25 coons on a hunt, it is said.

On bright moonlight nights the coons may sometimes be shot from a boat. They are very fond of frogs, and come along the river bank in their search for them, as well as for mussels and other water delicacies. Their presence is betrayed by the waves they make, but as muskrats make similar waves a strong jack light is often useful.

How the Katydid Sings.

Everybody is familiar with the rasping notes known as the katydid's "song." It is the male only that is capable of emitting the well known sounds, and he does it in a most peculiar manner. His "vocal organs" are at the base of his wings and consist of two flat excrescences of thin, dry membrane. It is the rubbing of these two membranous plates together which produces the "song." If your shoulder blades were so loosely put together that one could be slipped under the other, and the underside of one and the upper side of the other were so rough that the operation of slipping them past each other would cause a rasping sound, you could imitate the katydid's musical efforts very nicely.—St. Louis Republic.

Cravat.

The cravat was once the name of a great military nation, the Croats, or Cravates, of the Balkans. It was their fashion to wrap large shawls or pieces of cloth around their necks and shoulders. About the middle of the reign of Louis XIV he uniformed several regiments in the Croat fashion, with huge shawls about their necks. The fashion took, and the shawl diminished in size to the slight strip of cloth we still have with us.

The earl's crown is a velvet cap with border of ermine and golden circlet. Its eight points bear pearls rising somewhat above the cap and there are eight strawberry leaves between the points.

The pain produced by a hornet's sting is caused by a poison injected into the wound and so instantaneous in its effect as to cause the attack of this insect to resemble a violent blow in the face.

A gram of the metric system is equal to 15½ grains of common measure.

A Scotch clergyman named Fraser claimed the title and estates of Lord Lovat. He tried, on the trial of the case, to establish his pedigree by producing an ancestral watch on which were engraved the letters S. F.

The claimant alleged that these letters were the initials of his ancestor, the notorious Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, beheaded in 1747 for supporting the young pretender. The letters, engraved under the regulator, were shown to stand for "Slow, Fast," and the case was laughed out of court.—Youth's Companion.

Improvement.

"Is it a fact," asked the cynic one day, "that you improve each shining minute?" "Yes," answered the busy little bee modestly. "How long have you been doing that?" "Always."

"Well, you ought to be having a better time than you seem to have, if that is the case."—Detroit Tribune.

A Fatality.

"What has become of your backer?" asked the idle person of Barnes Turner.

"I guess I worked him too hard," replied that eminent tragedian. "I killed the goose by pulling his golden leg, as the proverb goes."—Indianapolis Journal.

Saturday Washday.

Every Saturday at certain back yards in the city the family wash may be seen hanging out to dry. The practice of observing Saturday as washday is due to the old fashioned and peculiar method of reasoning of some housekeepers. "You see," says one of them, "if the washing is done on Saturday then the ironing can be done on Monday, and the whole thing is out of the way early in the week."—New York Times.

In the country districts of southern England the present of a bachelor's button to an unmarried man is a strong hint that he ought to change his condition as soon as possible.

To travel from New York to Dover involves the crossing of 3,160 knots of ocean.

THE MONITOR ADS. PAY.

The Quincy Monitor.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

By the St. John's C. L. and A. A.

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DECEMBER, 1896.

Merry Christmas!

Let the dead past bury its dead!

The man of the people seems to be "O'er the feller."

We modestly lay claim to the honor of having fired the first gun in the late campaign. We will admit however, that we were reinforced in splendid style, and then the firing became most effective and damaging to the other side.

Mr. Johnson must certainly be wiser by this time concerning the ownership of THE MONITOR. The question was never a mooted one, and the gentleman must feel by this time that it spoke for more than an individual and with considerable emphasis, too!

Mr. Adams has again received an emphatic earnest of the honest will of the people of Quincy. He must surely appreciate the unique testimonial paid him in the majority of the wards of his native city, and he must be keenly alive to the fact that this esteem is now in his own keeping, for his best use and disposal. Mr. Adams, true to the spirit that dominated the Adamses of old is necessarily an ambitious and industrious man. The latest demonstration in his favor gives him good reason to hope for further political preferment and honor, and if that be his hope, and nothing at this time portends to darken it, he may look forward to the time when he will answer to call of a name that was once the proudest in the House of Congress. He is most fortunately situated to further, without offence to anyone, his chances for the distinction accorded his great grandfather, the "old man eloquent." Mr. Adams can without regret give his services to a more exalted station, and though his hereditary prudence, might interpose, we believe that there is enough magnanimity in the Adams nature, to sweep aside the consideration of pecuniary loss and to bow to the verdict of the popular will. All citizens of Quincy are willing to allow the gentleman to work out his own political future, without advice or hindrance, but hope at the same time that he will do nothing to obscure the brightness of the present.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer One Hundred Dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO.,
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Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Perfumes that will please you, Cut Glass Bottles and Fancy Boxes all Prices.—A. G. Durgin's Drug Store.

Delicious Hot Chocolate with Whipped Cream 5 cents, at Durgin's Drug Store.

Durgin's Amber Lotion for Chapped hands. Samples free at Durgin's Drug Store.

Suggestions for Christmas

will be found in the advertisements in this issue of THE MONITOR. Patronize these dealers liberally!

NEWMAN'S INFLUENCE.

It is a gladdening fact that the influence exerted by the life and writings of Cardinal Newman has not diminished in the least since his lamented death six years ago, says the *Ave Maria*. If anything, it is rather on the increase. Interest in the subject of Papal supremacy roused by the question of Anglican orders, now happily settled by the Pope's authoritative letter, will probably lead many persons to seek for light and guidance in the works of the great English convert. Papal infallibility is now recognized as the test question by our separated brethren. If the Pope be not the viceregent of Christ on earth, entrusted with the right to teach in His name, then to whom shall we go for the words of eternal life? It was the unmistakable evidence of the great power of the Pope in the early ages of the church that first opened the eyes of Newman to see that the English church was in schism.

The whole world recognizes John Henry Newman as the leader of the of the great religious movement which began at Oxford. His spiritual perception, the mysterious influence which he gained, the veneration which he inspired, were unique. He was sent by God like the Baptist; and his mission was a similar one—to prepare the way of the Lord and make straight the path of salvation. As time goes on, the world will think of Newman more and more as a great father of souls. No man of the century has influenced religious thought to the extent that he has done. And what is true of Newman's personality is true also of his writings. As no individual of our time has exerted a greater sway over the general mind than he did, so no books that have appeared in our century have so fascinated the reading public as his. "Many voices of powerful teachers have been heard, but none that ever penetrated the soul like Newman's."

It has been well said of the great English cardinal that it seems as if he had been destined to sound to its depths every reason for staying where he was; that no one who came after him might be able to say that he had discovered a reason for remaining which was not at some time or other present to Newman's mind. It is a blessed thing that his mental struggles have been so fully revealed. We know the trials of his mind, and can follow his steps better than those of any other convert, from the time when he began to study the history of the fourth and fifth centuries—by which the real character of the church is especially to be determined—until, in 1844, he put these stern questions to himself: "Can I be saved in the English church? Am I in safety were I to die tonight?"

The chasm which had separated Cardinal Newman from the green pastures watered by the river of life, he bridged over for himself and for all who have the courage to follow his leadership. He has taught the great lesson that the way to God begins in humility and the prayerfulness; and that progress in it—steadfastness, too—can only be by prayer and constantly repeated acts of fidelity to grace. It can not be doubted that the more the life and writings of Cardinal Newman are studied, the more conversions to the church will be multiplied. It is a blessed thing indeed that an influence so precious as his should have suffered no diminution. We have good reasons for thinking that the power of his books on this side of the Atlantic will never greater than at the present time.

Prescriptions formerly prepared at J. S. Whall's or F. A. Reed's can be filled at Durgin's Drug store.

We prepare your prescriptions promptly because we choose the stock. A. G. Durgin, Druggist.

Fancy Perfume Atomizers in great variety and prices. A. G. Durgin's drug store.

Confectionery as you want it, any form, bulk or fancy boxes. Popular Prices. Durgin's Drug store.

—Every ton of Atlantic water, when evaporated, yields 81 pounds of salt; a ton of Pacific water, 79 pounds; Arctic and Antarctic waters yield 85 pounds to the ton, and Dead sea water 186 pounds.

MARRIED.

GREEN—WELSH—In Quincy, Dec. 9, by Rev. F. A. Cunningham, Mr. Stillman J. Green of Wakefield to Miss Catherine G. Welsh of Quincy.

DIED.

McISAAC—In Quincy, Dec. 11, Mrs. Bridget A., wife of Mr. Cornelius V. McIsaac, aged 51 years, 2 months and 4 days.
MORAN—In Quincy, Dec. 11, Mr. Daniel MORAN, aged about 31 years.
MAGUIRE—In Quincy, Dec. 12, Charles J., son of Mr. Patrick J. and Mrs. Mary Maguire, aged 3 months and 10 days.
DUGGAN—In Quincy, Dec. 9, Mrs. Mary wife of Mr. James Duggan, aged 51 years.
SCHAEZL—In Quincy, Dec. 8, Mrs. Theresa, wife of Mr. John Schaezel, aged 69 years, 8 months and 14 days.

DRAFTS on IRELAND.

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PERSONAL—IMPERSONAL.

Rev. F. A. Cunningham has presented to the Quincy High school "History for Ready Reference" in five handsome volumes. Such gifts are prized.

A reliable Hot Water Bottle makes a useful Christmas Present. A. G. Durgin, Druggist has them and warrants them for 3 years.

A reliable Hot Water Bottle makes a useful Christmas Present. A. G. Durgin, Druggist has them and warrants them for 3 years.

Many members of the local Knights of Columbus went to Stoughton on Sunday, December 13, to assist in the institution of a council in that place.

A most delightful whist party was given by Miss Ellenor Roche at her home on Franklin street on Tuesday evening. The first prize was won by Miss Julia Duffy and the booby prize was awarded to Mr. Henry McNally. Ices were served after the play.

Joseph W. McGrath of this city has been appointed to a cadetship in the engineer's corps of the International line steamship New York, plying between New York and Southampton, England.

Dr. Hylande MacGrath of 96 Fifth avenue, New York city, widely known in the United States as the author and editor of numerous works on American biography and history, was the guest of his sister, Mrs. John D. Mahoney, of West Quincy, during Thanksgiving week.

Mr. John F. Foley, a well-known young man of this city, and Miss Mary Sutton of Rockport, were married on Thanksgiving morning by Rev. Fr. Tobey of Rockport, Miss Mary Flynn was bridesmaid, and Mr. Timothy J. Carey of this city best man. Mr. and Mrs. Foley are occupying their pleasant new home on Whitwell street.

Salted Nuts all kinds. A. G. Durgin's Drug Store.

Violet Lip Lotion always on hand at Durgin's Drug Store.

CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians, No. 12, met in Odd Fellows' hall last Friday night, and elected the following officers:

President—J. F. Sullivan.
Vice President—James Cassidy.
Treasurer—J. F. Gallivan.
Financial Secretary—James Murren.
Recording Secretary—Thomas Ryan.
Chairman Standing Committee—Thomas Slavin.
It was voted to hold their annual ball January 22.

At a regular meeting of the John Boyle O'Reilly club, held Monday evening, Dec. 7th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—James G. Quigley.
Vice President—John T. Savage.
Recording Secretary—Robert Kent.
Financial Secretary—John Henry.
Treasurer—James E. McDonald.
Outside Sentinel—Michael McAuliffe.
Inside Sentinel—Jeremiah Dinneen.
Sergeant at Arms—John Maloney.

Quincy Council, Knights of Columbus, has elected the following officers:

Grand Knight—M. T. Sullivan.
Deputy Grand Knight—R. J. Larkin.
Chancellor—William J. Coleman.
Recording Secretary—T. J. McGrath.
Financial Secretary—T. J. Carey.
Treasurer—William T. Shea.
Warden—James A. White.
Lecturer—Edward J. Parker.
Advocate—Thomas J. Lamb.
Inside Guard—Bernard Cullen.
Outside Guard—Bart. McLane.
Trustees—E. W. O'Connor, P. T. Fitzgerald and Thomas H. McDonnell.
Physician—J. M. Sheahan, M. D.
Chaplain—Rev. F. A. Cunningham.

These officers will be installed in the early part of January by District Deputy McNary.

At a meeting of Division 5, the following officers were elected:

President—Edward Powers.
Vice President—J. P. Flannigan.
Recording Secretary—P. Crimmins.
Financial Secretary—T. M. Murphy.
Treasurer—John Deady.
The remaining officers and committees are to be elected Dec. 23.

Confectionery as you want it, any form, bulk or fancy boxes. Popular Prices. Durgin's Drug store.

MCARTHUR'S DISPLAY

CAN BE SEEN
ON PAGE SEVEN

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

Rumor has it that Canada may get an apostolic delegate in the person of Rev. Father Forbes, a distinguished Jesuite, who was forced to quit France three years ago, who has since resided at Montreal, and has so it is said, been called to Rome. The rumor needs verification, though.

The death of Cardinal Hohenlohe broke up the equality of numbers between the Italian and foreign members of the Sacred College which the prior demise of Cardinal Ruggieri created. The Italian cardinals are now twenty-eight, and all others count but twenty-seven, making the total membership of the college fifty-five, or fifteen short of its full complement. The coming consistory will, it is thought, see the membership increased above sixty.

The Providence Visitor compliments Monsignor Martinielli and lays down a very good and timely rule when it says: "The new apostolic delegate is winning his way into the favor of the Catholics of this country by his silence. The rule of silence, which as a religious he practices, might be followed with advantage very generally in these days of gossiping rumors and busy gossips." What would the seasonal daily press do though, far Catholic "news" if such a salutary practice was generally adopted?

Rev. Dr. Rooker seems to be clear of the charge of having suppressed any of Cardinal Salloli's utterances in the book that contains his eminence's notable addresses while he was apostolic delegate here. Father Slattery, the Josephite missionary, who was instrumental in having this book published, declares that Monsignor Salloli personally furnished him with the material for it, and afterwards corrected the proofs. Hence Dr. Rooker had nothing to do with it, and cannot be charged with having suppressed any of the ex-delegate's addresses.

Fancy Perfumes, Atomizers in great variety and prices. A. G. Durgin's drug store.

Durgin's Headache Powders. "Cure you while you wait."

Whall's Old Colony Preparations for sale by A. G. Durgin, Druggist.

Thermometers, 20 different styles and prices. Don't fail to examine our stock and prices. A. G. Durgin's Drug store.

Prescriptions formerly prepared at J. S. Whall's or F. A. Reed's can be filled at Durgin's Drug store.

We prepare your prescriptions promptly because we choose the stock. A. G. Durgin, Druggist.

Thermometers, 20 different styles and prices. Don't fail to examine our stock and prices. A. G. Durgin's Drug store.

Municipal Notices.

NOTICE.

CITY

—OF—

QUINCY.

Mayor's Office,
Quincy Mass., Dec. 15, 1896.
ALL Persons having bills against the City of Quincy are requested to present same to the various departments on or before December 31, 1896.
All persons owing bills to the City are requested to make a settlement on or before the above date.
Respectfully,
C. F. ADAMS, 2nd, Mayor.
dec15-eodist

NOTICE TO PARENTS.

CITY

OF

QUINCY.

CITY CLERK'S OFFICE, Dec. 14, 1896.

THE Record of births in any city or town is always more or less unsatisfactory, owing to the fact that the canvasser finds difficulty in getting the necessary information. Names and dates are frequently given incorrectly. The importance of accuracy is shown in many cases where there is a question of descent or inheritance of property, or collection of life insurance or pensions. The City Clerk's copy of the record is accepted as conclusive evidence in a court of law. While great pains are taken by this office to have the record correct, experience shows that it is necessary that parents themselves should lend their assistance. In fact the law requires that parents shall give notice to the City Clerk of the birth of their children, and provides a penalty for neglect to give such notice for the space of six months.

It often happens that only children or servants are at home when the canvasser makes his call, and the answers to his questions are open to doubt. I therefore request all parents in whose households a birth has occurred in the year 1896, to place upon a paper or card the required information, and keep it in a convenient place until the canvasser appears.

The canvass will be commenced on Jan. 1, 1897.
HARRISON A. KEITH,
City Clerk.
Dec. 14 to Feb. 1. Dec. 19-7w

RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

Holden, the Jeweler.

Watches
Children's Cups
Plain Rings
Stone Rings
Stick Pins

Tea Sets
Pickle Jars
Forks
Spoons
Razors

BARGAINS

Clocks
Sleeve Buttons
Cake Baskets
Carving Knives
Butter Dishes

Knives
Milking Tubes
Souvenir
Silver and
China

Holden, the Jeweler.

OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE, QUINCY.

BUY CHRISTMAS GOODS

—AT—

Boston Branch Grocery.

Everything to be found in any large city store in our line.

Strictly Pure Broken Candy, 12 cents per pound; 2 1-2 pounds, 25 cents.

Strictly Pure American Mixed, 12 cents per pound; 2 1-2 pounds, 25 cents.

Fancy Chocolate Mixtures, 20 cents to 35 cents per pound.

New Mixed Nuts, 13 cents per pound; 2 pounds, 25 cents.

New Fard and Persian Dates, 10 cents per pound; 3 pounds, 25 cents.

New Layer Figs, 12, 15 and 20 cents per pound.

Loose Muscatel and Table Raisins.

Citron, Prunes, Candied Orange and Lemon Peel.

Messina and Jamaica Oranges and Lemons.

New England Peanut Taffy, 15 cents per pound; 2 pounds, 25 cents; 10 pounds, \$1.00.

Raspberry and Strawberry Preserves. Strictly Pure Spices.

NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS.

J. F. MERRILL,

DURGIN & MERRILL'S BLOCK, QUINCY.

BE WISE

in the selection of your

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

Make gifts that are of real value, and of utility as well. They are much more esteemed.

Visit our store and you will find just what you want.

For the Children.

Suits, Overcoats, Reefers, Caps, Sweaters, Neckties, Stockings, Gloves and Mittens.

Gentlemen's Furnishings.

We are showing the largest line of Gents' Neckwear in the city in Puffs, Ties, Four-in-hands, Bows and String Ties. 25 and 50 cents. Initial Handkerchiefs, Silks, 15, 20, 25 and 50 cents. Silk Mullers, 50 cents to \$1.50. Gloves of every description. Holiday Suspenders and Fancy Armlets, 25 cents to \$1.00. Special Bargains in Underwear and Hosiery, White and Fancy Shirts, Collars and Cuffs, and we have made the prices right.

Granite Clothing Co.,

Durgin & Merrill's Block, Quincy.

PIANOS TUNED

By FRANK A. LOCKE.

Expert Piano and Organ Tuner and Repairer. 24 years' practical experience. Boston office, Hallet & Davis' Piano Rooms, 179 Tremont Street, near Boylston street. Quincy office at J. O. Holden's Jewelry Store. Squares, \$2.00; Uprights, \$2.50; Grands, \$3.00. All work GUARANTEED. Best of references.

McKinley is elected,
And Bryan had to lose;
But don't forget our store.
When you need a pair of shoes.

Our prices cannot be equalled in Quincy.

All kinds of Footwear for Men, Women and Children at

Tirrell's Block. JAMES O'DONOVAN, 94 Hancock St. 94

RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.



He's a Jolly Good Fellow.

Santa Claus, of course. That he's warmly clothed. A woman a becoming holiday smile clad, snivery body. Let us fix you up in snug to wear at prices lower than

D. E. WADSWORTH

Hancock Street, - Quincy.

Largest Dry Goods Store between Boston and Brockton. Branch

A full line of Aton at the Phenix Pharmacy corner School and E streets.

RELIABLE



MR. SANTA CLAUS.

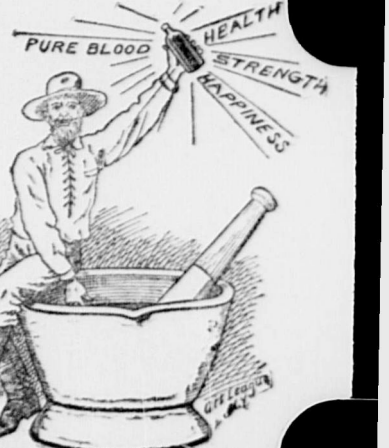
RELIABLE

All Roads Lead to Williams' Jewels (LARGEST IN QUINCY.)

For years we have carried the largest stock of WATCHES. This special pains to have a complete assortment. GOLD FILLED WATCHES for young ladies, fitted with movement, from \$9.00 up. Men's and Boys' LEVER WATCHES from \$5.00 up. LADIES' WATCHES, solid 14 karat gold case, full jeweled movement, no more to be had. MEN'S GOLD FILLED WATCHES from \$10 up. A written guarantee with every watch. No trashy goods at any price or REFUND THE MONEY. Engraving done while you wait, if necessary.

WILLIAMS, the Leading Jeweler

104 Hancock Street, Quincy.



Health and Happiness

The condition of the mind depends on the condition of the body, and the latter depends on the kind and amount of medicines used.

Medical skill has provided a remedy for all ailments and we can supply those remedies at the lowest prices.

The hundreds of Proprietary Articles advertised are here at (less than) market prices.

Pure Drugs of Every Description

TOILET ARTICLES AND PERFUMERY.

L. J. PASTOR,

27 School Street, Quincy.

BLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

the Jeweler.

Tea Sets
Cups
Pickle Jars
Forks
Rings
Spoons
Black Pins
Razors

GAINS

Knives
Buttons
Milking Tubes
Souvenir
Silver and
China

the Jeweler.

THE POST OFFICE, QUINCY.

CHRISTMAS GOODDS

Branch Grocery.

Broken Candy, 12 cents per pound; 2 1-2 pounds,

American Mixed, 12 cents per pound; 2 1-2 pounds

Mixtures, 20 cents to 35 cents per pound.

Persian Dates, 10 cents per pound; 3 pounds,

12, 15 and 20 cents per pound.

Candied Orange and Lemon Peel.

Jamaica Oranges and Lemons.

Peanut Taffy, 15 cents per pound; 2 pounds, 25

100.

Strawberry Preserves. Strictly Pure Spices.

TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS.

MERRILL,

IN & MERRILL'S BLOCK, QUINCY.

BE WISE

in the selection of your

STMAS PRESENTS

Children.

Children's Furnishings.

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Children's Furnishings.

He's a Jolly Good Fellow.

Santa Claus, of course. That's because he's warmly clothed. A woman can't grow a becoming holiday smile on a thinly-clad, shivery body.

Let us fix you up in snug-as-a-rug things to wear at prices lower than the tempera-

D. E. WADSWORTH & CO.,

Hancock Street, Quincy.

Largest Dry Goods Store between Boston and Breckton. Branch at East Milton.

A full line of Atomizers at the Phenix Pharmacy, corner School and Franklin streets.

RELIABLE



MR. SANTA CLAUS.

RELIABLE

All Roads Lead to Williams' Jewelry Store.

(LARGEST IN QUINCY.)

For years we have carried the largest stock of WATCHES. This year we have taken special pains to have a complete assortment. GOLD FILLED WATCHES for young ladies, fitted with reliable American lever movement, from \$9.00 up. Men's and Boys' LEVER WATCHES from \$5.00 up. LADIES' WATCHES, solid 14 karat gold case, full jeweled movement, ONLY \$25.00. Early, no more to be had. MEN'S GOLD FILLED WATCHES from \$10 up. A written guarantee with every watch. No trashy goods at any price. We give satisfaction or REFUND THE MONEY. Engraving done while you wait, if necessary.

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Health and Happiness.

The condition of the mind depends on the condition of the body, and the condition of the latter depends on the kind and quality of medicines used.

Medical skill has provided a remedy for all ailments and we can supply those remedies at the lowest prices.

The hundreds of Proprietary Articles advertised are here at (less than) makers' prices.

Pure Drugs of Every Description.

TOILET ARTICLES AND PERFUMERY.

L. J. PASTOR, Ph. C.,

27 School Street, Quincy.

THE INVOCATION OF SAINTS.

One of the curious inconsistencies of Protestantism is its professed belief in the "Communion of saints," and its rejection of the Invocation of saints, of prayers for the dead, and of the honor given by Catholics to saints and angels. For all these practices belong essentially to the Communion of Saints, and without them there would be left almost nothing of that practical charity which the Communion of Saints implies. These Catholic practices are as old as Revealed Religion. The Invocation of Saints—to consider but one of them—is the embodiment of truths which are undeniable. These truths are: First that God is pleased to accept the prayers of one person for another. Second, that He more readily grants the prayers of some than of others. Third, the saints and angels in Heaven know our wants on earth, hear our prayers, and are able and willing to pray for us. This is the Communion of Saints, which is, simply, charity in operation. It is the exercise of that charity which Christ so earnestly preached by word and example; which He urged on us as "His own Commandment;" (John xv., 12) upon which, he declares, depend the whole Law and the prophet, (Matt. xxii., 40), and without which faith and all other virtues would be profitless (1 Cor. xiii., 1-3). The natural impulse of that charity is to make us pray for each other. It is not satisfied with the mere civilities of life; it is not contented with helping our neighbor only in his temporal affairs. True charity seeks out the true interests of others—their eternal welfare. Hence, it reaches out beyond Time into Eternity, urges us to pray for the dead, and impels the angels and saints in Heaven to pray for the members of the Church militant and suffering.

The objection that Christ is the only Mediator is true in only one sense. That He is the only Mediator of Redemption, that there is "no salvation in any other" (Acts iv., 12) is, of course absolutely true. But that there can be no other mediator by intercession through prayer, is not true, and is flatly contradicted by Sacred Scripture. Every one who prays for another, is a mediator between God and the person for whom He prays. Moses claimed to be such when he said to the Israelites: "I was the mediator and stood between the Lord and you" (Deut. v., 5.) God not only permits but commands us to mediate for each other. He told Abimelech that Abraham would pray for him and that he should live. "And when Abraham prayed, God healed Abimelech." (Gen. xx.) In like manner God commanded Eliphaz to seek the mediator of Job: "Go to My servant Job . . . and My servant Job shall pray for you; his face I will accept . . . And the Lord was turned at the penance of Job when he prayed for his friends." (Job. xlii.) He commands all to mediate one for another: "Pray for one another that you may be saved." (Jas. v. 16.) Hence we find St. Paul assuring the Colossians that he prayed for them "always and without ceasing" (Col. i., 3-9.) The same Apostle eagerly sought the prayers of others for himself: "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, through our Lord Jesus Christ, and by the charity of the Holy Ghost, that you help me in your prayers for me to God" (Rom. xv., 30.) Indeed our Lord Himself has commanded us to pray even for our enemies (Math. v., 44.) It is certain, then, that God wishes us to be mediators for one another. But all prayers have value only through the merits of Christ; for which reason the Church concludes all her prayers with the words:—"Through Jesus Christ our Lord."

It is equally certain that God is more willing to grant the prayers of some than of others. We see that in the case of Abraham and Abimelech, and in that of Job and Eliphaz, quoted above. But it will be said that all this proves only that we on earth may and should pray for each other, but does not prove that after death we can continue to do so, nor that the saints in Heaven can either hear us or help us. True but upon these two facts—that God wills us to pray for each other, and that His willingness to grant prayers is influenced by the merits of those who pray—as upon a foundation, rests the doctrine of the Invocation of Saints and angels. To pray for others is an obligation of charity. Does this obligation end at death? No: because charity does not end at death. Other virtues, necessary only in this life, cease with life here. Even Faith and Hope have no place in Heaven. But Charity has its home in Heaven; it is increased and perfected there; and is the very life and happiness of Heaven, for "God is charity; and he that abideth in charity abideth in God, and God in him" (1 John iv., 16.) As the saints in Heaven, therefore, "abide in God," they abide in charity. Hence "Charity never faileth away" (1 Cor. xiii. 8.) The charity of the saints in Heaven,

then, not only continues, but is increased and intensified immeasurably. It urges them more than ever to help us by their prayers. But can they? Yes; for surely God has not increased their charity and lessened their power to exercise it? Are they less powerful now than when they were on earth? Such a supposition would be as unnatural and unreasonable as it is contrary to scripture. Our Lord says: "There shall be joy in Heaven upon one sinner that doth penance." (Luke xv. 7.) This "joy in Heaven" proves the charity of the saints for us on earth; and is also evidence that they know our condition here, our need of penance, and when we do it. With this great charity for us; and with all this knowledge, can it be supposed that they do not pay for us? The only reasonable conclusion to be drawn from these facts is that they still do for us what charity and God's commands urged them to do whilst they were here on earth—they pray for us. If they do not, it must be and can only be, because God forbids them to do so. But the Sacred Scriptures give ample proof of the contrary. They clearly and repeatedly affirm that the saints in Heaven pray for those on earth. The Prophet Zacharias saw and heard an angel praying for Jerusalem and the cities of Judah, (Zach. 1.) Judas Machabeus saw and heard, in a vision, Onias, who had been High Priest on earth, "praying for all the people of the Jews;" and, in the same vision, he saw Jeremiah the Prophet, who, Onias declared to him, "is a lover of his brethren and of the people of Israel," and that he "prayeth much for the people, and for all the holy city." (2 Mach. xv.) When Tobias prayed on earth the angel Raphael offered his prayers to God. (Tobias xii., 12.) The Apostle St. John, also, saw the blessed spirits in Heaven offering the prayers of the saints before the throne of God. (Apoc. v. 8.) Therefore as the blessed in Heaven always do the will of God instead of forbidding them to pray for those on earth. He wills that they do so. Thus nature and reason, charity and Scripture, all affirm, require, and approve the Catholic doctrine of the Invocation of Saints.—J. M'K., in the Catholic News.

A PRAISEWORTHY WORK.

The Children's Health fund is now engaged upon its third winter's work of aiding poor, sickly and neglected children. The Children's Health fund last fall and winter, with the co-operation of the kind friends that donated, aided 468 poor and neglected little ones that were in destitute circumstances.

The organization aims to aid destitute children in their homes, the object being, as far as possible, to keep the families together and thus save the children from becoming dependent upon charity, and by words and encouragement to save them from disgrace and ruin.

Last Christmas a public dinner was given in Commercial hall, Boston, to the little ones; a number, if not for this fund, would have nothing to eat. Five hundred and twenty-six little waifs enjoyed a good turkey dinner; a number were unable to be present, and to these dinners were furnished in their own homes. This Christmas the organization would like to do the same, but cannot unless funds arrive in time.

Any reader wishing to aid these poor little ones on Christmas day will be rewarded if they send any donation of money, food of all kinds, clothing, shoes, etc., to the treasurer, G. W. Averell, 8 Exchange place, Boston, so that the management can give its annual Christmas dinner to the little ones, that they may not go hungry on Christmas.

St. John's Church.

The masses at St. John's church on School street on Christmas day will be at 5, 9 and 10.30. The first and last will be high masses and that at 9, which is for children, a low mass.

The music at 10.30 mass will be Haydn's Sixteenth mass with hymns by Adam and Novello, as follows:

Kyrie	Haydn	Wilcox
Gloria	Haydn	Wilcox
Credo	Haydn	Wilcox
Offertory, Noel	Adam	Wilcox
Sanctus	Haydn	Wilcox
Adagio Fidelis	Novello	Wilcox
At the solemn high vespers at 8 o'clock, the music will be:		
Dixit Dominus	Wilcox	
Confitebor	Wilcox	
Laudate	Wilcox	
Beatus Vir	Wilcox	
Laudate Nomen	Wilcox	
Noel	Adam	
Magnificat	Generali	
Alma Mater Redemptoris	Gounod	
O Salutaris	Mozart	
Tantum Ergo	Mozart	
Benediction	Wilcox	
Laudate	Wilcox	
Adagio Fidelis	Novello	

—The use of rubber tires for carriages is becoming quite popular, as they make carriage riding a positive pleasure, says the Norfolk County Gazette. It also says that John Johnston has made quite a success in putting on the tires this season; the last set was for Mr. Graham's hearse; intimating that his passengers would enjoy the ride.

MRS. MARY McAULIFFE.

Mrs. Mary McAuliffe, widow of the late Robert McAuliffe, died Wednesday morning, December 2, at her home on Bennington street, aged 44 years. Mrs. McAuliffe had been a sufferer for a long time but her sickness was borne with a Christian-like fortitude and resignation to the very end. Four sons and four daughters are left to mourn the loss of a loving mother. The funeral was held from St. John's church Friday, Dec. 4, and was largely attended, friends being present from Gloucester, Cambridge and South Boston. A solemn mass of requiem was celebrated by Rev. Julian E. Johnstone. There was a wealth of beautiful floral tributes which testified louder than words to the esteem in which the deceased was held. Among them were a large standing wreath and sickle marked "Mother" from the family, a wreath from Mr. Eben W. Sheppard, a casket bouquet from Mr. Frank E. Mitchell, and a bouquet from Mrs. Lizzie Donovan. The three brothers and three nephews of the deceased acted as pall bearers. The interment was at St. Mary's cemetery, West Quincy.

MRS. CATHERINE M. FAIRCLOTH.

Mrs. Catherine M. Faircloth, the wife of Mr. John Faircloth of 61 Phipps street, died quite suddenly at her home on Sunday morning, November 15.

In Mrs. Faircloth was contained all the tender qualities that go to make motherhood the bright guiding star o'er life's sea, and her death will be as sincerely mourned as was her presence in life beloved.

Mrs. Faircloth's father and four brothers together with her husband, went forth in the dark days of '61 to battle for the preservation of the Union. Her husband, John Faircloth, was taken prisoner at the battle of Plymouth, North Carolina, on April 20, 1864 and was afterwards imprisoned at Andersonville and Florence. Mrs. Faircloth leaves eight sons and three daughters to mourn her loss as well as the bereaved husband who will sorely miss the faithful watcher who prayed for his safe return from the field of battle.

The funeral was held from St. John's church on Tuesday morning where a solemn mass of requiem was celebrated by Rev. Julian E. Johnstone. There were many beautiful floral tributes, including a floral cross from the men of the Central Fire Station, a pillow from the employees of the Q. & B. St. Ry., a broken column from the members of the Merry Monarch Club and a pillow from the family. At the conclusion of the mass, the remains were escorted to St. Mary's cemetery, West Quincy, where the interment took place.

DANIEL MORAN.

Mr. Daniel Moran, the assistant superintendent of the Quincy and Boston street railway company, died at his home on Adams street, Friday night, December 11, after a three days illness. Mr. Moran was taken sick Tuesday with congestion of the brain, and though everything was done for him, the doctors were unable to stay the progress of the malignant trouble from which he suffered.

Mr. Moran came to America about thirteen years ago, and almost from the moment that he set foot upon American soil he has been known as a most industrious and painstaking man and above all most faithful in the performance of any work intrusted to him. His first employment was with Mr. William Webb, and from there he went into the employ of the Citizens' Gas company. The new enterprise in Quincy, the street railway, started business with "Dan" as an employee, and during all the succeeding years he grew in favor with the management and patrons of the road. Despite his multitudinous cares, his light heart and cheery nature obscured the manifestations of any trouble, and those who were his associates never knew but a moment's dullness in his company. He was a valued employee, and all from the highest to the lowest, bear testimony to the incalculable worth of Daniel Moran.

His funeral was held on Sunday afternoon from his late residence on Adams street and was attended by large delegations from Divisions 4 and 5, A. O. H., and from the street railway. The funeral cortege, as it moved from his residence to St. Mary's was viewed by a large number of people, and many more followed it to the grave.

Many handsome floral pieces were placed upon the casket, among them a cross from the directors of the street railway, a bouquet from Supt. Weeks, a pillow from the motormen and conductors, and many other pieces from relatives and friends.

Mr. Moran leaves a wife and six children, to whom the whole community tenders its sincere sympathy.

Monday morning, December 14, a requiem mass for the repose of his soul was celebrated at St. John's church.

REV. JOSEPH P. CUNNINGHAM.

[From the Baltimore Sun.]

Rev. Joseph P. Cunningham, of Roxbury, Mass., died Tuesday, December 1, at the parochial residence of St. Mary's Catholic church, of Annapolis, Md., after a lingering illness of consumption. Rev. Joseph Cunningham was born in Boston, July 18th, 1858. At an early age he gave signs of vocation to the priesthood, and applied for admission to the Preparatory College of the Redemptorist fathers at that time in Ichester, Howard county, Md. He was admitted and pursued his course with ability and success. After the completion of his preparatory studies, he entered the novitiate of the order at Annapolis, Md., and at the end of a year's probation, he made his vows. Then he was sent to the Redemptorist seminary at Ichester, where he spent six years in the study of philosophy, dogmatic and moral theology, and other sciences necessary for his future work in the ministry. In 1885, he was ordained a priest by his Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, at that time, however, only archbishop.

His first station was at Annapolis. His stay, however, was short, for in August he was made professor in the newly-established college at Saratoga, N. Y. There he spent six years as professor and sub superior. His lively, cheerful character endeared him to all, and he was especially beloved by the students. The latter seemed never to tire being with him, and he never seemed so happy as when he was joining with them in their sports. Excessive hard work, for he was an earnest and diligent student, soon told on a frame that was never robust. To give him some relief, and the benefit of a change of climate, his superior, sent him to St. John, New Brunswick, Canada. There also he won the hearts of the people, and became a general favorite. But there, however, his devotion to duty did not permit him to take the rest he so greatly needed. During the winter an epidemic of la grippe prevailed. One night he was called upon three times to leave his warm room and bed to minister to the sick and dying. The exposure and fatigue consequent on these calls brought on a severe cold, which eventually resulted in his death. A short while after he was called to Boston, Mass., to assist at the death-bed of his beloved mother.

On returning from her funeral, he had his first hemorrhage. Shortly after his return to New Brunswick his trouble increasing, he was ordered South to a warmer, and, it was hoped, a more congenial climate. He came to Annapolis, and it was his home during the three years that yet remained for him to live. Here, also, he made many friends, and here also, as everywhere, the children were especially fond of him. Indeed, not more than two weeks before his death he had himself carried in a chair to see his beloved boys play a game of foot ball. During his stay here, he began to realize that consumption would carry him off. He struggled bravely against it, and brought to his aid all the strength of a determined will. His buoyant spirit still continued and he was as full of life, apparently, as ever. He gradually became weaker, and finally, about two weeks ago, he was confined to his room. He felt that his end was approaching, and began a more immediate preparation for death. The long, hard struggle of years was drawing rapidly to its close. Saturday the doctor bade him to remain in bed. His strength was gone and yesterday he quietly and peacefully breathed his last. His brother, the Rev. Francis A. Cunningham, of Quincy, Mass., had been with him since Sunday. His funeral took place Thursday morning at 10 o'clock.

—The supreme court of Missouri has made the important ruling that a telegraph company is liable for mistakes made by it in the transmission of telegrams. It declares the printed contract, at the head of every telegraphic message blank, providing that the company is not liable for un-repeated message, is invalid.

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"Captain Jack"

will be given by the St. John's society about the middle of January. The play is now under preparation. Full particulars in the January MONITOR.

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And Bryan had to lose;
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TIME FOR CONTESTS.

DEFEATED CANDIDATES FOR CONGRESS MUST FILE NOTICE SOON.

They Have Thirty Days From the Time the Votes Are Canvassed—Few Contests Likely This Time—The Dead Letter Office Sale—Curious Things.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 15.—Notices of contests for seats in the next congress must be given within 30 days of the completion of the work of canvassing the returns. Within the next month, therefore, the number of contests to come before the election committees of the next house will be known. From present indications there will be comparatively few contests, but the election committees are likely to be burdened with a special investigation in the Tennessee cases which will keep at least one of them busier than 20 ordinary contests. If the Republicans carry out the plan with which they are credited, they will make a thorough inquiry into the charges of fraud in the recent election in the state of Tennessee.

Beginning of a Contest.
A defeated candidate for congress who intends to make a contest must serve notice on the successful candidate in writing within 30 days after the canvassers make official announcement of the result. In his notice he names the ground on which he claims an election. The contestee must answer within 30

MR. SAMUEL W. MCCALL.

days, admitting or denying the claims of the contestant and naming the grounds on which he claims to have been elected. The testimony in the case must be taken within 90 days, the contestant having the first 40 days, the contestee the next 40 days and the contestant the 10 days following. The testimony is taken by deposition. The party about to take the testimony must notify the other party to the case in writing of the time and place, giving also the names and residences of the witnesses summoned. This notice must be served personally or by attorney in time to allow the other party to be present when the testimony is to be taken, but testimony may be taken in two or more places at once, both parties being represented by attorneys.

Subpoenas for witnesses may be issued by federal judges, state judges, mayors, recorders or notaries, or, in an emergency, by two justices of the peace acting jointly. A witness cannot be compelled to go out of the county in which he lives, but no other reason will exempt him from attending the hearing under penalty of \$50 fine for contempt. When the testimony has been taken, it is reduced to writing in the presence of the contestants or their representatives by the officer in charge, who must seal it and forward it immediately to the clerk of the house of representatives, indorsing the envelope so as to show what it contains.

The clerk of the house sends registered letters to both parties, notifying them to appear before him at a time named, which must not be more than 30 days after the mailing of the letter. At that time the clerk, in the presence of the two parties or their attorneys, opens the packages and takes out the testimony, and he sends to the public printer such parts of the testimony as they agree shall be printed. In case the parties disagree the clerk selects the part to be printed. The clerk must prepare a suitable index to the part printed. The remainder of the testimony he puts in his office safe to be kept for the use of the election committees when they shall meet.

Cost of a Contest.

Copies of the printed testimony are sent to the parties, and the contestant must file a brief of facts and authorities within 30 days. This is forwarded to the contestee, who must file a brief within 30 days after he receives it. These briefs are printed at the expense of the two parties, but the testimony is printed at government expense. The government also pays most of the cost of the contest. The contestant and contestee file with the clerk of the committee on elections sworn statements of expenses, and these expenses are paid by the house to a limit of \$2,000 on each side. The expenses allowed are seldom below \$4,000 in any contest. To these are added cost of printing, the expenses of the committee, etc., which make a contest cost the government \$5,000 or \$7,000. As for the contestant, he seldom gets off for less than \$2,000 or \$3,000 on his own account, and if he is unsuccessful he finds the contest expensive. If he wins, his salary as a congressman makes good his outlay.

Unfortunately election contests are often delayed for months, and of recent years some have been postponed so long that vigorous has come to an end leaving them untested. A contest seldom brings much satisfaction to the contestant.

The ground on which the Tennessee contests may be brought—fraud at the polls—is the usual basis of election contests. Some of the testimony which is taken to support these charges seems very trivial and unconvincing, but it

has a new meaning in the light of the fact, not generally known, that contests are quite as likely to be determined according to party necessity as in equity. No matter how strong a case a sitting member may have, if he belongs to the minority in the house he is quite likely to be ousted from his seat.

"Politics is a mean business," said a new member to me at the beginning of this congress, and I quite agreed with him. The poor outlook for contests in the next congress is a source of sorrow to the ex-members of congress who are living in Washington. They get the cream of the business as attorneys in contest cases. In fact, they live on business before congress and the departments.

A Dead Letter Sale.
Once a year the postoffice department has an auction sale. It occurs at the rooms of a local auction house. It is called the "dead letter office sale," and the articles sold are the contents of letters and packages which have gone astray in the mails. Some of them have been misdirected. Some have been held because the postage was not fully paid. Some have slipped from defective wrappings and so lost their identity. Whenever an article of value goes to the dead letter office, all reasonable effort is made to find its owner. If that is not successful, the article is held for two years awaiting a claimant. No one appearing to claim it, it is advertised to be sold at auction. The postoffice department made last year out of the sale of these articles and from money found in "dead" letters nearly \$12,000. The dead letter fund is large, and it increases every year.

The list of articles being offered at this year's sale, which began yesterday, is a surprising index of the service to which the postoffice is put. Here are some of the articles which have been lost in the mails and never claimed:

Razors, razor strops, collars, collar buttons, cuffs, spectacles, men's and women's shoes, men's and women's stockings, handkerchiefs of all kinds, rings, watches, fountain pens, hoods, mitts, gloves, ice wool fasciators, neckties, spoons, canceled stamps, slippers, embroidered slipper uppers, pocketbooks, infants' jackets, men's and boys' shirts, shirt waists, dolls, veils, towels, handkerchiefs, cases, shoestrings, hats, aprons, feather boas, shopping bags, scissors, pens, table covers, toilet cases, maps, men's and women's underwear, corsets, tea, scarves, tobacco, ribbons, gloves, bridge bits, hunting knives, dollies, pin-cushions, hairpin cushions, hairpins, crochet needles, typewriter ribbons, bicycle handle bars, rosaries, scapulars, prayer books, suspenders, Bibles, raisin seeders, ink bottles, penholders, games, dress goods, music, pictures, opera glasses, patchwork, cushions, covers, books, salt cellars, stationery, fans, pillow covers, powder bags, garters, bonnets, matchboxes, penwipers, toilet soap, music boxes, pipes, salt water bags, cardcases, cuff buttons, medals, trusses, hypodermic syringes, pocket lamps, folding lunchboxes, fur collars, head rests, picture frames, nutmeg graters, paper cutters, buttonhole workers, hair nets, curling irons, dress stays, spats, violin strings, bookmarks, beaded moccasins, toothbrushes, harmonicas, rubber bands, medical appliances, bathrubs, postal card cases, spoons of thread, bags, toys, lorgnettes, wrappers, wire puzzles, store blacking sets, hose supporters, chains, cups and saucers, jewelry cases, castings, fluting irons, doll patterns, whisk brooms, oilcloth table covers, cigars, shawls, electrotypes, toilet soap, syringes, napkins, basques, breastpins, blankets, printing outfits, cigarette cases, cigarettes, infants' underwear, hand, jackets, bath brushes, watches, tin pins, lamp shade covers, reticules, bracelets, rings, screwdrivers, toy telescopes, policeman's clubs, tinzel wire, horse brushes, trunks, skirts, calendars, diaries, feather bone, silkworm gut ligatures, button hooks, barber's clippers, Confederate bills, banners, Epworth League and Odd Fellows' badges, atomizers, metronomes, piccolos, revolvers, football linings, skates, bicycle cranks, ballet slippers, pitch pipes, Trilby hats, charts, trimbles, sprocket chains and yarn.

How the Goods Are Arranged.

That's a pretty long list, but it could be longer. It illustrates the variety one finds at a dead letter auction sale. The sale is always full of entertainment because the person who has not studied the catalogue is surprised continually by the things which the auctioneer puts up and knocks down.

The articles are not put up individually. They could not be sold that way, because the auctioneer could not get even 1 cent for some of the things in the list. Besides, it would take too much time to sell them that way. Through dozens of articles are grouped together under one number, there are 3,853 miscellaneous lots, 951 book lots and 110 jewelry lots in the catalogue. In arranging them the auctioneer has grouped articles that are worthless with articles which have a value. Thus a pair of small damaged corsets is placed with a towel, some remnants of cloth, etc.; 30 damaged cigars go with a cheap handkerchief; some damaged hose are thrown in with medical appliances, music, views, etc., in one lot; a pair of man's shoe uppers will be taken at some price because a cigar holder goes with them; a damaged pair of trousers will bring to its purchaser some cheap collar buttons, a ring and some hand soap buttons; a pair of damaged opera glasses will be thrown in with a necktie and four handkerchiefs.

Most of the articles are "damaged" or "cheap" except the books, and these are of every style and character and in almost every modern language. The jewelry consists chiefly of nicked and brass watches, cheap pins, gold pens, silver pens, souvenir spoons and chains.

GEORGE GRANTHAK BAIN.

The Point at Issue.

Sidney—I tell you my tailor is a man whom you can trust.

Herbert—That's not the question—will he trust me?—Illustrated Monthly.

THE JERSEY WAISTS.

THEY HAVE AGAIN APPEARED IN THE REALM OF FASHION.

Some of the New Ones Are Quite Becoming to Plump Figures—Handsome Tea Gowns and Ball Dresses—Tea Jackets. Use of Fur For Trimming.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Dec. 15.—The jersey waist has come upon us again in all its contradictoriness. There never yet was a waist at once so pretty and so ugly. It is pretty when filled with a plump little woman, whose grace is accentuated by its molding of itself to fit the figure, and it is the ugliest, most unflattering and the ugliest in the world before it is put on. The very flexibility which gives it its chief beauty of conforming to the figure it adorns is the cause of its raggy appearance. No one



THE TEA GOWN.

could believe that one of those wretched looking things was twin sister to the one on the newest girl. The jersey waists being here, let us say a word about them. There are some just plainly woven, with no trimming beyond the buttons and perhaps a feeble attempt at revers. Others are richly trimmed with braid in various designs. Some have fancy yokes and button at the sides. A few have silk sleeves, or jersey sleeves, finished with puffs of various sorts. Some have velvet collars and cuffs, and others are richly garnished with jet and passementerie. The most of them are of cashmere woven wool, but there are some silk ones and a good many thick fleece lined ones. These latter are deliciously warm and cozy. And in every way a jersey waist is a comfort. The mesh is so flexible, like knitting, that a person can realize that she is alive and in the possession of her faculties.

Oh, the tea gowns and ball dresses that I saw today! I am sure I shall dream of them for a week and that they must have been dreamed in the first place. These are more beautiful than any I ever saw before, even those to which I can now look back through the misty haze of remembrance. There was one in a grand store. The whole gown consisted of two parts. The under portion was a dress of tulle of a delicate ivory tint, with magnified pimpernel scattered over it widely. The waist was gathered top and bottom, the neck being finished with a gathered stock of pimpernel velvet. The belt was also of this velvet and richly draped, with a butterfly bow at the top. The sleeves reached but to the elbow in a most graceful, drooping puff. Over this dress was a rich black moire surtout, hanging open in front, in a deep plait on each side. It fitted at the sides, and at the back fell in two trumpet plaits from the neck to a demitrain in one unbroken sweep. There was a wide pelerine collar made of superb brocade in white and maize. This was slashed in the back to allow space for the folds, and it was bound all around with black velvet. This gown could easily be copied in other and less expensive materials, always keeping to the unities in color and fabric.

Tea jackets are out in force and are made of pompadour silks, light tulle in iridescent effects, and a few in rich brocades. All these are lavishly adorned with lace, ribbons and spangles and metal beadings.

Fur in bands is used to ornament all sorts of garments, and it proves to be an addition to everything to which it is added, even ball gowns. Oh, I did see such a magnificent ball dress, though it



EVENING GOWN.

puzzles me a little as to how one can dance in it! This was of the heaviest cream white ribbed silk. The front of the skirt was lightly embroidered in silver with a lacelike pattern. Below this were silver spangles. The skirt hung in two deep trumpet plaits from the waist to the end of the long train in massive folds. The train was untrimmed.

This gown was too costly for a very young lady, but the young society had will lose nothing in wearing a flaring frock of white crepe lace with flowers—eight or ten of them—of the same floating material, each bordered with a narrow cherry satin ribbon.

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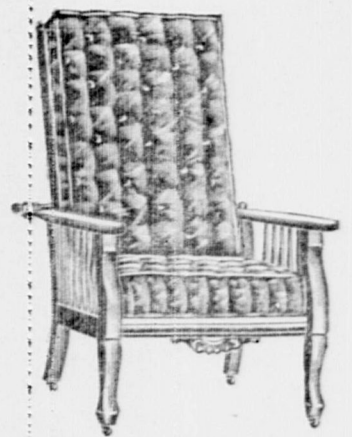
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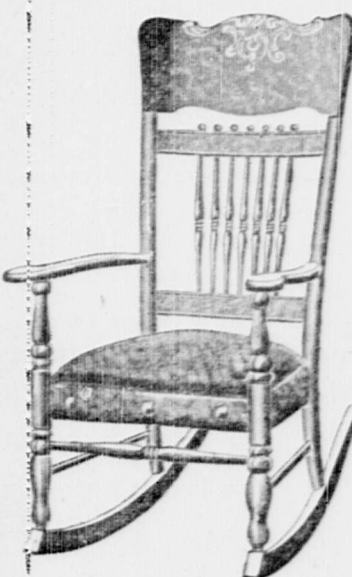
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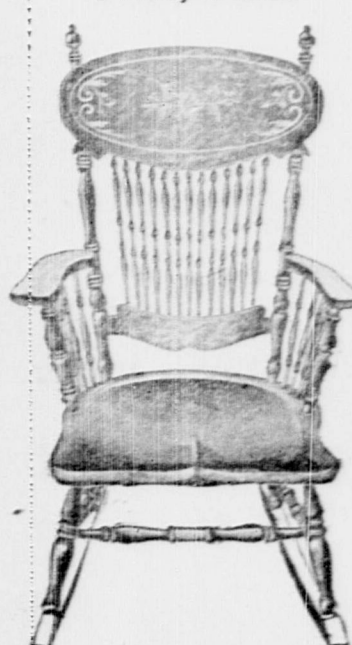
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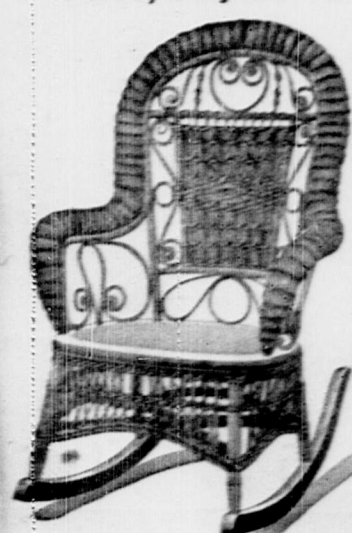


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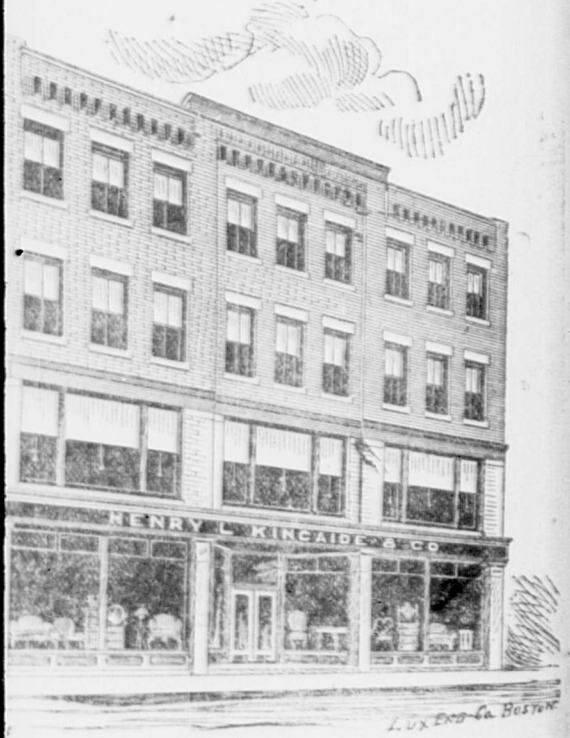
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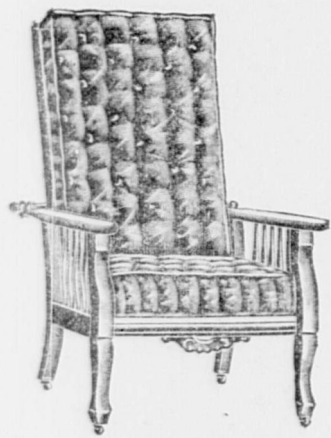
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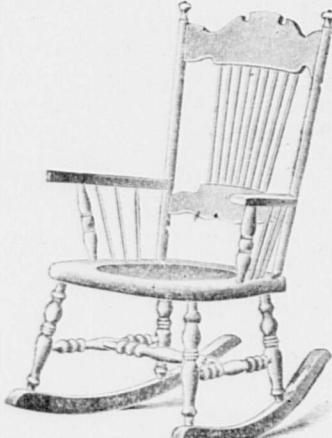
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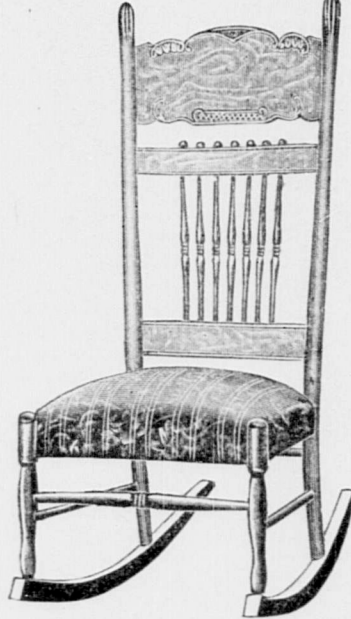
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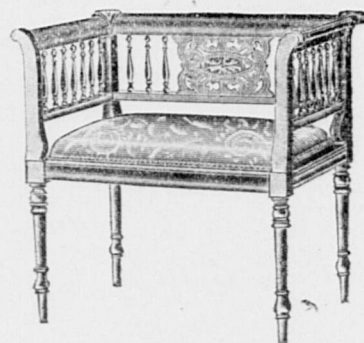
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No. 3.

Solid Oak frame, nicely polished, Spring seat, upholstered in Velvet plush or Tapestry.

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No. 4.

Divan Chair or Window seat. Im. Mahogany frame, neatly carved in back, upholstered in Brocatelle.

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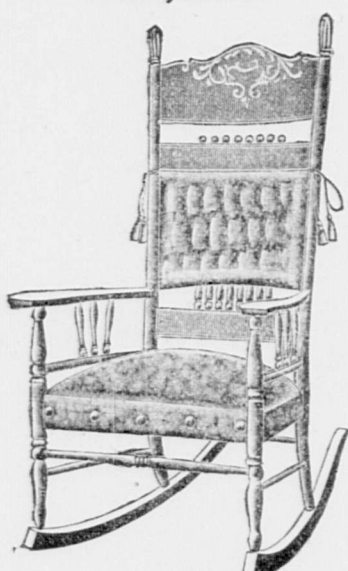
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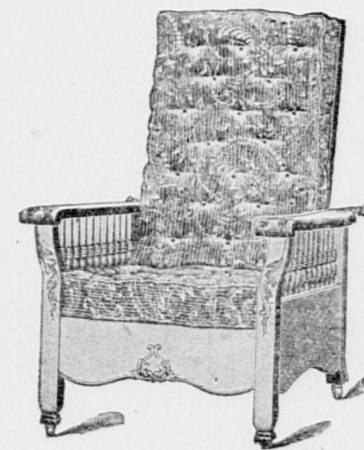
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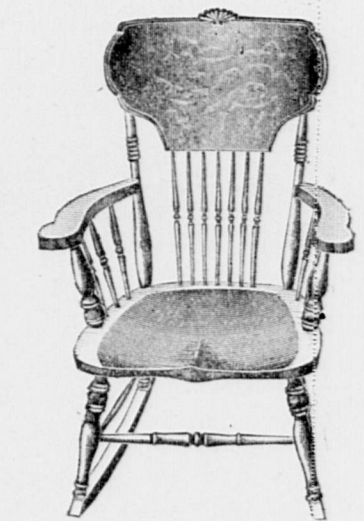
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No. 9.

Morris Chair. Heavy, solid, Quartered Oak frame, neatly carved and nicely polished, with all hair, beautifully figured Corduroy cushions.

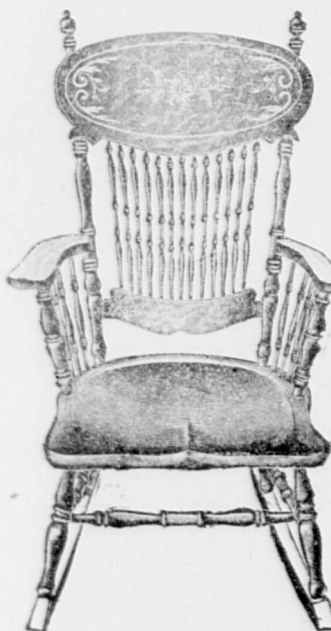
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No. 10.

Golden Quartered Oak, with beautiful grain and handsomely polished, with Concave seat.

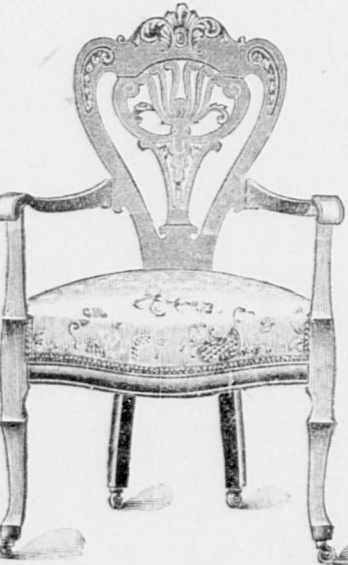
Price, \$5.50



No. 11.

Birch Mahogany frame, highly polished with Marqueterie back, and Concave seat. A nice stylish rocker.

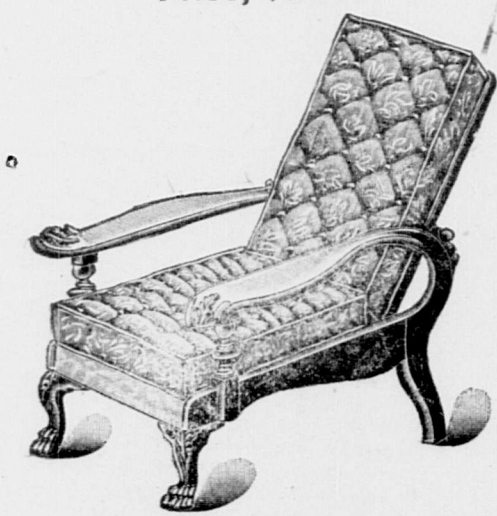
Price, only \$6.75



No. 12.

Birch Mahogany frame, excellently finished and neatly carved, upholstered in Silk Damask or Brocatelle.

Price, \$12.50



No. 13.

Morris Chair. Of pleasing design, Quartered Oak frame, highly polished, Broad arms, Claw feet, with neat carving on legs and front of arms; all curled hair, Reversible Corduroy cushions.

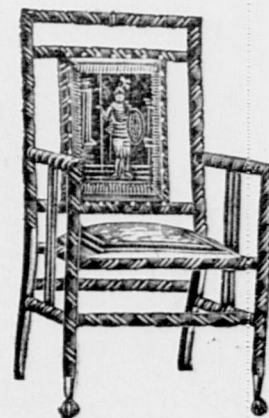
Price, \$18.00



No. 14.

Solid Oak frame, with Quartered Oak back, neatly carved, upholstered in Silk Damask.

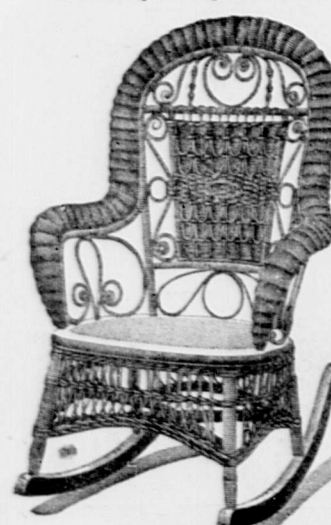
Price, \$8.00



No. 15.

Antique Library Chair. Solid Oak frame. Brass Claw feet, upholstered in Embossed leather.

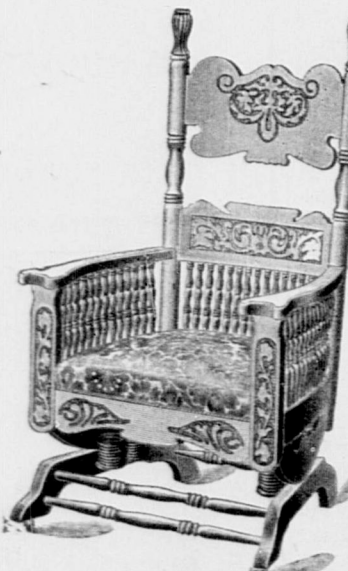
Price, \$10.00



No. 16.

Rattan Rocker. With large comfortable seat and high back, full roll, deep skirt and close cane seat.

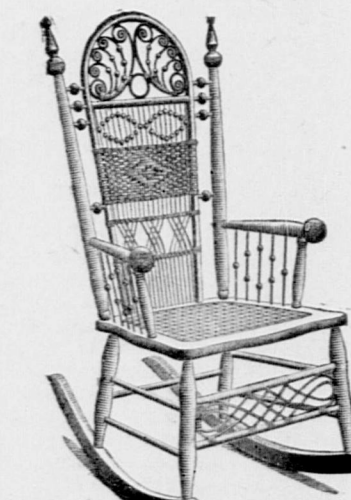
Price \$5.00



No. 17.

Base Rocker. Solid Quartered Oak frame, nicely carved, large and comfortable seat, upholstered in Brocatelle.

Price, \$10.00



No. 18.

Ladies' Rattan Rocker. Well made, neat and comfortable.

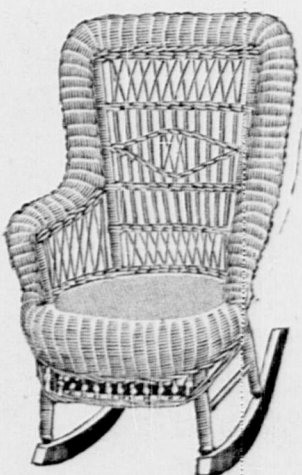
Price, \$2.75



No. 19.

Ladies' Rattan Rocker

Price, \$3.00



No. 20.

Reed Rocker. Full roll, with heavy and deep skirt.

Price, \$3.50

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They Charge More.

There are other tailors, perhaps, who make clothes just as good as we do, but their prices are higher. Even our ordinary prices are the lowest in town. But when we have a clearing sale like the one going on now, it's a question to most folks how we can do it. What's the difference where the "how" comes in as long as you get the benefit?

Suits to order at \$25.00.

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Having opened a Real Estate office in Durgin & Merrill's Block, we are prepared to show plans and give prices on some of the finest home lots offered for sale in this city in recent years. These lots are embraced in the following tracts of land:

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Washburn and Crosby,
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Gold Heart.

In Quality and Price we invite Competition. Try them.

WAR WAGING WITHIN

THE BATTLE OF ATOMS IN THE HUMAN ORGANISM.

An Army of Phagocytes Against an Army of Microbes—A Romantic Chapter in Pathology—Remarkable Facts Concerning the Lower Forms of Life.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Dec. 15.—It is a startling idea, though not an unscientific one, that each atom of the animal organism is a living entity, and that the processes carried on in the body and the continuance of its life are dependent upon the changes those animated specks undergo and upon their mutual relationships. All life originates from a cell, and physical immortality is possible to these atoms alone. The organism, as a whole, dies; the cell may survive through eons of time. There is not an atom in the body of any living creature that is not a part of one which may have existed in a body living and breathing many thousands of years ago. And this relationship, he it remarked, between an atom now living and that from which it was produced is of a more intimate nature than that borne by progeny to parents. Cells, as they receive an aggregation of nutrient material and endow it with life, increase in size and multiply by fission. So in a short time any particular cell may be multiplied a thousandfold, and of these none can be assigned a priority, and each may be regarded as the original cell.

Though each constituent element of our bodies may be looked upon in a certain sense as an independent living being, there are some of these which are more highly organized than others, which possess the power of locomotion and exercise some of the functions of the higher forms of life. Such are the white corpuscles of the blood, termed phagocytes by Metchnikoff, an eminent Russian naturalist and pathologist. His researches have recently invested these with an extraordinary interest. He observed that after passing through the walls of the blood vessels, which the red corpuscles of the blood never do, the phagocytes would crawl about like amoebae and like them receive nutrient material into their bodies, which they digested. But he discovered a more important fact still—that those minute beings guard the gateway of life and wage ceaseless war upon numerous microscopic foes that convey disease and the seeds of death into our bodies.

Battle of the Atoms.
Metchnikoff was first led to form this conclusion by observations made in the case of a microscopic crustacean, subject to be infected by a fungus having



ANTHRAX, THE MOST DIFFICULT BACILLUS TO DESTROY.

sharp pointed spores. These were apt to penetrate the creature's body, but no sooner did this occur than the spores became surrounded by cells contained in the crustacean's body which correspond to the white corpuscles of the blood. These attempted to devour the spores, and if they succeeded the creature was saved from the attack of the parasites. But if the invading force of the spores was too strong to be vanquished by the devouring cells, or phagocytes, the crustacean fell a victim to the assault of its foes.

Starting from this observation as a basis, he discovered that the microbes of infective diseases are subject to similar conditions. They attack the organism, and the invading force is given battle to by an army of phagocytes. If the latter are sufficiently numerous and healthy, the microbes are defeated, but if the reverse is the case the disease becomes established. Now a strange thing happens, whichever side wins the victory. There are no mutilated dead bodies left upon the field of battle. The vanquished find tombs within the bodies of the victors, and soon after the battle is fought all traces of it have disappeared.

Sir Joseph Lister, the president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, said in an address recently delivered:

"The power of the system to produce antitoxic substances to counteract the poisons of microbes is undoubtedly, in its own place, of great importance. But in the large class of cases in which animals are refractory to particular infective diseases the blood is not found to yield any antitoxic element by which the natural immunity can be accounted for. Here phagocytosis seems to be the sole defensive agency. And even in cases in which the serum does possess antitoxic, or, as it would seem in some cases, germicidal, properties the bodies of the dead microbes must at last be got rid of by phagocytosis, and some recent observations would seem to indicate that the useful elements of the serum may be, in part at least, derived from the digestive juices of the phagocytes. If ever there was a romantic chapter in pathology, it has surely been that of the story of phagocytosis."

The Germ Theory of Disease.
Though it is only within recent years that the germ theory of the origin of many diseases became an established and generally accepted fact of medical science, it has been long known that disease might be communicated in this way. Spallanzani, professor of natural history in the University of Pavia in 1768, was, however, the first to make observations which led to definite results in this direction. He discovered that

the atmosphere and fluids of all kinds were charged with germs, or eggs, of lower forms of plant or animal life. Under certain conditions, such as that of extreme dryness, these germs remained sterile and unproductive. Once introduced, however, into a medium adapted to their development, the germs, like seed placed in a suitable soil, developed into adult forms of animals.

Similarly it was demonstrated by the experiments of Graham and others that the processes of putrefaction and decomposition have their origin in the same manner.

If the germs floating in the air and other fluids, to which nothing is impervious and penetrating everywhere, were only to display their powers in securing the disintegration of bodies which have ceased to perform their functions, we might regard them as beneficent agencies. Unfortunately this is not so, for nearly all the bodily life to which humanity is subject are owing to the inroads of our insidious, microscopic foes. To avert their attacks is seemingly impossible. We may inhale them into the air we breathe, introduce them into our bodies in the water we drink and the food we eat, may derive them from paper money and coin, which have passed through many hands, from the dirty leaves and covers of popular books in much frequented libraries and from a hundred other sources which may convey infection.

The late Professor Tyndall demonstrated that, as far as the atmosphere itself is concerned, it may be regarded as a "sterilized" of minute particles, some of which are living and others inorganic. They are revealed by the microscope or may be seen in the path of a sunbeam streaming through the chink of a shutter into a darkened room. Pasteur supplied the missing link in the evidence regarding the nature of these living particles contained in fluids or borne by the atmosphere. When sowed into fitting solutions and duly watched thereafter under the microscope, those animated atoms were seen to develop into adult forms of animalcules and lower plant life.

Pasteur's Work.

Dr. Pasteur's labors in the domain of bacteriology are well known. Following the example of Dr. Jenner, who, however, knew nothing of the germ theory of disease or the bacillus of smallpox, he attempted to prevent subsequent and dangerous forms of contagion by producing a mild type of the disease against which he wished to fortify the system. The germs of the particular disorder, after passing through various processes of inoculation and thereby deprived of much of their virulence, were introduced into the system of the patient, unfortunately sometimes with very dangerous results. Though Dr. Pasteur's method is probably a step in the right direction and has been adopted by other eminent physicians, so far the results obtained have not been very satisfactory.

The knowledge recently gained, however, relative to phagocytes and the functions they perform in the animal economy will doubtless greatly aid the bacteriologist in pursuing his investigations and in combating diseases. He knows now that he never knew before—that there is an army of workers and fighters existing in the human body ready to render him efficient aid in his efforts to prevent or to cure disease and avert death. These microscopic creatures, while employed at their normal function of aiding in carrying on the nutritive processes in the body, are always on the alert to prevent surprises by the minute foes that threaten the life of the organism. He knows now that in assisting nature to effect a cure he has a watchful, indefatigable host of fellow workers to help him in his beneficent designs. He realizes, too, as never before, that he renders the most efficient aid to nature when he assists her to effect a cure without drugs, if possible. Year after year the belief in drugs as curative agencies is becoming weaker. The number of specifics, so called, is very few. Probably 95 per cent of the drugs in the pharmacopoeia could be dispensed with wholly and with positive benefit to suffering humanity.

Germ Vitality.

A remarkable fact in connection with these lower forms of life, some of which breed disease, is the impunity with which they change of season and of climate that would prove destructive to creatures more highly organized. Dr. Prudden of New York, a well known bacteriologist, has demonstrated that the typhoid fever germs may be frozen in ice all winter and still retain their vitality, but that frequent alternations of a lower degree of cold with a mild heat temperature will destroy their vitality. The wheel animalcules of our ponds and ditches, which possess a nervous system and a complex structure, may be dried artificially and kept for months in a mummified condition and yet be revived on the application of moisture. The spores of monads retain their vitality after being subjected to a temperature of 300 degrees F., and doubtless some of the microbes that produce diseases would display the same salamandrine indifference to excessive degrees of heat if subjected to a similar test.

Sims Reeves and America.

A South African reporter who visited Mr. Sims Reeves one day was curious to know why he had never before sung out of Europe. The great tenor promptly replied that on two occasions he had accepted offers and signed contracts to sing in America. With Pisk he had signed a contract to sing at 100 concerts for \$20,000, and after he had sent it to him for his signature he heard that Pisk was shot in New York. The second time was with Hartog, and she died of cholera in Charleston.

A Liberal Interpretation.

Cheily Verisoff—Do you believe in answering a fool according to his folly? Colonel Hardhead—That depends. What question do you wish to ask?—New York Tribune.

A GLIMPSE OF SAHARA.

Sailing Through Sand on the Deck of a "Desert Ship."

[Special Correspondence.]

TIEMSEN, North Africa, Dec. 1.—At last a glimpse of the desert! Not a spurious article, but the genuine Sahara, with its boundless ocean of sands, billowy and undulating, on its bosom islands of verdure—the fertile oases. You may get a peep at the desert region within 50 or 60 miles of Algiers, the city. But for the vast sandy plain, sweeping away and beyond the sight, bounded only by the horizon's rim, you must leave behind all luxuries of civilization and take to the primitive mode of travel found in the camel and the caravan.

I could not get conveyance from the oasis of Biskra, which is the favorite starting point for most desert explorers, but had to retrace my steps and make a new start from Tiemsen. This city, to which I have now returned, is one of the last settlements, going southward, from the north coast toward the desert. It was once a flourishing seat of trade and learning, but is now chiefly famous for its tombs of holy men—Arabs, of course—and its wonderful ruins.

At Tiemsen I first saw troops of camels, pastured out like cows and cattle in fact, really at home—and these fierce men of war and the chase, the Bedouins. By frequenting the market place I made the acquaintance of one of the least ferocious of these "desert sailors" and arranged with him to charter a "ship of the desert"—otherwise a camel—for a flying trip into the region of sand and salt.

It was about returning to his temporary home in the oasis of Tuat, nearly 500 miles to the south, and I might accompany him, for the purpose of making out a strong case for the Mediterranean can kick up a dozen different seas at once and exact from the unfortunate voyager the last tribute he has aboard, even to the uttermost sample. It is no farfetched simile to compare the desert to a sea or an ocean, since it more resembles a boundless body of water than anything else except itself. Like the sea, it is continually encroaching upon the land and shifting its boundaries. It has storms and hurricanes, squalls and tornadoes, and one of its sand storms is far more to be dreaded than a thunderstorm or a gale at sea.

The second day out from Tiemsen, as we were climbing the foothills of the Atlas, we saw a dense cloud of dust arise from the plain below, a circumstance which caused my Bedouin to hasten his camels to a shelter among the rocks, where we awaited developments. It was, he explained, a razzia, or predatory expedition of some Bedouin tribe against the shepherds of the plains. They had swept down upon them, seized their flocks and herds and were now off to their lairs across the desert border.



EL BANTARA—GATE TO THE DESERT.

The heads of the procession passed us, consisting of a bunch of mounted Arabs on superb stallions and anxiously glancing this way and that with their hands firmly grasping their yataghans and long barreled guns. Each one wore a perfect arsenal of arms, with his belt stuffed full of pistols and knives, in one hand the old gun and with enormous spurs on naked heels. My padrone knew them, fortunately, and so they did not attempt to detain us, but swept by, with a knowing wink from each and unintelligible cries. Close following after them came the bleating flocks and lowing herds, their rear guarded by a larger body of Arabs, equally well armed as the first.

We took a side trail to get out of their way, and it was well we did, for not long after came a pursuing party of mounted men, who dashed past like a whirlwind, bent on getting revenge. Shortly after we heard shots and cries and knew then that the razzia had been interrupted. But it was "no funeral of ours," as my Bedouin remarked, and we sneaked off as quietly as we could, for, no matter how cowardly it looked, it was safer to maintain a neutral attitude than to get mixed up in this feud, which would surely end in a vendetta.

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POPE PASCHOL AND HENRY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.]

Romans flew to arms, and when they heard that their pontiff was made captive such indignation took possession of their souls that they set out at once to slaughter every German who could be found. A pitched battle was fought in which many of the king's troops were cut down and the rest driven into the Campagna. The emperor was thrown from his horse and received a severe wound in the face. Otto of Milan who strove to defend his royal master, was captured, cut to pieces and his flesh thrown to the dogs to be devoured. Henry, thereupon, perceiving that the odds were against him fled by night from the city, dragging along with him his angust prisoner, stripped of his pontifical attire and bound like a felon.

Leaving his angust prisoner under a secure guard at Sabina, Henry V returned with his forces to Rome. The people in terror at the prospect of new atrocities sent deputations to the captive pope imploring him to yield to the demands of the Kaiser. Fifty days of bitter imprisonment had at length begun to tell upon the courage of the pontiff. He listened with tears in his eyes to the recital of the wrongs suffered by his beloved people, of the sacrileges everywhere perpetrated and of the schism that threatened to grow out of the pope's resistances to the wishes of the emperor, and in a moment of confusion inspired by terror, he signed a document permitting the king to confer upon bishops and abbots the investitures of the ring and crozier provided the election should be free and possession given without violence or simony. Appeased by this act Henry V conducted the pope back to Rome, and received from his hands, on the 13th of April, the imperial crown.

Paschal II bitterly repented of his hastiness in granting so important a privilege, and as an evidence of his mind upon the subject, took the earliest possible means of causing its revocation. The fury of Henry was awakened anew, and he returned to Rome with his army. Paschal, however, had escaped to his estates at Benevento. Henry continued for years to persecute the pope, while the latter with Apostolic courage renewed the excommunications against him and all defenders of investiture. He returned to Rome however, where he died on the 21st of January, 1118.

Cards by the Bushel.

The Washington Star says that Chief Justice Fuller, in talking to a senator the other day, said playfully: "There is a great deal of unnecessary waste in the matter of visiting cards indulged in by the women of our families. I know that when we moved into our new house there was a bushel basket of cards from the women of your household, and I am sure that if you took the trouble to look them up you would find an equal amount from mine. Now, I propose that we collect these bits of pasteboard and send them back to their respective starting points, and I am sure we shall be in pocket to a considerable extent."

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VOLUME XI. NUMBER 1.

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There will be no doubt of the success of the project. The states west of the Mississippi have combined in the project, and all the vast energy and enterprise which have made this great section of the Union famous are being concentrated on making the affair successful from the start. It is to be known as the Transmississippi and International exposition.

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